

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. XCI.—MARCH, 1903.—No. DXLV.

THE WRITING OF HISTORY.¹

ONE of the most distinguished of our recent predecessors in the walks of history, the late Bishop of London, Mandell Creighton, has said with much force, "There is only one thing we can give to another, and that is the principles which animate our own life. Is not that the case in private life? Is not that the case in your relationship with those with whom you come in contact? Do you not feel increasingly that the one thing you can give your brother is a knowledge of the principles upon which your own life rests? It is assuredly the most precious possession that you have. It is assuredly the one that is the most easily communicated." Although by him urged with immediate reference to considerations of moral or religious effect, these sentences have in my apprehension their application to influence of every kind. That which you are in yourself, that you will be to others. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth in the long run speaketh; and if you have received the gift of utterance, more or less, you will utter most profitably that which is your own by birthright, or which has been made your own by effort and reflection.

To communicate to others that which one's self has acquired, be it much or little, be it money or any other form of human possession, is not only a power, but a *duty*, now so commonly recognized,

so much a note of to-day's philosophy of life — if somewhat less of to-day's practice — as to need no insistence here. If it be in any measure a reproach to a man to die rich, as has been somewhat emphatically affirmed, it is still more a reproach to depart with accumulations of knowledge or experience, willingly locked up in one's own breast. For the wealth of money remains, to receive such utilization as others may give it; the man cannot carry it away with him; but his thoughts and his treasures of knowledge perish with him, if he has not had the unselfish pains to communicate them to others before he dies. Thus only do they become part of the common stock of mankind, like the labors of great captains of industry, whose works, even when conceived and executed in the spirit of selfishness, remain for the benefit of posterity.

Under the pressure of the emergency to make an address, which my momentary office requires, such a line of thought is peculiarly forced upon me; for it must be obvious, to all who in a general way know my past profession, that the study of history has been to me incidental and late in life; which is much the same as to say that it has been necessarily superficial and limited. It is not possible, under my conditions, to claim breadth and depth of historical research. I cannot be expected to illustrate in my own person the protracted energy, the extensive delving into materials hitherto inaccessible, the

¹ President's Inaugural Address before the American Historical Association at Philadelphia, December 26, 1902.

vast accumulation of facts, which have been so forcibly described by the late Lord Acton, in his inaugural lecture on the Study of History, as the necessary equipment of the ideal historian to-day. Had I attempted this, beginning when I did, I must have died before I lifted pen to put to paper; and in necessary consequence it follows that upon this, as upon topics closely related to it, I am as unfit to address you as Lord Acton was most eminently qualified, by his immense stores of acquirement; the most part of which he unfortunately took away with him.

I am therefore forced to introspection, if I am to say anything the least worthy of the recognition which you have too generously accorded me by your election. I have to do for myself what but for this call I probably should never have attempted; namely, to analyze and formulate to my own consciousness the various impressions — the “unconscious cerebration,” to use a current phrase sufficiently vague for my purpose — which have formed my mental experience as a writer of history, and have probably been reflected in my treatment of materials. Do not, however, fear that I propose to inflict upon you a mental autobiography. What I have so far said has been explanatory of shortcomings, and apologetic, at least in intention; I trust also in impression. Being now finally delivered of it, I hope to get outside and clear of myself from this time forth, and to clothe such thought as I may give you in the impersonal terms which befit an attempted contribution to a perennial discussion concerning the spirit which should inform historical writing.

There are certain fundamental factors upon which I shall not insist, because they need only to be named for acceptance. They are summarized in thoroughness and accuracy of knowledge; intimate acquaintance with facts in their multitudinous ramifications; mastery of the various sources of evi-

dence, of the statements, usually conflicting, and often irreconcilable, of the numerous witnesses who have left their testimony. The critical faculty, so justly prized, is simply an incident to this ascertainment of facts. It plays the part of judge and jury in a trial; not establishing the facts, but pronouncing upon the evidence. It needs not therefore to be separately classified, as something apart, but is truly embraced under the general expression of “knowledge,” exact and comprehensive. In like manner the diligence and patience required for exhaustive examination of witnesses, though proper to name, form no separate class. They are, let us say, the lawyers, the advocates, whose business is to bring fully out the testimony by which the verdict shall be decided; but, like the critical equipment, they simply subserve the one bottom purpose of clear and demonstrated knowledge.

Knowledge thus established is, I apprehend, the material with which the historian has to deal; out of which he has to build up the artistic creation, the temple of truth that a worthy history should aim to be. Like the material of the architect, it will be found often refractory; not because truth is frequently unpleasant to be heard, especially by prepossessed ears, but because the multiplicity of details, often contradictory, not merely in appearance but in reality, does not readily lend itself to unity of treatment. It becomes thus exceedingly difficult to present numerous related truths in such manner as to convey an impression that shall be *the* truth. Not only may the formless mass of ill-arranged particulars affect the mind with the sense of confusion, like that produced by a room crowded with inharmonious furniture; not only may it be difficult to see the wood for the trees, but there may be such failure in grouping that the uninstructed reader may receive quite erroneous impressions as to the relative importance of the several incidents. As I have had occasion to

say, in reviewing a military history, fidelity of presentation does not consist merely in giving every fact and omitting none. For the casual reader emphasis is essential to due comprehension; and in artistic work emphasis consists less in exaggeration of color than in the disposition of details, in regard to foreground and background, and the grouping of accessories in due subordination to a central idea.

Of the difficulty here existing, history bears sufficient proof. Not merely the discovery of new evidence, but different modes of presenting the same facts give contradictory impressions of the same series of events. One or the other is not true; neither perhaps is even closely true. Without impeaching the integrity of the historian, we are then forced to impeach his presentation, and to recognize by direct logical inference that the function of history is not merely to accumulate facts, at once in entirety and in accuracy, but to present them in such wise that the wayfaring man, whom we now call the man in the street, shall not err therein. Failing here, by less or more, the historian, however exhaustive his knowledge, by so far shares the fault of him who dies with his treasures of knowledge locked in his own brain. He has not perfectly communicated his gifts and acquirements to his brethren.

This communication is not a mere matter of simple narrative, nor even of narrative vivid and eloquent. All of us know histories which by the amplitude of their details, and the chronological sequence of occurrences, produce in the end much the same vague generality of impression that is received from watching a street movement from a window. Here and there an incident out of the common, yet often of the most trivial in itself, catches the attention, perhaps sticks in the memory; but of the entirety nothing remains save a succession of images substantially identical, to which there is neither be-

ginning nor end. Such may be a valid enough conception of the life of a city street, or of the whole external aspect of an historic generation. Such to me is the interest of Froissart. Having the gift of pictorial utterance, he passes before you a succession of vivid scenes, concerning any one of which it is quite immaterial whether it be directly true to history. It is true to nature. You have realized on the outside one dominant aspect of the life of that bustling, seemingly inconsequent, generation, through true portrayal and frequent iteration; but there is neither beginning, middle, nor end, only surface ebullition. Take the incidents of the same period selected and grouped by Stubbs in his *Constitutional History*, and you see order emerging from chaos, the continuous thread of life which was before Froissart, which underlaid his time, — though it does not appear in his narrative, — and which flows on to our own day.

In this interrelation of incidents, successive or simultaneous, history has a continuity in which consists its utility as a teaching power, resting upon experience. To detect these relations in their consecutiveness, and so to digest the mass of materials as to evolve in one's own mind the grouping, the presentation, which shall stamp the meaning of a period upon the minds of readers with all the simple dignity of truth and harmony, answers to the antecedent conception by the architect of the building, into which he will put his stones and mortar. Facts, however exhaustive and laboriously acquired, are only the bricks and mortar of the historian; fundamental, indispensable, and most highly respectable, but in their raw state they are the unutilized possession of the one, or at most of the few. It is not till they have undergone the mental processes of the artist, by the due selection and grouping of the materials at his disposal, that there is evolved a picture comprehensible by the mass of men.

Then only are they in any adequate sense communicated, made part of the general stock. Work thus done may be justly called a creation; for while the several facts are irreversibly independent of the master's fabrication, or manipulation, the whole truth, to which they unitedly correspond, is an arduous conception. To attain to it, and to realize it in words, requires an effort of analysis, of insight, and of imagination. There is required also a gift of expression, as often baffled as is the attempt of the painter to convey to others his conception of an historic scene; which indeed he may find difficulty in clearly realizing to his own mental vision. This process, however, does not create history; it realizes it, brings out what is in it.

Of such artistic presentation it is of course a commonplace to say that essential unity is the primary requirement. It must be remembered, however, that such unity is not that of the simple, solitary, unrelated unit. It is organic. Like the human body, it finds its oneness in the due relation and proportion of many members. Unity is not the exclusion of all save one. The very composition of the word — unity — implies multiplicity; but a multiplicity in which all the many that enter into it are subordinated to the one dominant thought or purpose of the designer, whose skill it is to make each and all enhance the dignity and harmony of the central idea. So in history, unity of treatment consists not in exclusion of interest in all save one feature of an epoch, however greatly predominant, but in the due presentation of all; satisfied that, the more exactly the relations and proportions of each are observed, the more emphatic and lasting will be the impression produced by the one that is supreme. For instance, as it is now trite to observe, in the *Iliad*, amid all the abundance of action, the singleness, the unity, of the poet's conception and purpose causes the mighty deeds of the

several heroes, Greek or Trojan, ever to converge toward and to exalt the supreme glory of Achilles. It would have been quite possible, to most men only too easy, to narrate the same incidents, and to leave upon the mind nothing more than a vague general impression of a peculiar state of society, in which certain rather interesting events and remarkable characters had passed under observation, — Froissart, in short.

I speak rather from the result of my reflections than from any instance on my own part of a conscious attempt to realize my theories in an historic work, but I conceive that it would minister essentially to the intrinsic completeness of the historian's equipment, and is yet more important to his usefulness to others, — his usefulness as a teacher, — if, after accumulating his facts, he would devote a considerable period to his preliminary work as an artist. I mean to the mental effort that I presume an artist must make, and an historian certainly can, to analyze his subject, to separate the several parts, to recognize their interrelations and relative proportions of interest and importance. Thence would be formed a general plan, a rough model; in which at least there should appear distinctly to himself what is the central figure of the whole, the predominance of which before teacher and reader must be preserved throughout. That central figure may indeed be the conflict of two opposites, as in the long struggle between freedom and slavery, union and disunion, in our own land; yet the unity nevertheless exists. It is not to be found in freedom, nor yet in slavery; but in their conflict it is. Around it group in subordination the many events, and the warriors of the political arena, whose names are household words among us to this day. All form part of the great progress as it moves onward to its consummation; all minister to its effectiveness as an epic; all enhance — some more, some less — the majesty, not

merely of the several stages, but of the entire history up to that dire catastrophe — that fall of Troy — which posterity can now see impending from the first. This, in true history, is present throughout the whole; though the eyes of many of the chief actors could neither foresee it in their day nor lived to behold. The moral of fate accomplished is there for us to read; yet it belongs not to the end only, but to the whole course, and in such light should the historian see and maintain it. Can it be said with truth that the figure of Lady Hamilton throws no backward shadow, no gloom of destiny, over the unspotted days of Nelson's early career? A critic impatiently observed of my life of the Admiral that this effect was produced. I confess that upon reading his remarks I thought I had unwittingly achieved an artistic success.

It should scarcely be necessary to observe that artistic insistence upon a motive does not consist in reiteration of it in direct words; in continual pointing of the moral that the tale carries. That true art conceals its artfulness is a cheap quotation. It is not by incessantly brandishing Achilles before our eyes, or never suffering him to leave the stage, that his preëminent place is assured in the minds of the audience. Nevertheless, the poet's sense of his own motive must be ever present to him, conscious or sub-conscious, if his theme is not to degenerate from an epic to a procession of incidents; and this is just the danger of the historian, regarded not as a mere accumulator of facts, but as an instructor of men. In a review of a recent biography occurs the following criticism: "The character and attainments of the man himself" — who surely is the appointed centre in biography — "are somewhat obscured by the mass of detail. This is indeed the worst danger incurred by the modern historian. Where his predecessor divined, he knows, and too often he is unable to manage his knowledge. To

consult State Papers is not difficult; to subordinate them to the subject they illustrate is a task of exceeding delicacy, and one not often successfully accomplished. The old-fashioned historian thought it a point of honor to write in a style at once lucid and picturesque. The modern is too generally content to throw his material into an unshapely mass;" content, in short, with telling all he knows. As in war not every good general of division can handle a hundred thousand men, so in history it is more easy duly to range a hundred facts than a thousand. It appears to me that these observations, of the validity of which I am persuaded, are especially necessary at the present day. The accuracy of the historian, unquestionably his right arm of service, seems now in danger of fettering itself, not to say the historian's energies also, by being cumbered with over-much serving, to forgetfulness of the one thing needed. May not some facts, the exact truth about some matters, be not only beyond probable ascertainment, but not really worth the evident trouble by which alone they can be ascertained?

I once heard of a seaman, who, when navigating a ship, pleased himself in carrying out the calculated definement of her position to the hundredth part of a mile. This, together with other refinements of accuracy, was perhaps a harmless amusement, only wasteful of time; yet when he proceeded to speak of navigation as an exact science, he betrayed, to my mind, a fallacy of appreciation, symptomatic of mental defect. I speak with the utmost diffidence, because of my already confessed deficiency in breadth and minuteness of acquirement; but I own it seems to me that some current discussions not merely demonstrate their own improbability of solution, but suggest also the thought that, were they solved, it really would not matter. May we not often confound the interest of curiosity with the interest of importance? Curiosity is well

enough, as a matter of mental recreation; truth is always worth having; but it may in many cases be like the Giant's Causeway to Dr. Johnson, worth seeing, but not worth going to see. It is troublesome enough to handle a multitude of details so as to produce clearness of impression; but to add to that difficulty an over-fastidious scrupulosity as to exhausting every possible source of error, by the accumulation of every imaginable detail, is to repeat the navigator's error by seeking to define an historical position within a hundredth of a mile. Neither in history nor in navigation do the observations, and what is called the personal equation, justify the expectation of success; and even could it be attained, the question remains whether it is worth the trouble of attaining. Lord Acton's *Study of History* is in this respect a kind of epic; dominated throughout in its self-revelation by the question why so learned a man produced so little. May not the answer be suggested by the vast store of appended quotations lavished upon the several thoughts of that one brief essay?

It appears to me sometimes that the elaboration of research predicated by some enthusiastic devotees of historical accuracy, who preach accuracy apparently for its own sake, is not unlike that of the mathematicians who launched a malediction against those who would degrade pure mathematics by applying it to any practical purpose. Mathematics for mathematics alone, accuracy only to be accurate, are conceptions that need to be qualified. An uneasy sense of this is already in the air. Since writing these words I find another reviewer complaining thus: "The author is content simply to tell facts in their right order, with the utmost pains as to accuracy, but with hardly any comment on their significance. Of enthusiasm there is only that which specialists are apt to feel for any fact in spite of its value." There is a higher accuracy

than the weighing of scruples; the fine dust of the balance rarely turns the scale. Unquestionably, generalization is unsafe when not based upon a multitude of instances; conclusion needs a wide sweep of research; yet unless some limit is accepted as to the number and extent of recorded facts necessary to inference, if not to decision, observation heaped upon observation remains useless to men at large. They are incapable of interpreting their meaning; the significance of the whole must be brought out by careful arrangement and exposition, which must not be made to wait too long upon unlimited scrutiny. The passion for certainty may lapse into incapacity for decision,—a vice recognized in military life, and which needs recognition elsewhere.

I have likened to the labor of the artist the constructive work of the historian, the work by which he converts the raw material, the disconnected facts, of his own acquirement to the use of men; and upon that I have rested the theory of historical composition, as it appears to my own mind. The standard is high, perhaps ideal; for it presupposes faculties, natural gifts, which we are prone to class under the term of inspiration, in order to express our sense of their rarity and lofty quality. This doubtless may be so; there may be as few historians born of the highest order as there are artists. But it is worse than useless to fix standards lower than the best one can frame for one's self; for, like boats crossing a current, men rarely reach as high even as the mark at which they aim. Moreover, so far as my conception is correct, and its development before you sound, it involves primarily an intellectual process within the reach of most, even though the fire of genius, of inspiration, may be wanting. That informing spirit which is indispensable to the highest success is the inestimable privilege of nature's favored few. But to study the facts analytically, to detect the broad, lead-

ing features, to assign to them their respective importance, to recognize their mutual relations, and upon these data to frame a scheme of logical presentation, all this is within the scope of many whom we should hesitate to call artists, and who yet are certainly capable of being more than chroniclers, more even than narrators.

In fact, to do this much may be no more than to be dryly logical. It is in the execution of the scheme thus evolved that the difficulty becomes marked; like that of the artist who falls short of reproducing to the eyes of others the vision revealed to himself. Nevertheless, simply by logical presentation the keenest intellectual gratification may be afforded; the gratification of comprehending what one sees, but has not hitherto understood. From this proceeds the delineation of the chain of cause and effect; the classification of incidents, at first sight disconnected, by a successful generalization which reveals their essential unity; the exposition of a leading general tendency, which is the predominant characteristic of an epoch. These processes do not, however, end in mere gratification; they convey instruction, the more certain and enduring because of their fascinating interest.

To conceive thus the work of the historian is perhaps natural to my profession. Certainly, from this same point of view, of artistic grouping of subordinate details around a central idea, I have learned to seek not only the solution of the problems of warfare, but the method of its history; whether as it concerns the conduct of campaigns, which we call strategy, or in the direction of battles, which we define tactics, or in the design of the individual ship of war. Unity of purpose — exclusiveness of purpose, to use Napoleon's phrase — is the secret of great military successes. In using this word "exclusiveness," which reduces unity to a unit, Napoleon was not weighing scrupulously the accuracy of his terms. He was simply censuring the

particular aberration of the officer addressed, who was so concerned for a field of operations not immediately involved as to allow his mind to wander from the one predominant interest then at stake. Yet though exaggerated, the term is not otherwise incorrect, and the exaggeration is rather that of emphasis than of hyperbole. Other matters may need to be considered because of their evident relations to the central feature; they therefore may not be excluded in a strict sense, but equally they are not to usurp the preëminence due to it alone. In so far its claim is "exclusive," and their own exist only as ministering to it.

The military historian who is instructed in the principles of the art of war finds, as it were imposed upon him, the necessity of so constructing his narrative as to present a substantial unity in effect. Such familiar phrase as the "key of the situation," the decisive point for which he has been taught to look, upon the tenure of which depends more or less the fortune of war, sustains continually before his mind the idea, to which his treatment must correspond, of a central feature round which all else groups, not only subordinate, but contributive. Here is no vague collocation of words, but the concrete pithy expression of a trained habit of mind that dominates writing necessarily, even though unconsciously to the writer. So the word "combination," than which none finds more frequent use in military literature, and which you will recall means to make of two one, reminds him, if he needs to think, that no mere narrative of separate incidents, however vivid as word painting, fulfills his task. He must also show how all lead up to, and find their several meanings in, a common result, of purpose or of achievement, which unifies their action. So again "concentration," the watchword of military action, and the final end of all combination, reminds him that facts must be massed as well as troops, if they are to prevail against the

passive resistance of indolent mentality, if they are to penetrate and shatter the forces of ignorance or prejudice that conservative impression has arrayed against them.

It is not in the coloring, but in the grouping, that the true excellence of the military historian is found; just as the battle is won, not by the picturesqueness of the scene, but by the disposition of the forces. Both the logical faculty and the imagination contribute to his success, but the former much exceeds the latter in effect. A campaign, or a battle, skillfully designed, is a work of art, and duly to describe it requires something of the appreciation and combinative faculty of an artist; but, where there is no appeal beyond the imagination to the intellect, impressions are apt to lack distinctness. While there is a certain exaltation in sharing, through vivid narrative, the emotions of those who have borne a part in some deed of conspicuous daring, the fascination does not equal that wrought upon the mind as it traces the sequence by which successive occurrences are seen to issue in their necessary results, or causes apparently remote to converge toward a common end. Then understanding succeeds to the sense of bewilderment too commonly produced by military events, as often narrated. Failing such comprehension, there may be fairly discerned that "it was a famous victory;" and yet the modest confession have to follow that "what they fought each other for," — what the meaning of it all is, — "I could not well make out." No appointed end is seen to justify the bloody means.

This difficulty is not confined to military history. It exists in all narrative of events, which even in the ablest hands tends to degenerate into a brilliant pageant, and in those of less capable colorists into a simple procession of passers by, a more or less commonplace street scene, — to recur to a simile I have already used. It is the chief privilege of the military historian that, if

he himself has real understanding of the matters he treats, they themselves supply the steady centre of observation; for the actions are those of men who had an immediate recognized purpose that dictated their conduct. To be faithful to them he must not merely tell their deeds, but expound also their plan.

The plan of Providence, which in its fulfillment we call history, is of wider range and more complicated detail than the tactics of a battle, or the strategy of a campaign, or even than the policy of a war. Each of these in its own sphere is an incident of history, possessing an intrinsic unity of its own. Each, therefore, may be treated after the fashion and under the limitations I have suggested; as a work of art, which has a central feature around which details are to be grouped, but kept ever subordinate to its due development. So, and so only, shall the unity of the picture be successfully preserved; but when this has been done, each particular incident, and group of incidents, becomes as it were a fully wrought and fashioned piece, prepared for adjustment into its place in the great mosaic, which the history of the race is gradually fashioning under the Divine overruling.

I apprehend that the analogy between military history and history in its other aspects, political, economical, social, and so on, is in this respect closer than most would be willing at first to concede. There is perhaps in military history more pronounced definiteness of human plan, more clearly marked finality of conclusion, and withal a certain vividness of action, all of which tend to enforce the outlines and emphasize the unity of the particular subject. A declaration of war, a treaty of peace, a decisive victory, if not quite epoch-making events, are at least prominent milestones, that mark and define the passage of time. It is scarcely necessary to observe, however, that all these have their very definite analogues in that which we call civil history. The De-

claration of Independence marks the consummation of a series of civil acts; the surrender of Cornwallis terminates a military record. The peace of Westphalia and the British Reform Bill of 1832 are alike conspicuous indications of the passing of the old and the advent of the new. But yet more, may we not say that all history is the aggressive advance of the future upon the past, the field of collision being the present? That no blood be shed does not make the sapping of the old foundations less real, nor the overthrow of the old conditions less decisive. Offense and defense, the opposing sides in war, reproduce themselves all over the historic field. The conservative, of that which now is, holds the successive positions against the progressive, who seeks change; the resultant of each conflict, as in most wars, is a modification of conditions, not an immediate reversal. Total overthrow is rare, and happily so, for thus the continuity of conditions is preserved; neither revolution, nor yet stagnation, but still advance, graduated and moderate, which retains the one indispensable salt of national well-being, Faith, — faith in an established order, in fundamental principles, in regulated progress.

Looking then upon the field of history thus widened — from the single particular of military events that I have taken for illustration — to embrace all the various activities of mankind during a given epoch, we find necessarily a vast multiplication of incident, with a corresponding complication of the threads to which they severally belong. Thus not only the task is much bigger, but the analysis is more laborious; while as this underlies unity of treatment, the attainment of that becomes far more difficult. Nevertheless, the attempt must be made; that particular feature which gives special character to the period under consideration must be selected, and the relations of the others to it discerned, in order that, in the preëminence of the one and the contributory

subordination of the others, artistic unity of construction may be attained. Thus only can the mass of readers receive that correct impression of the general character and trend of a period that far surpasses in instructive quality any volume of details, however accurate, the significance of which is not apprehended. An example of the thought that I am trying to express is to be found in the brief summaries of tendencies, which Ranke, in his *History of England in the 17th Century*, interposes from time to time in breaks of the narrative. This is not, I fancy, the most artistic method. It resembles rather those novels in which the motives and characters of the actors are explained currently, instead of being made to transpire for themselves. Nevertheless, the line of light thus thrown serves to elucidate the whole preceding and succeeding narrative. The separate events, the course and character of the several actors, receive a meaning that without such a clue they do not possess.

I conceive that such a method is applicable to all the work of history from the least to the greatest; from the single stones, if we may so say, the particular, limited researches, the monographs, up to the great edifice, which we may imagine though we may never see, in which all the periods of universal history shall have their several place and due proportion. So coördinated, they will present a majestic ideal unity corresponding to the thought of the Divine Architect, realized to His creatures. To a consummation so noble we may be permitted to aspire, and individually to take pride, not in our own selves, nor in our own work, but rather in that toward which we minister and in which we believe. Faith, the evidence of things not seen as yet, and the needful motive force of every truly great achievement, may cheer us to feel that in the perfection of our particular work we forward the ultimate perfection of the whole, which in its entirety

can be the work of no one hand. It may be, indeed, that to some one favored mind will be committed the final great synthesis; but he would be powerless save for the patient labors of the innumerable army which, stone by stone, and section by section, have wrought to perfection the several parts; while in combining these in the ultimate unity he must be guided by the same principles, and governed by the same methods, that

have controlled them in their humbler tasks. He will in fact be, as each one of us is, an instrument. To him will be entrusted, on a larger and final scale, to accomplish the realization of that toward which generations of predecessors have labored, comprehending but in part, and obscurely, the end toward which they were tending, yet building better than they knew because they built faithfully.

A. T. Mahan.

REAL AND SHAM NATURAL HISTORY.

I SUPPOSE it is the real demand for an article that leads to its counterfeit, otherwise the counterfeit would stand a poor show. The growing demand for nature-books within the past few years has called forth a very large crop of these books, good, bad, and indifferent, — books on our flowers, our birds, our animals, our butterflies, our ferns, our trees; books of animal stories, animal romances, nature-study books, and what not. There is a long list of them. Some of these books, a very small number, are valuable contributions to our natural history literature. Some are written to meet a fancied popular demand. The current is setting that way; these writers seem to say to themselves, Let us take advantage of it, and float into public favor and into pecuniary profit with a nature-book. The popular love for stories is also catered to, and the two loves, the love of nature and the love of fiction, are sought to be blended in the animal story-books, such as Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts's *Kindred of the Wild*, Mr. William Davenport Hulbert's *Forest Neighbors*, Mr. Thompson Seton's *Wild Animals I Have Known*, and the Rev. William J. Long's *School of the Woods*. Only the last two writers seem to seek to profit by the popular love for the sensational and the

improbable, Mr. Long, in this respect, quite throwing Mr. Thompson Seton in the shade. It is Mr. Long's book, more than any of the others, that justifies the phrase "*Sham Natural History*," and it is to it and to Mr. Thompson Seton's *Wild Animals I Alone Have Known*, if I may be allowed playfully to amend his title to correspond with the facts, that I shall devote the major part of this article.

But before I proceed with this discussion, let me briefly speak of the books that have lately appeared in this field that are real contributions to the literature of the subjects of which they treat. All of Mr. Bradford Torrey's bird studies merit this encomium. They have a rare delicacy, sweetness, and charm. They are the product of a shy, gentle, alert, birdlike nature, dwelling fondly, lovingly, searchingly, upon our songsters and the scenes amid which they live.

Mrs. Fannie Hardy Eckstorm's *Bird Book* and her work on the Woodpeckers are fresh, original, and stimulating productions. Mr. Leander S. Keyser's *Birds of the Rockies* tells me just what I want to know about the Western birds, — their place in the landscape and in the season, and how they agree with and differ from our Eastern species. Mr. Keyser belongs to the

noble order of walkers and trampers, and is a true observer and bird-lover. Florence Merriam's (now Mrs. Bailey) books on Western bird life and Mr. Frank M. Chapman's various publications, apart from their strict scientific value, afford a genuine pleasure to all nature-lovers. Mr. Ernest Ingersoll has been writing gracefully and entertainingly upon the lives of our birds and wild animals for more than twenty years, and his books foster a wholesome love for these things.

Another book that I have read with genuine pleasure is Mr. Dallas Lore Sharp's *Wild Life near Home*, — a book full of charm and of real observation; the fruit of a deep and abiding love of Nature, and of power to paint her as she is. How delightful his sketch of the possum, and how true! Mr. Sharp is quite sure the possum does not faint when he "plays possum," as some naturalists have urged: "A creature that will deliberately walk into a trap, spring it, eat the bait, then calmly lie down and sleep until the trapper comes, has no nerves. I used to catch a possum, now and then, in the box-trap set for rabbits. It is a delicate task to take a rabbit from such a trap, for, give him a crack of chance and away he bolts to freedom. Open the lid carefully when there is a possum inside, and you will find the old fellow curled up, with a sweet smile of peace on his face, fast asleep. Shake the trap and he rouses yawningly, with a mildly injured air, offended at your rudeness, and wanting to know why you should wake an innocent possum from so safe and comfortable a bed. He blinks at you inquiringly, and says, 'Please, sir, if you will be so kind as to shut the door and go away, I will finish my nap.' And while he is saying it, before your very eyes, off to sleep he goes."

Of all the nature-books of recent years, I look upon Mr. Sharp's as the best; but in reading it, one is keenly aware of the danger that is always lurk-

ing near the essay naturalist, — lurking near me as well as Mr. Sharp, — the danger of making too much of what we see and describe, — of putting in too much sentiment, too much literature, — in short, of valuing these things more for the literary effects we can get out of them than for themselves. This danger did not beset Gilbert White. He always forgets White, and remembers only nature. His eye is single. He tells the thing for what it is. He is entirely serious. He reports directly upon what he sees and knows without any other motive than telling the truth. There is never more than a twinkle of humor in his pages, and never one word of style for its own sake. Who in our day would be content to write with the same moderation and self-denial? Yet it is just these sane, sincere, moderate books that live.

In Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts's *Kindred of the Wild* one finds much to admire and commend, and but little to take exception to. The volume is in many ways the most brilliant collection of animal stories that has appeared. It reaches a high order of literary merit. Many of the descriptive passages in it of winter in the Canadian woods are of great beauty. The story called *A Treason of Nature*, describing the betrayal and death of a bull moose by hunters who imitated the call of the cow moose, is most striking and effective. True it is that all the animals whose lives are portrayed — the bear, the panther, the lynx, the hare, the moose, and others — are simply human beings disguised as animals; they think, feel, plan, suffer, as we do; in fact, exhibit almost the entire human psychology. But in other respects they follow closely the facts of natural history, and the reader is not deceived; he knows where he stands. Of course it is mainly guess-work how far our psychology applies to the lower animals. That they experience many of our emotions there can be no doubt, but that they have intellec-

tual and reasoning processes like our own, except in a very rudimentary form, admits of grave doubt. But I need not go into that vexed subject here. They are certainly in any broad generalization our kin, and Mr. Roberts's book is well named and well done.

Yet I question his right to make his porcupine roll himself into a ball when attacked, as he does in his story of the panther, and then on a nudge from the panther roll down a snowy incline into the water. I have tried all sorts of tricks with the porcupine and made all sorts of assaults upon him, at different times, and I have never yet seen him assume the globular form Mr. Roberts describes. It would not be the best form for him to assume, because it would partly expose his vulnerable under side. The one thing the porcupine seems bent upon doing at all times is to keep right side up with care. His attitude of defense is crouching close to the ground, head drawn in and pressed down, the circular shield of large quills upon his back opened and extended as far as possible, and the tail stretched back rigid and held close upon the ground. Now come on, he says, if you want to. The tail is his weapon of active defense; with it he strikes up like lightning, and drives the quills into whatever they touch. In his chapter called *In Panoply of Spears*, Mr. Roberts paints the porcupine without taking any liberties with the creature's known habits. He paints one characteristic of the porcupine as felicitously as Mr. Sharp paints one of the possum: "As the porcupine made his resolute way through the woods, the manner of his going differed from that of all the other kindreds of the wild. He went not furtively. He had no particular objection to making a noise. He did not consider it necessary to stop every little while, stiffen himself to a monument of immobility, cast wary glances about the gloom, and sniff the air for the taint of enemies. He did not care who knew

of his coming, and he did not greatly care who came. Behind his panoply of biting spears he felt himself secure, and in that security he moved as if he held in fee the whole green, shadowy, perilous, woodland world."

The father of the animal story as we have it to-day was doubtless Charles Dudley Warner, who, in his *A-Hunting of the Deer*, forever killed all taste for venison in many of his readers. The story of the hunt is given from the standpoint of the deer, and is, I think, the most beautiful and effective animal story yet written in this country. It is true in the real sense of the word. The line between fact and fiction is never crossed.

Neither does Mr. William Davenport Hulbert cross this line in his *Forest Neighbors*, wherein we have the life stories of the porcupine, the lynx, the beaver, the loon, the trout, made by a man who has known these creatures in the woods of northern Michigan from his boyhood. The sketches are sympathetically done, and the writer's invention is called into play without the reader's credulity ever being overtaxed. But in Mr. Thompson Seton's *Wild Animals I Have Known*, and in the recent work of his awkward imitator, the Rev. William J. Long, I am bound to say that the line between fact and fiction is repeatedly crossed, and that a deliberate attempt is made to induce the reader to cross, too, and to work such a spell upon him that he shall not know that he has crossed and is in the land of make-believe. Mr. Thompson Seton says in capital letters that his stories are true, and it is this emphatic assertion that makes the judicious grieve. True as romance, true in their artistic effects, true in their power to entertain the young reader, they certainly are; but true as natural history they as certainly are not. Are we to believe that Mr. Thompson Seton, in his few years of roaming in the West, has penetrated farther into the secrets of animal life

than all the observers who have gone before him? There are no stories of animal intelligence and cunning on record, that I am aware of, that match his. Gilbert White, Charles St. John, Waterton, Wallace, Darwin, Jefferies, and others in England, — all expert students and observers; Bates in South America, Audubon roaming the whole country, Thoreau in New England, John Muir in the mountains of California and in the wilds of Alaska have nothing to report that comes within gunshot of what appear to be Mr. Thompson Seton's daily experiences. Such dogs, wolves, foxes, rabbits, mustangs, crows, as he has known, it is safe to say, no other person in the world has ever known. Fact and fiction are so deftly blended in his work that only a real woodsman can separate them. For instance, take his story of the fox. Every hunter knows that the fox, when pursued by the hound, will often resort to devices that look like cunning tricks to confuse and mislead the dog. How far these devices are the result of calculation we do not know, but hunters generally look upon them as such. Thus a fox hotly pursued will run through a flock of sheep. This dodge probably delays the hound a little, but it does not often enable the fox to shake him. Mr. Thompson Seton goes several better, and makes his fox jump upon the back of a sheep and ride several hundred yards. Of course no fox ever did that. Again, the fox will sometimes take to the railroad track, and walk upon the rail, doubtless with the vague notion of eluding his pursuers. Mr. Thompson Seton makes his fox so very foxy that he deliberately lures the hounds upon a long trestle where he knows they will be just in time to meet and be killed by a passing train, as they are. The presumption is that the fox had a watch and a time-table about his person. But such are the ways of romancers. The incident of the mother fox coming near the farmhouse at night to rescue her young, and, finding him held by a chain,

digging a hole and burying the chain, thinking she had thus set him free, is very touching and pretty, and might well be true. It shows how limited the wit of the fox really is. But, finding herself unable to liberate her offspring, that she should then bring him poison is pushing the romantic to the absurd. In all the animal stories of Mr. Thompson Seton that I have read the same liberties are taken with facts. In his story of the rabbit, Raggylug, he says: "Those who do not know the animals well may think I have humanized them, but those who have lived so near them as to know something of their ways and their minds will not think so." This is the old trick of the romancer: he swears his tale is true, because he knows his reader wants this assurance; it makes the thing taste better. But those who know the animals are just the ones Mr. Thompson Seton cannot fool. Any country boy knows that the rabbit takes no account of barbed wire fences or of briers and brambles as a means of punishing the dog that is pursuing him. If these things were universal, it is possible that in the course of long generations rabbits might learn to interpose them between themselves and their enemies, — possible, but not probable.

Or take his story of the crow — Silver Spot; how truthful a picture is this? how much of the real natural history of the crow is here? According to my own observations of more than half a century, there is very little. In the first place, that these natural leaders among the fowls of the air ever appear I have no evidence. I have known crows almost as intimately as I have hens from my boyhood, and I have seen no evidence of it with them. For forty years I have seen crows in winter, in different parts of the country, passing to and fro between their rookeries and their feeding grounds, and I have never seen anything like leadership among them. They leave their roosting places at daybreak and disperse north and south

or east and west to their feeding grounds, going in loose, straggling bands and silently, except in early spring and when they first leave their rookeries; and they return at night in the same way, flying low if it is stormy and windy, and high if it is calm, rising up or sheering off if they see a gunner or other suspicious object, but making no sound, uttering no signal notes. They all have eyes equally sharp and do not need to be warned. They are all on the alert. When feeding, they do post a sentry, and he caws when danger approaches, and takes to wing. They do not dart into a bush when pursued by a kingbird or a purple martin; they are not afraid of a hawk; they cannot count six, though such traditions exist (Silver Spot could count thirty!); they do not caw when you stand under them in winter to turn their course; they do not drill their young; they do not flock together in June; they cannot worry a fox into giving up half his dinner; they do not, so far as we know, have perpetual sentries; they have no calls that, we can be sure, answer to our words, "Mount," "Bunch," "Scatter," "Descend," "Form line," "Forage," — on these and other points my observations differ radically from Mr. Thompson Seton's.

Crows flock in September. Through the summer the different families keep pretty well together. You may see the old ones with their young foraging about the fields, the young often being fed by their parents. It may be permissible to say that the old are teaching the young how to forage; they are certainly setting them an example, as the mother hen or mother turkey is setting her brood an example when she leads them about the fields. The cat brings her kitten a mouse, but does she teach him how to deal with the mouse? Does he need to be *taught*?

From my boyhood I have seen that yearly meeting of the crows in September or October, on a high grassy hill or a wooded ridge. Apparently all the

crows over a large area assemble at these times; you may see them coming, singly or in loose bands, from all directions to the rendezvous, till there are hundreds of them together. They make black an acre or two of ground. At intervals they all rise in the air, wheeling about, all cawing at once. Then to the ground again or to the treetops, as the case may be; then, wheeling in the air, they send forth the voice of the multitude. What does it all mean? Ask our romancers; they can tell you, I cannot. It is the meeting of the clan after the scattering of the breeding season, and they seem to celebrate the event. The crow is gregarious, he is social, he seems to have a strong community feeling; he will act as sentinel for the safety of his fellows. I have never seen crows quarrel over their food, or act greedy. Indeed, I am half persuaded that in hard times in winter they willingly share their food with one another. Birds of prey will rend one another over their food; even buzzards will make some show of mauling one another with their wings; but I have yet to see anything of the kind with that gentle freebooter, the crow.

What their various calls mean, who shall tell? That lusty *Caw-aw, caw-aw* that one hears in spring and summer, like the voice of authority or command, what does it mean? I never could find out. It is doubtless from the male. A crow will utter it while sitting alone on the fence in the pasture, as well as when flying through the air. The crow's cry of alarm is easily distinguished; all the other birds and wild creatures know it, and the hunter who is stalking his game is apt to swear when he hears it. I have heard two crows in the spring, seated on a limb close together, give utterance to very many curious, guttural, gurgling, ventriloquial sounds. What were they saying? It was probably some form of the language of love.

One very cold winter's morning after a fall of nearly two feet of snow, as

I came out of my door, three crows were perched in an apple tree but a few rods away. One of them uttered a peculiar caw as they saw me, but they did not fly away. It was not the usual high-keyed note of alarm. It may have meant "Look out!" yet it seemed to me like the asking of alms: "Here we are, three hungry neighbors of yours; give us food." So I soon brought out the entrails and legs of a chicken, and placed them upon the snow. The crows very soon discovered what I had done, and with the usual suspicious lifting of the wings approached and devoured the food or carried it away. But there was not the least strife or dispute among them over the food. Indeed, each seemed ready to give precedence to the other. In fact, the crow is a courtly, fine-mannered bird. Yet suspicion is his dominant trait. Anything that looks like design puts him on his guard. He suspects a trap. A string stretched over and around a cornfield will often keep him away. His wit is not deep, but it is quick, and ever on the alert.

Since Mr. Thompson Seton took his reader into his confidence at all, why did he not warn him at the outset against asking any questions about the literal truth of his stories? Why did he not say that their groundwork was fact and their finish was fiction, and that if the reader find them entertaining, and that if they increase his love for, and his interest in, our wild neighbors, it were enough?

It is always an artist's privilege to heighten or deepen natural effects. He may paint us a more beautiful woman, or a more beautiful horse, or a more beautiful landscape, than we ever saw; we are not deceived even though he outdo nature. We know where we stand and where he stands; we know that this is the power of art. But when he paints a portrait, or an actual scene, or event, we expect him to be true to the facts of the case. Again, he may add all the charm his style can impart to the sub-

ject, and we are not deceived; the picture is true, perhaps all the more true for the style. Mr. Thompson Seton's stories are artistic and pleasing, but he insists upon it that they are true to the fact, and that this is the best way to write natural history. "I believe," he says in his preface, "that natural history has lost much by the vague general treatment that is so common." Hence he will make it specific and individual. Very good; but do not put upon our human credulity a greater burden than it can bear. His story of the pacing mustang is very clever and spirited, but the endurance of the horse is simply past belief. What would not one give for the real facts of the case; how interesting they would be, no matter how much they fell short of this highly colored account! There should be nothing equivocal about sketches of this kind; even a child should know when the writer is giving him facts and when he is giving him fiction, as he does when Mr. Thompson Seton makes his animals talk; but in many of the narrations only a real woodsman can separate the true from the false. Mr. Thompson Seton constantly aims to convey the idea to his reader that the wild creatures drill and instruct their young, even punishing them at times for disobedience to orders. His imitator, the Rev. Mr. Long, quite outdoes him on this line, going so far as to call his last book the *School of the Woods*.

Mr. Long doubtless got the hint of his ridiculous book from Mr. Thompson Seton's story of the crow, wherein he speaks of a certain old pine woods as the crows' fortress and college: "Here they find security in numbers and in lofty yet sheltered perches, and here they begin their schooling and are taught all the secrets of success in crow life, and in crow life the least failure does not simply mean begin again. It means *death*." Now the idea was a false one before Mr. Long appropriated it, and it has been pushed to such length

that it becomes ridiculous. There is not a shadow of truth in it. It is simply one of Mr. Thompson Seton's strokes of fancy. The crows do not train their young. They have no fortresses, or schools, or colleges, or examining boards, or diplomas, or medals of honor, or hospitals, or churches, or telephones, or postal deliveries, or anything of the sort. Indeed, the poorest backwoods hamlet has more of the appurtenances of civilization than the best organized crow or other wild animal community in the land!

Mr. Long deliberately states as possibly a new suggestion in the field of natural history "that animal education is like our own, and so depends chiefly upon teaching." And again: "After many years of watching animals in their native haunts [and especially after reading Thompson Seton] I am convinced that instinct plays a much smaller part than we have supposed; that an animal's success or failure in the ceaseless struggle for life depends, not upon instinct, but upon the kind of training which the animal receives from its mother." This is indeed a new suggestion in the field of natural history. What a wonder that Darwin did not find it out, or the observers before and since his time. But the honor of the discovery belongs to our own day and land!

Now let us see if this statement will bear examination. Take the bird with its nest, for instance. The whole art of the nest builder is concealment, — both by position and by the material used, — blending its nest with and making it a part of its surroundings. This is the way to safety. Does the mother bird teach her young this art? When does she do it, since the young do not build till they are a year old? Does she give them an object lesson on their own nest, and do they remember it till the next season? See, too, how all the ground birds and the females of nearly all the tree birds are protected by their neutral and imitative coloring. Is this, too, a

matter of education? Or take any of our wild animals. Is the cunning of the fox a matter of education? or of inheritance? Is he taught in the school of the woods how to elude the hound, or how to carry a fat goose, or how to avoid a trap? Here is a neighborhood where a fox-trap has not been put out in fifty years. Go and bait your fox for a week in winter and then set your trap with your best art, and see if he comes and puts his foot or his nose in it. You may finally catch him, but not till you have allayed his suspicions and fairly outwitted him. He knows a trap from the jump, and it is not school knowledge, but inherited knowledge.

On what does the safety of the hare depend? On his speed, his sharp eyes and ears, and on his protective coloring; the deer likewise on its speed and on its acute senses; and so on through the list. Nature has instilled into them all the fear of their enemies and equipped them with different means in different degrees to escape them. Birds of prey have almost preternatural keenness of vision. Many of the four-footed creatures have equal sharpness of scent. A wild animal is a wild animal when it is born, and it fears man and its natural enemies as soon as its senses and its powers are developed. This fear, this wildness, can be largely eradicated from most of them, if we take them young enough, and it can be greatly increased by hunting them with guns and dogs. The gray squirrels in some of our city parks are as tame as cats. On the other hand, let a domestic cat rear its kittens in the woods, and they are at once wild animals. Wild geese are tame geese when hatched and reared by domestic geese, but when in the fall they hear the call of their migrating clan in the air above them, do they not know the language? do they have to be taught to spread their wings and follow after?

The question I am here arguing is too obvious and too well established to be considered in this serious manner, were

it not that the popularity of Mr. Long's books, with their mock natural history, is misleading the minds of many readers. No pleasure to the reader, no moral inculcated, can justify the dissemination of false notions of nature, or of anything else, and the writer who seeks to palm off his own silly inventions as real observations is bound sooner or later to come to grief.

There is a school of the woods, as I have said, just as much as there is a church of the woods, or a parliament of the woods, or a society of united charities of the woods, and no more; there is nothing in the dealings of animals with their young that in the remotest way suggests human instruction and discipline. The young of all the wild creatures do instinctively what their parents do and did. They do not have to be taught; they are taught by nature from the start. The bird sings at the proper age, and builds its nest, and takes its appropriate food, without any hint at all from its parents. The young ducks take to the water when hatched by a hen as readily as when hatched by a duck, and dive, and stalk insects, and wash themselves just as their mothers did. Young chickens and young turkeys understand the various calls and signals of their mothers the first time they hear or see them. At the mother's alarm note they squat, at her call to food they come, on the first day as on the tenth. The habits of cleanliness of the nestlings are established from the first hour of their lives. When a bird comes to build its first nest and to rear its first brood, it knows how to proceed as well as it does years later, or as its parents did before it. The fox is afraid of a trap before he has had any experience with traps, and the hare thumps upon the ground at the sight of anything strange and unusual whether its mates be within hearing or not. It is true that the crows and the jays might be called the spies and informers of the woods, and that other creatures seem to understand the

meaning of their cries, but who shall presume to say that they have been instructed in this vocation? Mr. Long would have us believe that the crows teach their young to fly. Does the rooster teach its young to crow, or the cock grouse teach the young males to drum? No bird teaches its young to fly. They fly instinctively when their wings are strong enough. I have often thought that the parent birds sometimes withheld food for the purpose of inducing their young to leave the nest, perching near by with it in their beaks and calling impatiently. The common dove will undoubtedly push its fully fledged young off the dovecot to make them use their wings. At a certain age young birds and young mice and squirrels and rabbits will leave their nests when disturbed, whether their parents are within hearing or not. Young hawks and young crows will launch out boldly into the air when they see or feel you shinning up the tree that holds their nest. Fear is instinctive in the young of all creatures, even of turtles. Yet Mr. Long would persuade us that young birds and animals are strangers to this feeling till their parents have taught them what to fear. Every farm boy knows that when old Brindle hides her calf in the woods, and he is sent to look it up when it is only a few hours old, that it is "as wild as a deer," as we say, and will charge him desperately with a loud agonized bleat. Had the old cow taught her young to be afraid of what she herself was not afraid? So with the human kind. Does the mother teach her baby to be afraid of strangers? When I was a small boy I remember being afraid of the first soaring hawk I had ever seen, and I ran and hid behind the fence.

What Mr. Long and Mr. Thompson Seton read as parental obedience is simply obedience to instinct, and of course in this direction alone safety lies, and there is no departure from it, as Mr. Long seeks to show in his story of

What the Fawns must Know. The parents and the young are filled with the same impulse. Is it to be supposed that our white-footed mouse has taught her young to cling to her teats, when the plough throws out her nest, and thus be carried away by her? When did she drill them? Was it by word of command or by pinches and nudges? Are we to believe that the partridge teaches her just hatched brood to squat motionless upon the ground, or to stick their heads under leaves at a signal from her when a man or a dog appears? There they sit as if suddenly turned to stone while she blusters about and seeks to lead you away from the spot. Who taught her to try to play her confidence game upon you, to feign lameness, a broken wing, a broken leg, or utter paralysis? her parents before her? How interesting it would have been to have surprised them in their rehearsal! Nearly all the ground builders among our song birds try the same tactics when driven from their nests. When and how were they taught, and who was their teacher? The other day a lady told me she thought she had heard a robin in the summer teaching its young to sing. But, I said, the young do not sing till the following year, and then only the males. If they are taught, why don't the females sing? Is the singing school only for boys? It was not so when I was a youth.

Eternal vigilance is the price of life among the birds and the lower animals, and then they probably seldom die in their beds, as we say. They are like the people of a city in a state of siege, or like an army moving through, or encamped in, an enemy's country. They are surrounded by scalpers and sharpshooters; yea, their camp is invaded by them. Guns, traps, snares, nets, snakes, weasels, cats, foxes, hawks, bloodsuckers, bone crushers, — foes in the air, in the bush, in the grass, in the water; foes by day, foes by night, foes that stalk, that glide, that swoop; foes that go by

sight, that go by scent, that waylay, that spring from ambush, — how can they escape the fearful and the tragic, from the moose in his power to the hare in her timidity; from the fox with his speed and cunning to the mouse that he hunts in its meadow burrow? They cannot and they do not escape, and if Mr. Long had learned his lesson outside of his study, he might have found it out. Mr. Long often describes, with an extra show of exactness and particularity, incidents he has seen in the lives of the wood folk that no man ever saw or ever will see. He would make us believe that in the Northern woods (he does not name the spot) it is often difficult to frighten the moose out of your way; he says that they get in the way of your canoe in the water, or follow it threateningly, even though you fire your rifle to frighten them off; and that the bears are so tame that they stand in the path before you and dispute the right of way with you, but that if you look hard enough at them they may clamber up the rocks and look down upon you as you pass! We know that even the musk ox in the Arctic barren lands, that has never seen or known man, is wary and hard to approach. Mr. Long's book reads like that of a man who has really never been to the woods, but who sits in his study and cooks up these yarns from things he has read in *Forest and Stream*, or in other sporting journals. Of real observation there is hardly a vestige in his book; of deliberate trifling with natural history there is no end. He describes how on one occasion his attention was arrested by a curious sound among the bushes on the side of a hill. He could not make out what was coming. But let me give the passage entire as a good sample of the tales of this Münchhausen of our nature-writers: "It was not a bear shaking down the ripe beechnuts — not heavy enough for that, yet too heavy for the feet of any prowler of the woods to make on his stealthy hunting. *Pr-r-r-r-ush, swish! thump!*

Something struck the stem of a bush heavily, and brought down a rustling shower of leaves; then out from under the low branches rolled something that I had never seen before,—a heavy grayish ball, as big as a half-bushel basket, so covered over with leaves that one could not tell what was inside. It was as if some one had covered a big kettle with glue and sent it rolling down the hill picking up dead leaves as it went. So the queer thing tumbled past my feet, purring, crackling, growing bigger and more ragged every moment as it gathered up more leaves, till it reached the bottom of a sharp pitch and lay still.

"I stole after it cautiously; suddenly it moved, unrolled itself. Then out of the ragged mass came a big porcupine. He shook himself, stretched, wobbled around a moment, as if his long roll had made him dizzy; then he meandered aimlessly along the foot of the ridge, his quills stuck full of dead leaves, looking big and strange enough to frighten anything that might meet him in the woods." And presently we are told he did frighten a hare almost out of its wits. One would like to know what Mr. Long had for supper the night he dreamed this dream. He had probably just read or heard the old legend of the porcupine rolling over under an apple tree and walking off to his den with his quills stuck full of apples; this, with a late supper of Welsh "rabbit," had doubtless caused this fantastic vision to dance through his brain. But how did he come to believe it was a real experience? that is the mystery. One doubts his ever having met a porcupine in the woods, or he would know that these creatures do not cover their noses with their tails; the tail is always extended flat upon the ground and used as a weapon of defense. He ought to know, too, if he had had any such experience as he describes, that when a lynx, or any other wild animal, attacks a porcupine and gets its mouth full of

quills, it does not lie down beside its murderer and die, as he represents. It lives for days, maybe weeks, wandering through the forest.

Or take Mr. Long's picture of the death—euthanasia—of an eagle, an occurrence which came under his own observation.

The eagle was circling in the air at a great altitude above the mountain top, and sending forth the loud, strident eagle scream,—advising Jove, no doubt, that his bird was ready to come. Presently the wheeling and the screaming ceased, the great bird set its wings and came sailing with great speed straight toward the earth, passing near the observer, who saw with wonder that the head with partly closed eyes "drooped forward as if it were heavy." "Only once did he veer slightly, to escape a tall stub that thrust its naked bulk above the woods athwart his path. Then with rigid wings he crossed the bay below the point! still slanting gently down to earth, and vanished silently into the drooping arms of the dark woods beyond," where Mr. Long soon found him, "his head lying across the moss-cushioned root of an old cedar, his wings outstretched among the cool green ferns—dead." Let us see how probable this event is: birds die as men do, suddenly, or from lingering disease and old age. We all know that when birds or poultry or caged eagles die of old age, or other causes, they sicken and droop for several days, refuse food, and refuse to use their wings, till some morning we find them dead under their perches. Sudden death with them is probably from apoplexy or something akin to it. I have heard of canaries suddenly falling dead from their perches, and of wild birds suddenly falling dead from great emotional excitement, when their nests were being robbed. It is possible that an old eagle might be smitten with apoplexy while high in air. In that case would he come sailing calmly to earth like a boy on a toboggan slide? Would

he not rather collapse and come down in a heap as men and birds do?

It is not unusual for one to see hawks and eagles come to the earth from a great altitude with wings set in the manner that Mr. Long describes (all except the drooping head and the half-closed eyes); but who ever before fancied Death sitting astride their necks? The tale goes very well with the other of Mr. Long's,—of the playful porcupine rolling down the bank just for fun!

If it be urged that I discredit Mr. Long's stories simply because I myself have never seen or known the like, I say, no; that is not the reason. I can believe many things I have never seen or known. I discredit them because they are so widely at variance with all we know of the wild creatures and their ways. I discredit them as I do any other glaring counterfeit, or any poor imitation of an original, or as I would discredit a story of my friend that was not in keeping with what I knew of his character. There are many, very many, things in our own natural history that I do not know; I add a little to my knowledge of it every year, and hope to keep on doing so as long as I live; but I do know that Mr. Long draws the long bow when he says he has seen the great blue heron break up a frog and scatter the fragments upon the water and then wait to spear the little fish that might be thus attracted; or when he describes so circumstantially, in one of his late magazine articles, how he had a peep into the kingfisher's "kindergarten," and saw the old birds go fishing downstream and return with small minnows which they placed in a shallow pool near the main stream, and then went off and fetched their young to the spot and instructed them in diving for these shiners. If he had said that he saw the parent birds fishing with hook and line, or dragging a net of their own knitting, his statement would have been just as credible; or, his story of how he has seen the mother fishhawk train

her young day after day to fish, even catching a fish for them and then dropping it back wounded into the water, and then encouraging them to try for it! Our historian urges that if the young were not thus initiated into fishing they would relapse into the "old hawk habit of hunting in the woods, which is much easier." How does the Rev. Mr. Long know that they would go straight back to the "old hawk habit"? I once reared a marsh hawk, taken from the nest long before it was fledged. As it grew up it certainly needed no instruction as to how to use its talons. It would practice upon a dry leaf or a fragment of bark, striking it with unerring aim.

Equally fictitious is Mr. Long's account of what he calls the Roll Call of the Partridge—how, after the mother of the brood had been killed, he has seen a young male take her place and lead the flock, and, near nightfall, take up his stand upon a log and call till his mates came one by one and stood beside him to the number of nine. Still the leader called,—there should be two more,—the two that were in Mr. Long's game-bag; and who does not know that a smart young partridge, fresh from the school of the woods, can count eleven? Mr. Long saw him in the act of counting them. The family had at last become alarmed he asserts, and "huddled on the ground in a close group, all but the leader, who stood above them, counting them over and over, apparently, and anon sending his cry out into the darkening woods."

Why should any one palm off such stuff on an unsuspecting public as veritable natural history? When a man, writing or speaking of his own experience, says without qualification that he has seen a thing, we are expected to take him at his word. Mr. Long says his sketches were made in the woods with the subjects themselves living just outside his tent door; and that "they are all life studies, and include also some

of the unusual life secrets of a score of animals and birds." We are not, therefore, to regard him as playing with natural history material for the amusement of his reader, or, like Mr. Thompson Seton, seeking to make up an artistic whole out of bits and fragments of the lives of the animals, gathered here and there, and heightened and intensified by a fertile fancy, but as an actual recorder of what he has seen and known. What the "life secrets" are that he claims to have discovered, any competent reader can see. They are all the inventions of Mr. Long. Of the real secrets of wild life, I do not find a trace in his volume.

The only other book of Mr. Long's I have looked into is his *Beasts of the Field*, and here he is for the most part the same false prophet that he is in the *School of the Woods*. His statements are rarely convincing; rarely do they have the verisimilitude of real observations. His air is that of a witness who is trying to mislead the jury. What discoveries he has made! Among others, that the red squirrel has cheek pockets in which he can carry half a dozen chestnuts at a time! Has he really never seen a red squirrel, or does he not know him from a chipmunk? There is probably not a natural history museum in the land that would not pay a fine sum for a red squirrel with pouches in his cheeks.

What fun the fishermen and hunters and farmers must have with Mr. Long! Some fisherman along the coast told him that the fox catches crabs by trailing his brush over the water as a bait; the crab seizes it, whereupon the fox springs away and jerks the crab to land. Mr. Long hopes to confirm the observation some time!

An old fox hunter found him still more gullible. He told him how one morning he made the discovery that a fox was in his hencoop killing his chick-

ens. Approaching cautiously he closed the opening and had the fox a prisoner. On entering the coop a few moments later, what was his surprise to find one dead pullet and a dead fox beside it. He concluded the thief had tumbled down from the roost and broken his neck. He laid both the fox and his victim on a box outside the door. A minute later both fox and pullet were gone! The fox was only "playing possum," and when he left he took his chicken with him!

He knew of a black fox that played the same trick. A boy caught it in a trap, and found it in the morning apparently dead and frozen stiff. He carried it home in triumph over his shoulder. (Of course the fox had suppressed its animal heat also!) He removed the trap from the frozen leg, stroked and admired his beautiful prize, and then, as he turned his attention away for a moment, "he had a dazed vision of a flying black animal that seemed to perch an instant on the log fence and vanish among the spruces." Could credulity any further go?

It seems to me that Mr. Long's story of how an old fox captures chickens roosting beyond his reach in a tree does go a little further. The fox simply runs around the tree, going faster and faster, "jumping and clacking his teeth," and the chickens in trying to follow him with their eyes get dizzy and tumble off the roost! Mr. Long gives this as if it might have been his own observation, but doubtless some old farmer has "soaked" him with it. How the old humorist must have chuckled in his sleeve! I have read of an owl in South Africa which the natives believe can be made to twist its head off by a person walking round and round it. The curious bird follows you with his eyes, till, presto! his head is off. This story goes one or two better than that of our *Natural History Münchenhausen*!

John Burroughs.

HIS DAUGHTER FIRST.

X.

It was natural for Dolly to lean. When her course was plain she went her way resolutely, but she was not one to grapple with uncertainties or hew a path through perplexities with instant decisions. She loved straight roads. At the crossways she faltered. Her natural instincts were so simple, and generally so true, that complexity of any kind took her by surprise. She was continually looking at life as it ought to be, and continually finding cause for indignation that it was otherwise. Her own had been so free from obstacles that when they presented themselves in an uncompromising form she recoiled. She had appealed to Paul, but he had not convinced her. Before taking any step she always wanted everything perfectly plain and clear, — as few things ever are. It was this longing for a straight road out of perplexity that impelled her to seek counsel, and she still felt that desire for companionship which leads the patient to surround himself with friends upon going to an operation he knows he must in the end face alone. If we could only take chloroform for difficult tasks and wake to find them done!

On the slightest provocation she would have unbosomed herself to Margaret, in the vague hope that Margaret would see some course she could not discern herself. But dear as Margaret was to her, she did not invite confidences of this sort. The more Dolly reflected on Paul's advice to speak to Jack the less it commended itself to her. She felt that it was with Mabel she had to do, not with Jack; and while Paul was inspecting Cecil's guns in the billiard-room, this thought took concrete form.

She was still bending over her desk when he came back, and the distress in her blue eyes as she looked up at him

caused him to stoop and kiss her. He knew what she was thinking of.

"I wish I could help you, Dolly dear," he said.

She folded the sheet on which she had been writing, and answered him with a smile.

"I am not going to take your advice, Paul; but what you said has suggested something which I think is better. I love Mr. Temple, — so much more than I thought." Her voice was low, but her eyes bright with conviction. "I am going to see Mabel."

"To see Mabel?"

"Yes. If I cannot conquer her before I cannot expect to afterwards."

Paul thought for a moment. The implication in Dolly's "before" and "afterwards" amused him.

"And if you do not conquer her?"

"I shall," said Dolly. Decision had brought relief and the courage of action.

"Do you mean you are going to New York?"

"No, I shall ask her here."

Paul inwardly approved of fighting battles on one's own ground, but did not say so.

"Suppose she declines?"

"I do not think she will," replied Dolly slowly.

"Do you mean you have any reason for thinking so?"

"Only a woman's reason. I want you to be very nice to her, Paul, and to forget what I have told you."

"Of course I shall be nice to her, for your sake. But I should like to give her a good shaking. She deserves to be told how desperately mean and selfish she is, how utterly unwarranted and impertinent her interference has been, and made to realize what consequences it might have had, — and may have yet."

"Then you approve of my plan?" Dolly said after a pause.

"Why yes, I approve of it; I approve of anything except sitting still and being ridden over. As I told you last night, I should have gone straight to Jack," — Dolly shook her head, — "but you are perhaps the best judge of that. You may be sure of one thing though, Dolly, — that I shall not see Jack Temple again without being tempted to tell him the whole story, and put him out of misery. You think it would pain him to know about Mabel. What's that, against the happiness of knowing you love him!"

"Misery?" repeated Dolly.

"Well, I should call it misery to be told by the woman I loved that she did n't care for me."

"Would you, Paul?"

"Certainly I should," he said, going to the window and drumming on the pane impatiently.

Dolly looked at him as he stood with his back toward her and smiled inscrutably.

"Would you like to read my note?" she asked at length.

Paul turned and took the folded sheet from her outstretched hand.

My dear Mabel (it began): I am inviting a few friends for the Christmas holidays to Cedar Hill. It would please me very much if you would be among them, with Miss Gaunt. My cousin Mr. Graham is with me now, and Margaret's mother. I am not asking your father, for this is to be a young people's party, and if there are any among your friends whom you would like me to invite, do give me the pleasure of adding them to my list.

Sincerely yours,
DOROTHY KENSSETT.

"I don't believe she will come," said Paul tersely.

"We shall see."

"What do you propose to say to her?" he asked, handing back the note.

"I don't know yet — that is, I know

what I shall say, but not how I shall say it."

And then Mrs. Frazer came in with her solitaire and began to spread the cards on the large library table.

Mabel found Dolly's note beside her plate at the breakfast-table. She was late, as she usually was on all occasions, being one of those who avail themselves of every day or minute of grace. She recognized the handwriting on the envelope at once with a secret flutter of excitement, — was it to be peace or war? — and honored the pale blue missive from Cedar Hill by selecting it from among her other letters for first perusal. She read it through twice carefully, and decided that it was war. Its friendly tone did not deceive her an instant. Mrs. Kensett was not stupid, and could by no possibility have misunderstood her. She handed it carelessly to Helen, and asked her if she would like to go. Jack, who had finished his breakfast, was buried in the morning paper.

"It is very nice of Mrs. Kensett to invite us so soon again," said Mabel, who seemed to forget that Helen had not gone before.

"Very," said Helen; and then, after a momentary hesitation, "Shall you go, Mabel?"

"Go? of course. We had great fun there the last time. Besides, I want to see the South African."

Helen was bewildered and said nothing. She entirely disapproved of Mabel's conduct, but she could not help a certain guilty admiration for her easy self-confidence in a matter which, had she herself dared the same interference, would have cost her endless tears and anxiety. She had encountered at the very outset Mabel's air of indulgent superiority. At first it had amused her, but as the child grew into the woman it annoyed her. It was not a malicious or supercilious assumption, and so did not positively hurt, but it did often produce in her that disagreeable feeling of not

being at her best. She had not resented it, chiefly because Mabel did not entertain the slightest idea of possible opposition, but the mere consciousness of Mabel's stronger will embarrassed her when there was no other cause for embarrassment whatever.

"Papa," remonstrated Mabel, "do put down your paper. Mrs. Kensett has asked Helen and me to a Christmas party at Cedar Hill. Here is her note."

Jack read it and said Mrs. Kensett was very kind. It was the same comment which Mabel herself had just made, but Helen observed that a faint smile of mingled amusement, pity, and scorn passed over Mabel's face.

"I don't like to leave you all alone, papa dear," Mabel said doubtfully.

"I would much rather have you go than not," was his reply. "Would you," thought Helen, "if you knew?" "I shall take the opportunity to go down to the Island and see the Vixen. The skipper says she needs a lot of overhauling."

"Whom would you ask Mrs. Kensett to invite, papa?"

"Oh, I leave that to you, as she did."

"Suggest some one, Helen," said Mabel.

Helen thought for a moment. "There is Florence Wilson" —

Mabel made a pout of decided disapproval.

"We can ask one man and one girl, don't you think so, papa? There is plenty of room at Cedar Hill."

"I should write Mrs. Kensett that in sending any names you are carrying out her own suggestion, but that" —

"Certainly, certainly," Mabel broke in.

"How about Spencer Willis?" suggested Jack. "He's a nice fellow."

"I think he is horrid!" exclaimed Mabel.

Jack laughed. He did not mind how horrid she thought him. "Settle it among yourselves, then," he said, "it is not my party. But I must be off."

He stooped to kiss her before going. "Good-by, dear. Good-morning, Miss Gaunt."

"I tell you whom we will ask," said Mabel when the door was closed; "Mr. Heald and Constance Montrevel. She's tremendously amusing with her little snub nose and French accent. Will you please write for me, Helen? No, on second thought, I will write myself. It will be more polite. You are n't eating anything this morning, Helen. Pass me the rolls, please."

No, Helen was not eating anything. She was feeling miserably. It was all very well when Mabel was a little girl to tamper with the Dresden clock and tease Lady Bess, but it was quite another thing, having reached years of discretion, to trifle so light-heartedly with serious things. Moreover, she had an appointment for that afternoon of which she had said nothing to Mabel. Why, she knew well. There was an exhibition at the Academy, and Mr. Heald had asked her to go with him. He had called Thursday, and Mabel, in her most capricious mood, had been alternately alluring and elusive. Sometimes she believed Mabel had no heart at all, and at others a chance word or generous mood reversed this estimate, and made her feel there was a very big heart slumbering under the surface and biding its time. Mabel's treatment of Mr. Heald had mystified her. She had a good deal to say against him. That was not to the point, but rather that she talked of him at all. She always gave him the dances he asked for, and he had led the cotillion with her at the Wendells'. Now she had secured his invitation to Cedar Hill. At one time Helen had been sure Mabel cared for him, and this had caused her no little anxiety; for while there was nothing clandestine in their meetings, Mr. Heald was not then a caller at Gramercy Park nor a friend of Mr. Temple's. Mabel had never given her any clue to her real feelings, and she had never dared to question her.

But this was not what made Helen miserable. Lately, and for the first time in all her relations with Mabel's friends, Mr. Heald had in some indefinable way made her feel that he was looking at *her* over Mabel's shoulder; that there was something between them, something no one knew, — what, she did not know herself, — but *something*, — something which made the one waltz she gave him more than all the dances he had on Mabel's card, and sent her to bed after the Wendells' ball with a fluttering joy in her heart which made her close her eyes to shut out what she did not dare to see. And when they were shut she had the most extravagant and improbable dreams, of independence and freedom from all the luxury that was not her own, of surprising the family in Boston with a tremendous piece of news, of turning the last page of the book of being nobody, of having something of her own, her very own, — and then her heart leaped and her eyes opened wide in the darkness, and she turned over on her pillow and tried to persuade herself that she was very silly.

With the morning light the dream moved a little farther into the background, but it was still there. She took a new interest in the most insignificant things, above all in herself, in the long hair she was brushing before the mirror, in the face looking back at her, beyond which, in the mirror's depths, was the dream.

It was Monday. Mr. Heald had called Thursday. She had known he would, for she had heard him ask permission on the night of the opera. To Mr. Temple he had said "on your daughter," but that was not what the words meant to her. And he had asked her to meet him to-day at the Academy, and she had consented. She was pouring tea for Mabel, as she usually did. He had said nothing to her — indeed, she had avoided him — until he asked her for a cup of tea. But his presence,

in the room even, made her nervous. She knew he was coming, just as a dozen others had come during the afternoon, — yet not as the others, — and her voice trembled when she asked him the conventional "Cream or lemon?" She did not remember now which it had been. He had put her quite at her ease, however, and they had talked about Boston, the new Public Library, and the Puvis de Chavannes frescoes, and so of the pictures at the Academy.

And then she had promised to go.

What troubled her now was that she had not said anything to Mabel. She was not obliged to consult her about her comings and goings, but she always had. Why not now? She had the guilty conscience of concealment, and of stepping into Mabel's place. Still she had kept silence. To admit any obligation to tell Mabel where she was going, that it would be more fair-minded, would be to admit a great deal more than she was prepared to. In the sunlight the dream had almost faded out of sight. Yet she was miserable. Objects which disappear in a glare of sun are not annihilated.

What did he mean by making automaton speak? All the significance of that sentence was in its tone, and his manner Thursday afternoon at the tea-table had been quite natural and ordinary. The recollection of this was like a draft of cold air. But that lasted only a second. She *knew*, and she went to the Academy for the sheer joy of knowing more.

She dressed herself with unusual care. Mabel had told her that her hat with the black plumes was the most becoming one she had ever had; so she wore that, with a dress of soft dove gray, and a turquoise star set in diamonds Mr. Temple had given her Christmas. She did not look twenty-nine, and she did not feel so.

She told Mabel she was going out for a walk. They were going to a dance that evening, and Mabel was lying down.

"Remember the Bishop is coming to dinner to-night," Mabel called out to her as she closed the door.

It was early and she walked through to Broadway to consume time, looking in at the shop windows. It seemed as if every one who looked at her knew where she was going. Turning into Twenty-third Street her heart began to beat. Then she told herself she was a little fool, and quickening her pace went up the steps, pushed aside the green baize door, and went in.

The Exhibition had been open for some weeks, and there were but few persons present. No one whom she knew. She walked through the first room and turned into a side one. There was no one there except a little old, near-sighted man with his nose in the catalogue. She sat down on the circular seat in the centre of the room and waited. The thought that he might not come occurred to her, first as a relief, then, as the minutes went by, with a dull pain. There was a large picture on the opposite wall representing a procession in the streets of old Rome, — perhaps a general returning from Gaul or Parthia with his victorious legions, erect in his chariot behind four prancing horses, and preceded by slim young girls in floating draperies, dancing and strewing flowers. The sunlight was so strong, the tones so clear, the atmosphere of joy and triumph and force so real, that it created a sort of illusion, making the room seem dingy, the streets she had just walked commonplace, and life sordid and mean. She had bought a catalogue in the vestibule, and she opened it in search of the explanation, when a voice behind her said: —

"Ah, here you are. What do you think of the pictures?"

"I have just come."

"And I have been looking for you everywhere."

She had been startled after all, and her cheeks were hot with color. His eyes were full of admiration, and no

wonder. There was something just short of beauty in her face, something charming and appealing, a perfect foil to Mabel's imperiousness.

"Have you? I came directly here, and then this picture fascinated me. I was trying to find it in the catalogue."

"You have stumbled on the worst one in the whole collection."

"The worst?" She looked up at him inquiringly.

"Not the worst painted, — I think it is the best, — but the worst ethically."

He had thrown her off her guard and interested her.

"Ethically?" she repeated.

"Yes, the triumph of brute force, the saturnalia of victory."

"I like it. I don't understand you."

"No, you were not moralizing, you were feeling."

"Yes."

"Listening to the songs of joy. Any kind of intense joy is uplifting."

"Yes."

"And it made modern humdrum New York, teas and dances and receptions, all the petty round, seem commonplace and shabby."

"Yes, that is what I was thinking."

"I don't wonder. It is commonplace and tiresome."

"I did n't suppose you would think so," she said, looking up into his face again with interested sincerity.

He laughed. "Well, you must n't tell. You are the only one who knows it."

"But you do."

"Decidedly. And so do you."

"I had n't thought of it before," she said, turning to the picture again.

"No one knows what one really thinks, or feels, till a picture, a something, — or a somebody, — comes to tell us. Then the curtain of the commonplace we have been staring at content-

edly rolls up and the real play begins."

Her eyes went back to his, smiling. "Oh, but that *is* the play, the illusion."

"Are n't illusions better than most realities?"

"No, — not real illusions."

He laughed again. "You like best the illusions that turn out to be realities. So do I."

She laughed too. "You are talking nonsense now," she said.

"No, I was only asking you not to ring down the curtain. We shall be back in New York again soon enough."

"Yes," she said. "The Bishop is coming to dinner, and we are going out this evening."

"To the Wendells'?"

"Yes. It's their last dance. They are going abroad."

So am I."

"Are you?" She started imperceptibly and looked up at him.

"To the Wendells', not abroad. I wish I were."

There was silence, and Helen, looking intently down the long Roman street, saw her dream advancing beyond the dancing feet and waving hands, the rods of the lictors and the soldiers' helmets. And then something daring flashed upon her, and the silence pushed her on, and she took the leap.

"If teas and receptions and balls bore you" —

"I did n't say they bored me. I said they disgusted me."

"It's the same thing."

"No, it's not the same thing, it's more. But it's true. They do. You were saying" —

She had been going to retreat. His question brought her back.

"That I know of one ordeal before you of which you are ignorant."

"Really?"

She was laughing again now, looking at him over her muff.

"Yes. You are going to a house party at Mrs. Kensett's."

"How do you know?" he asked, surprised.

"Because I do."

"I shall not be bored by that," he said, "but I am surprised. I have n't seen Mrs. Kensett for an age, since last summer in fact. I don't know why she should invite me."

"I did n't say she had, as you say," said Helen maliciously.

"I don't understand you, as *you* say," he retorted.

She had taken the plunge and there was no retreat now.

"Mrs. Kensett asked Mabel to send her the names of some people she would like to have invited, and she sent yours."

She endeavored to speak unconcernedly, but the steadiness of her voice was a forced one, and the eyes above her muff were shining. She was frightened now, and felt her face growing hot. If she had expected to see his brighten with pleasure at the announcement of how Mabel had used her privilege she was mistaken. Before she knew what was happening he had seized her wrist and dragged the muff away from her face.

"Helen, you don't think I care for" —

She struggled to free herself and he let go.

"Helen — Helen" —

The little old man in the corner coughed. He was looking on in amazement. She was hurrying from the room, down the stairs, which were full of people. She thought it was terror. It was the terror of sudden joy.

He caught her on the sidewalk.

"Helen — Miss Gaunt" —

"You had no right," she half sobbed, "please go" —

"I will, when you have forgiven me."

"Yes, I forgive you — but I hate you."

He stood still. She felt as if she had struck him a blow, and hurried on.

She did not stop till she was within sight of the door, and when, breathless, as if still pursued, she took her latch-key from her pocket, she was hating herself more than him. The dream had come true, but she had not done what she expected to do when it came. She had played with fire, and it had scorched her. Yet she was glad, glad, glad.

XI.

As was expected, the Bishop came to dinner. Mabel and Helen were in evening dress. They were going to the Wendells'. Both were looking exceptionally lovely.

On her return from the Academy Helen had gone directly to her room, and had had an hour to think before Mabel opened her door to ask her what dress she was going to wear. Her mind was a tumult of conflicting thoughts. She had no sufficient reason to offer for not going to the Wendells'. She could invent no excuse which Mabel, who was bent upon going, would accept. She both dreaded and longed to go; dreaded to, because she did not wish her next meeting with Mr. Heald to take place in a crowded room where the inevitable explanations would have to be suppressed, — she was in no mood for conventional talk; dreaded to, because feeling might break through the barriers under Mabel's observing eyes. But her longing was stronger than her dread. It was invincible, and she knew it to be so the while she argued. Fate was waiting for her, her own fate, and she could not keep away. For the first time in her orderly life she was excited and reckless. With a whole hour to think she had not been able to think at all, every reason conjured up by her old-fashioned ideas of propriety, by her natural timidity, by her fear of taking a false step, disappearing before the undercurrent of her desire. Her meeting with Mr. Heald had been far more de-

cisive than she had expected, and after the first shock was over there came an ecstasy of exhilaration. She had made an overwhelming discovery. He did not care for Mabel. There was a corollary to this proposition which she hardly dared yet to put into words — he loved *her*, Helen.

The Bishop reflected during dinner on the Providence which in taking the wife had left this charming daughter to brighten a lonely fireside and had given this daughter so charming a friend and companion. He remarked to Jack, after the children as he termed them were gone, on the blessing of children in general. Jack said Mabel was a good girl; he had at times felt the responsibility of guiding one who had no mother; he would have known better how to manage a son, but he was satisfied. For he had observed that there were three dangerous periods in a business man's career: when he began and knew nothing, a little later when he thought he knew everything, and when his sons came of age. He had at all events escaped the last.

The Bishop laughed over his wine at Jack's escape from disaster, and then they adjourned to the library where plans and elevations were spread upon the table. Jack gave a polite attention to these details, but made no comment, not being as he said an expert in church architecture, and asked bluntly what the estimates called for.

The Bishop coughed and replied that he was gratified to be able to say that the necessary amount had been already subscribed, but that at the suggestion of Professor Fisher, a most excellent, sagacious man, it was proposed, in order to promote a closer connection between the church and the college, to establish a fund to be known as the Church Aid Foundation, to assist such worthy young men as were intending to enter the ministry; and that, as the money required for the church had been already provided, he wished to suggest that

whatever amount Mr. Temple had felt disposed to contribute should be applied in this manner. He also explained that he had had some general conversation with Mrs. Kensett on the subject, and that he thought a word from her business manager and adviser would probably lead to good results.

"No," said Jack decisively, "I can't do that. I make it a rule in the management of other people's property never to advise them how to give it away. My business is to care for it and increase it, if I can."

"I can quite understand that," replied the Bishop. On the other hand it was quite possible that Mrs. Kensett might ask his advice.

"That's another thing," said Jack. "I shall send you a check to-morrow for five thousand dollars, provided you can apply it to the church, and can divert an equal amount from what has been subscribed for that object to the Aid Fund. I am not in sympathy with wholesale aid of that kind on organized lines. Why not help the doctors or the lawyers? When I find a good man who needs assistance I am willing to give him a lift" —

"That is precisely" — began the Bishop.

"But I take his note," continued Jack, "and make him pay it. Make education as good, as cheap, and as universal as possible, but don't encourage a man to expect to get it for nothing. If you do, he will expect to get his living for nothing."

The Bishop listened attentively.

"Help individuals, not classes," Jack went on. "I don't know why ministers should be coddled. You are suffering to-day from a system which has landed men in the pulpit who could n't earn their salt in any other profession. The men you can bait with free tuition and half-price rates are not the men you want."

The Bishop admitted it was very difficult to administer aid intelligently.

He came back to the point however by remarking that he thought there would be no difficulty in obtaining the consent of some of the donors to a transfer of their gifts from the church to the Aid Fund.

"There is Mr. Heald, for example, who has given one thousand dollars, and who would doubtless have no objection."

"Mr. Heald?" said Jack. "I did n't know he was fish for your net, Bishop."

The Bishop felt called upon to explain. It was an excellent sign, he said, when the successful young men of the country showed so substantially their appreciation of the serious needs of the community and their own obligations to society.

Jack did not argue the question. He was willing to meet Mr. Heald in his own way and at his own time, but it irritated him thus to keep running up against a man of whose existence he had barely heard a week ago. He recognized, too, his duty to help the world along and up so far as he could, but he was glad that was not his sole business, as it was the Bishop's. "I should have to wink at too many things," he thought, while the Bishop was explaining Mr. Heald's contribution, "or else kick the whole kettle of fish over."

After the Bishop had gone he picked up a book and settled himself to read. He was glad Mabel was having a good time. He was pleased that Mrs. Kensett should have been so kind to her. How good she was! His book was the personal narrative of a war correspondent with the English in Africa. Paul had sent it to him with his own marginal comments. He had been reading some time before he discovered he had not taken in a single word. He threw away his second cigar with the idea that he was smoking too much, and began again at the first page. It did not hold him long, for he soon found himself asking how old he was — he was born in '48, — two, and fifty, and two — that made

fifty-four, — not much time to lose, — to wait. He closed the book, and as he laid it on the mantel noticed that his temples were tinged with gray. Then he decided to look in at the Wendells' and bring Mabel home.

The Wendell house was built around three sides of an open court separated from the street by an iron grille. A long line of carriages extended on either side of the gateway when Mabel and Helen arrived. A half-hundred people on the sidewalk without braved the cold to catch a fleeting glimpse of the toilettes as the carriage doors were opened under the porte-cochère. Above shone the brilliantly lighted windows of the ball-room, whence came the sound of music and the hum of voices to mingle with the rattle of wheels over the pavement and the shouts of policemen regulating the circulation.

The pillared hall was a garden of palms and flowering shrubs, and a continuous stream of guests from the dressing-rooms was ascending the broad stairway between garlands of smilax and roses wreathed along the white balustrades.

The dancing was in full swing, and Mabel had hardly exchanged a word with her hostess in the reception-room at the head of the stairs before she was claimed by her partner for the waltz just begun.

Contrary to her usual habit Helen accepted every partner who offered himself. Dancing had not occupied a prominent place in her academic training, and when she first began to go out with Mabel she had sacrificed the appetite which comes with eating to what she thought the inferiority of her social position demanded. But all this austerity and shyness had long since retired with the elliptic functions into the background. To-night, movement was a necessity to her. The fever of the dance matched her own. The partner for whom her eyes swept the room in the

whirl of the waltz had not come, but not for an instant did the certainty of her expectation fail. He had said he was to be there.

The surprise of the evening was a minuet in costume and masks at midnight. At a quarter to twelve the music ceased. The size of the room limited the number of couples in the minuet, and the fortunate ones, selected by lottery, retired to the dressing-rooms. At twelve o'clock the card parties in the smoking-room had broken up, and those whom fortune had not favored filled the doors and lined the sides of the ball-room as spectators. Then, to the music of a march, the dancers entered, advancing from opposite doors, the ladies in pink, the gentlemen in black dominos. Each lady carried a black fan with ribbons to match the bow on the black domino of her partner. No one was to know who his partner was till the minuet was over, when all were to unmask and go in to supper.

A few moments of confusion and subdued laughter followed the entrance, while the black dominos were searching for the fan whose colors corresponded with their own. Then the stately music of the minuet began. Helen recognized it at once. It was the minuet of the first act of Hoffmann's *Tales*. Should the automaton speak or keep silence?

Her partner had bowed to her, but had not spoken. For the first few measures not a word was uttered; then the voice for which she had been waiting said, —

"Is it New York, or Rome?"

"Rome," she whispered.

It was not possible to converse, only to exchange a word now and then, to answer a question after an interval of separation and waiting.

The mystery and protection of her mask gave her assurance. She had looked forward to possibly a few hurried words of explanation; an awkward meeting under observing eyes, or, worse still, a forced and embarrassing silence.

She had felt that whatever the result of her first meeting with Mr. Heald might be, that first meeting must be a shock, a pain, a moment when things would be said which were not meant, or perhaps more would be meant than could be said. Her mask and domino were both a shield and a weapon. They hid the beating of hearts and the eloquence of eyes. She could be as near or as far as she pleased.

"And everything is forgiven?"

"Forgiven — not forgotten."

A murmur of approval greeted the termination of the first movement.

"And the hate is gone?"

"No."

"That is unjust" —

Then the music recommenced.

"How does your bow happen to match my fan?"

"Which is stronger, hate or curiosity?"

"Curiosity, — now."

"I bribed a tiring-maiden. Am I forgiven that, too?"

The movement of the dance separated them. Then she was beside him again.

"You are in constant need of absolution."

"I am content with my confessor."

Another pause. Then —

"Yes, I will forgive you — on one condition — in a moment we shall unmask" —

"Yes."

"Promise me" —

"Everything."

"To forget, as I have forgiven, that we" — her voice trembled and softened over the pronoun — "were ever in Rome."

"I cannot. One can promise to forgive, not to forget. It is not in our power. You have just said so yourself."

"Till I remind you of it, then."

There was a silence.

"Quick! we are almost through — it is my first request."

"Yes, I promise."

The music ceased, the doors of the supper-room were thrown open, and there were exclamations of surprise and ripples of laughter.

"You!" he exclaimed, as the masks fell. "I did not dream."

"Nor I," she said, slipping her hand through his arm. It held her fan, and he took it from her.

"How pretty! May I keep it?"

"Why do you want it?" she asked, forcing herself to speak indifferently.

"It will be my — my passport to Rome."

"I did not know you were going abroad."

"I did not know you were such a coquette."

Then their eyes met, they both laughed, and went in with the throng to supper.

It was served at small tables and there was no further opportunity for confidences or mystery. The cotillion began immediately after, and Helen was claimed by her partner. Of Mr. Heald she saw no more. She was almost glad, although she was constantly looking for him. She was excited and talked at random. Nothing seemed worth talking about any more. She wanted to go home, to be alone, to think, and was relieved when Mabel signified her readiness to leave.

In the carriage Mabel's high spirits jarred upon her. Her gayety seemed forced and frivolous. In the awakening of her own heart, and the sudden concentration of its feeling into a single channel, life had become serious as well as beautiful, and Mabel's frivolity grew to such proportions that she almost despised her. As the carriage rolled on, after Jack had asked a few questions, Mabel lapsed into silence, — a silence which in Helen's nervous and excited state seemed ominous. She essayed a beginning of conversation, but Mabel replied in monosyllables. Occupied with her own happiness, she had forgotten Mabel entirely; now, the old thought

that Mabel had cared for Mr. Heald came back again. She tried to remember why she had ever thought so. Mabel cared generally so much more for herself than for any one else, her moods were so contradictory and her remarks so often inconsequential and purposeless, that she really did not know why she had ever imagined such a thing. But with the silence had come a complete revulsion of feeling. Did Mr. Heald really care for *her*, Helen? Amid the lights, the flowers, and the music, the banter in which they had indulged had been delicious to her. In the gloom of the carriage rattling over the stones it seemed unsubstantial. To him it might be all banter. She possessed nothing, she was nobody. Why *should* he love her? She had asked the question before, once almost indifferently, as she might have asked a question affecting some third person. Now it made her heart beat with a dull pain. She was glad when the carriage stopped, glad when Mr. Temple had said good-night, glad when Mabel's door was shut. They usually had to talk such evenings over. To-night, when she pleaded fatigue and a headache, Mabel advised her to go to bed at once. She undressed quickly, and then, lying in the darkness and stillness, she went over every incident, repeated every sentence. And it was not the light words exchanged in the ball-room, when she was so happy, which were dearest, but that moment of surprise and anger when he had torn her hand from her face, and looked into her eyes with all for which she hungered in his own.

XII.

A succession of dull, stormy days had necessitated the postponement of the plans for a morning with the grouse. Then, too, Dolly had unexpectedly decided to go to New York for a day on matters incident to her projected house party. There were various orders to

be given for supplies not to be found in Westford's Doric Emporium, — supplies which required Dolly's personal selection and supervision. And Margaret was going with her.

Mabel's note of acceptance had been received and the invitations had been issued.

"It seems you were right," Paul said, as he read Mabel's opening sentence. "At any rate she is no coward. And Heald, too!" reading on, — "well, I *should* like to meet *him*."

The evening before they started a letter came from Jack which ran as follows: —

DEAR PAUL, — Argonaut is quoted to-day at 45. Two thousand shares at 45 means \$90,000. Deducting cost, one thousand shares at 25 and one thousand at 40, net profit, less commissions, \$25,000.

If Mrs. Kensett's chief concern is for her friend, she can turn over to said friend this profit, together with the \$40,000 cost of original investment, and get her own \$25,000 back whole.

A good four per cent bond can be had at about par, and four per cent on \$65,000 is \$2600. This would put her friend on a safe basis with an income of \$2600, instead of \$1400 as before the exchange of the three and one half per cent bonds for Argonaut.

I have as yet no information about the latter, but I should advise sale as above. Wire me if sale is decided, and send certificates by early mail for delivery.

Yours,

JOHN TEMPLE.

Paul took the letter at once to Dolly.

"You ought to be thankful to get out of it as well as that. Certainly Miss Frazer cannot complain."

Dolly thought wistfully of the prediction that the shares would go to one hundred and fifty, but her ambition to make money for Margaret had received

a chill. She agreed without a word. The certificates were in the silver safe in the dining-room. She would go and explain it all to Margaret at once.

"It is n't necessary to tell her all the profits are not hers, is it, Paul?"

"A little while ago you were going to tell her all the losses were yours," said Paul, laughing. "You must settle that with your own conscience. Have Miss Frazer assign her stock to Jack. You can take it down with you."

"No," said Dolly, "I do not want to meet Mr. Temple — yet. We can send it by registered mail."

"If Mrs. Frazer would n't mind being alone for a day or two I would go down with you."

"Do, do!" cried Dolly. "I had thought of it myself, but I did not suggest it for the same reason. After all, it will be for only two nights and a day. I will go and ask her."

On inquiry Mrs. Frazer declared she would like nothing better than to be alone. She would call it a rainy day and catch up with her correspondence. So Paul wired Jack to sell, and the Waldorf for rooms.

They reached New York the evening of the Wendells' ball. The following day Mrs. Kensett and Margaret were to be occupied with their purchases, and it was agreed that they should lunch out and all meet for dinner. Paul rose early. He had nothing in particular to do, but he wished to deliver the certificates at once and get them off his mind and hands. There were but few persons in the breakfast-room, and he found a vacant table at one of the Avenue windows. While eating his breakfast he became absorbed in the morning paper. There were rumors of peace negotiations which, if confirmed, would necessitate his return to London and South Africa.

On leaving the table after finishing his breakfast he overheard a gentleman inquiring at the desk for Mrs. Kensett. The clerk informed him that Mrs. Ken-

sett had not yet come down, whereupon he left a letter, asking that it be sent to her room at once. The stranger's face struck Paul as one he had seen somewhere before, where he could not remember, but the incident made no particular impression upon him, and without thinking any more of it he started down town for Jack's office.

The gentleman was Mr. Heald. He had left the Wendells' that morning at one o'clock, immediately after supper, and had gone directly to his bachelor apartment at the Carleton. There were two letters on his writing-table, one bearing an Arizona postmark, the other that of Westford.

He opened the former, reading it through slowly and holding it afterwards a long time in his hand, plunged in thought. At last, laying it down with a shrug of the shoulders, he took up the second letter, — Dolly's note of invitation to Cedar Hill. To this he wrote at once a brief reply as follows:—

MY DEAR MRS. KENSETT, — I have just received your invitation to come to Cedar Hill on the twenty-third instant, — an invitation which I accept with the greatest pleasure. It is most kind of you to include me among your friends, and I appreciate deeply the honor you do me. I have not had the pleasure of seeing you since we met at Lenox, and before I had read your note this morning I had intended to write you and to advise you, in the same spirit in which a year ago I suggested the purchase of the Argonaut shares, to sell them *without delay*. I shall ask you to treat this letter as confidential, and I shall, on seeing you, explain the reasons for this advice, as also for my not giving them here in detail.

With renewed thanks for your kind invitation,

I am, most sincerely yours,
REGINALD HEALD.

Then he sealed the letter, directed

it, and went to bed, leaving orders to be called at seven.

At seven o'clock his man brought him his mail and coffee. In a morning paper he saw among the hotel arrivals the name of Mrs. Kensett at the Waldorf. He dressed with his usual care, put the letter to Mrs. Kensett in his pocket, and walked over to the hotel. Mrs. Kensett's name was on the register, but the ladies, he was told, had not yet breakfasted. He hesitated a moment, finally decided not to wait, changed the address of the letter, asking that it be sent up to Mrs. Kensett's room, and left immediately.

Paul found Jack at the office though it was barely nine o'clock when he sent in his card.

"Holloa!" said Jack, "I did n't expect to see you."

Paul explained that he had had no idea of coming until he had received Jack's letter. The statement was not literally exact, for while Jack's letter had had its influence, the idea of accompanying Dolly had been conceived when he found Margaret was going with her. He did not, however, say anything to Jack about Dolly's being in New York.

"I brought down the stock," he said, taking it from his inside pocket. "I suppose it is sold. You got my telegram?"

"Yes. As I wrote you, I had no reasons except prudential ones. I sent a man out to Arizona to investigate" —

"You did?" exclaimed Paul.

— "but when I saw the stock at forty-five I thought it better not to wait. You see, I am rather bound to look pretty carefully after Mrs. Kensett." He smiled as he spoke and looked out of the window.

"Quite right. Dolly was a little fool."

"We all do foolish things once in a while," said Jack.

"It is n't every one learns his lesson on a rising market, though," Paul re-

plied. "What do you suppose possessed the man?"

"Who, Heald? I don't know. One is naturally suspicious of men who advise women to put money in such things. But it may be all right. What are you doing to-day?"

"Nothing, till dinner. I have an engagement for this evening, and shall go back to-morrow unless there is something in this peace news. What do you think of it?"

"I don't believe a word of it. London does n't, either. The market always gets the first news."

"Nor I," said Paul. "Besides, I should have a cable if there was anything in it. But you are busy, and I won't bother you."

"Will you lunch with me?" asked Jack, as Paul turned to go.

"Of course I will."

"Well, to-day is Saturday and I lunch at home. I would rather like to have you meet Mabel."

"Certainly, I should like to."

"At one o'clock, then. I will telephone her you are coming. Good-by."

When Paul was shown into the reception-room at Gramercy Park a young girl came forward to meet him who reminded him instantly of Gladys, or rather of what Gladys might have been at her age.

"This is Mr. Graham? I am Mabel. Papa has not come home yet. I believe he is never late at business appointments, but I cannot say as much for him at home. This is my friend, Miss Gaunt. Mr. Graham, Helen."

There was something very winning and gracious in Mabel's manner, and Paul thought she was not so bad as she painted herself.

"I suppose people talk to you about South Africa," she went on, "till you are tired of the very sound of the name. I resolved, when papa told me you were coming, not to say a word about it."

"It is n't a place many people are interested in, Miss Temple, aside from the war."

"Oh, but I am interested in it," cried Mabel, "only it sounds much the same as Patagonia, or Kamchatka. I don't think I should like to live there. I don't care for places which only have futures. I like best those that have a present. You can't live on a future, can you?"

"Only those who have no satisfactory present need try to," replied Paul. "I live a lot in the future."

"Certainly. In one sense we all do. But you do not appear so very discontented."

Helen, sitting in the window seat with her embroidery, smiled. Until she went to the Academy and found her new world she had always been very matter of fact, and it amused her now to see how quickly Mabel touched the personal note of conversation.

"No, I am not," said Paul, "and I would not tell you so if I were. I am not fond of people who trail their personal grievances before the world."

"Are n't they detestable!" assented Mabel. "And yet," she added, smiling at him with her violet eyes, "I hope you are not perfectly satisfied. I shall not like you if you are."

Paul was determined not to like Mabel, and cared little whether she liked him or not. But like most men in whom women show an interest, her interest in him interested him in her. She changed the subject, however, immediately.

"You are staying at Cedar Hill, are you not, Mr. Graham? It is such a lovely spot, and Mrs. Kensett is such a lovely woman."

"Do you think so?" said Paul, looking at her.

"Indeed I do. Everybody does. There is no minority of opinion on that subject. You need not feel obliged to feign surprise just because you are her cousin," she said, laughing back into

his eyes; "or don't you agree with me?"

"Certainly I do. Dolly is one of the dearest women in the world. But not every one shows his liking in the same way."

Helen held her breath. She was sure Paul knew. But Mabel was smiling.

"I show mine by going to Cedar Hill next week. Did you know that?" she said, fastening a rosebud from the flowers on the table in her corsage.

"Yes. Mrs. Kensett told me."

"Helen dear, will you please see if that is papa? Of course, she naturally would," she resumed carelessly, after Helen had gone. The smile had faded from her face, and a light came into her eyes. "Does she tell you everything?"

"No, indeed," said Paul, resolving to keep away from dangerous ground; "we have a lot of secrets we do not tell."

"Have you? How *do* you manage to keep them? It's so hard to keep a secret if it's worth telling."

Paul was thinking it was very hard to keep one's friends if one did not conceal one's resentments, when Miss Gaunt came in with a telegram.

"It's from papa," said Mabel, tearing open the envelope and reading aloud: "Sorry. Detained. Don't wait. How provoking!" she exclaimed. "But you will not lose your luncheon, Mr. Graham; that is the most important thing, is n't it? And we shall not lunch alone, Helen, which is more important still. Every one thinks himself the only one who asks for papa's time and money," — she led the way into the dining-room, — "the result is, poor papa will have little of either left. There ought to be a society for the protection of — will you take this seat, Mr. Graham — of papas like mine."

"Would n't you be the first to come under its operation?" asked Paul.

"Oh, but I don't count. Papa belongs to me, and I am his diversion."

"Yes, but by and by, when you do as all young ladies do — what then?"

"You mean when I marry?" said Mabel, with a disdainful shrug of her pretty shoulders. "You talk like the Bishop, and you are not old enough for that — or does life in South Africa make one preternaturally old and serious?"

"I don't need to be a bishop to make a prediction of that kind. I was only generalizing in the mildest and safest manner possible."

Mabel laughed. "That is just what the Bishop is always doing. He's a dear good soul. He never singles you out, or makes you feel worse than other people. Do you know him, — Bishop Stearns, I mean?"

"He was at Cedar Hill last week."

"And Mrs. Frazer is there, too, is n't she? I have always wanted to meet her. Is n't she very eccentric? She has such a wonderful name — Laurinda! It sounds like a sword flashing from its scabbard — *en garde!*"

Paul was amused and fell in with her mood. "You will have the opportunity of exchanging opinions and crossing swords with her soon. I heard her say you were a spoiled child."

"Did she? Really! How interesting. Then you were forewarned. What do you think now?"

"Oh, my opinion is n't worth anything. I can't give it on hearsay evidence."

"Well" — her expressive face became earnest — "you will have the occasion to observe me at Cedar Hill next week. I challenge you to tell me what you think then." She was leaning forward with one elbow on the table, a half-serious, half-provoking light behind her lashes. "Ah, now you are beating a retreat. Please don't. It will be so interesting. Papa is such a poor judge, and Helen — she never says what she really thinks of me."

"Why, Mabel," protested Helen.

"Will you, will you?" she persisted, heedless of Helen's protest; "not a polite, commonplace opinion, like the

Bishop's sermons, but a real, sober, serious" —

"I warn you, I shall be terribly blunt and outspoken."

"Of course, otherwise it will be good for nothing. Then it's agreed. The night before I leave Cedar Hill I shall hold you to your promise. And for once," she said, drawing herself up triumphantly, "we shall have the truth, the sweet, naked truth. I can bear anything, — you will have found that out in making up your opinion."

"Mabel," said Helen, after Paul had gone, "I wish you would let me speak to you without being offended."

They were in Mabel's room upstairs, and Mabel was pinning on her hat before the mirror. She turned, with her hands still adjusting her hat, looking at Helen with an expression of benevolent curiosity. Helen was bending over her embroidery.

"Well, I am waiting."

Helen looked up with a reassuring smile, as if she were propitiating an idol.

"I don't mean to say anything that would hurt you in any way" —

"Say it, say it, Helen. Don't keep me in suspense so. When you have anything horrid to say you always begin in that way."

"I don't wish to say anything horrid," protested Helen.

"Helen, you are as transparent as glass. Don't you suppose I know when you disapprove of me? You were scolding me all through luncheon while I was talking to Mr. Graham."

"No, I was not," said Helen, asserting herself. "But I was thinking you were doing yourself an injustice. I don't like to see you do that. It sometimes seems as if you were determined to prevent any one from — from" —

"From what?"

"From being your friend."

"In other words, I am unnatural, insincere, repellent" —

"Mabel!" broke in Helen pleadingly. "Be just. Did I say that? Is n't it just because you are none of these things that I dislike to see you appear" —

"Then I do appear so, do I?"

"Don't question me so, Mabel. You put words into my mouth. I was simply saying that you sometimes assume a manner, a way of speaking, that wrongs you in the eyes of those who do not know you as I do."

"Are you sure you know me?"

Leaning back in her chair, Helen looked up into Mabel's face. "I thought I did," she began, trying to smile and struggling with the beginning of tears. But the coldness in Mabel's eyes changed her to stone. "I am sorry I spoke," she said. "I was not trying to be profound. Perhaps neither of us knows the other. We certainly do not understand each other now." It was on her lips to say: it makes a difference who tells you the truth, — but she restrained herself.

Mabel was drawing on her gloves. She was conscious of the sudden revolution in Helen's feelings, and her own softened. She often see-sawed with Helen in this way.

She stooped quickly to Helen's hair and kissed it. "Forgive me, but don't scold me. I am made as I am. If I am ever to change it will be by" — she paused and laughed — "by something great, a crisis, a catastrophe, something volcanic — which is not likely." Helen went on with her embroidery in silence. "Are n't you going to forgive me?" The continued silence reversed the current of her feeling again. "This is play. We may have something *real* to forgive some day." She moved toward the door, buttoning her gloves. "Tell papa we entertained Mr. Graham as well as we could." She was at the door now. "And Helen, Helen — look at me — love me a little, will you?"

Helen started forward, disarmed.

But the door had closed and Mabel was gone.

XIII.

Paul had left immediately after luncheon on the plea of important business. It did not appear to be very pressing, or to require his presence in any particular place, for he wandered in an aimless fashion out of the quiet of Gramercy Park into the roar of Broadway and up Fifth Avenue, looking into the shop windows with the eager but vacillating gaze of a Christmas shopper searching for he knows not what. Yet it was a very important business he had in hand. He wanted to give something to Margaret.

The idea had come to him that morning; it had haunted him all day, and could not be dislodged. He had said to himself twenty times that if he had a reason for giving Miss Frazer anything it was not one he could adduce. A gift to her could not mean what an ordinary gift means, and certainly the reason for such a gift did not exist; their acquaintance was too short for that. But he did not reason this out. It was *not* an ordinary gift. The only question was to find something she could accept. It was not a gift at all, but only a way of telling her what was not yet to be told in words.

The streets were filled with holiday throngs bent on similar errands, and windows glittered with every temptation. He elbowed his way through the crowds, conscious all the while that what he was seeking was not to be found in any shop window. It must be something personal, — personal to him, — and then he stopped on the curbing, lost in thought. A woman can give an old glove, a flower, but a man has nothing. There was a florist's across the street, and he went over. The window was a garden in miniature, — flowering shrubs in rare old china pots, clusters of roses tied with broad ribbons, orchids of

strange shapes, and bunches of violets of royal size. No, that would n't do. It was all too rich, almost vulgar, as bad as diamonds. A wild flower from the hillside slope above Cedar Hill, that could lie between the leaves of a cherished book, was infinitely better. Yet he could not rid himself entirely of the idea of value. Nothing was too good for *her*. Did the whole world contain nothing which held what a woman gives with a worn glove or a faded flower?

And then he turned down the Avenue again, suddenly, with a quick, decided step, walking straight for the porch of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He had taken a room there the night of his arrival, and had left in storage certain trunks and boxes for which he had no immediate use. From one of these he took a small package, and the important business was done.

It was five o'clock when he reached the Waldorf. Dolly had said they might be back for tea, but he was told by the elevator boy that the ladies had not yet come in. He went to his room, locked his door, and opened the package. It contained an oblong black box of teak-wood, dug out in rough uncouth fashion, like a log canoe. Within, wrapped in a yellow cloth, of coarse fibre but soft as silk, lay a long neck-chain of blood-red carnelians, curiously cut in varying shapes, and separated by gold beads cut through in patterns intricate and delicate as lace.

He had bought it in Ceylon years ago — for nobody. That was the satisfying thought. On leaving for home he had put it in his trunk with a vague idea of giving it to Dolly, but that idea did not recur to trouble him now. What pleased him now was that it was a personal possession, and that he had not bought it for Margaret, but for Somebody — not Dolly either — who was found. He still had some doubts whether she would accept it, whether she would not think it too much, and to overcome as far as possible this objec-

tion he took out his card and wrote on the back: —

"Remember, the value of a friend's gift lies in the giving."

This done, he wrapped the chain carefully in its yellow cloth, laid it with the card in the teak-wood box, dressed for dinner, and began the long process of waiting. Christmas, which was only a few days off, had first presented itself as an excuse, but had been abandoned. Christmas had nothing to do with it.

It was only six o'clock. There were two whole hours yet before dinner, and time hung heavily on his hands. And then he was aware of his restlessness and impatience, and an old-time resolve came to him that if ever he loved a woman he would love her straightforwardly, honestly, manfully, without any nonsense; and he determined to banish Margaret from his mind and go down to the reading-room to see what the evening papers had to say about the peace rumors.

At a quarter to eight he had exhausted the evening news and was dividing the time between watching the clock and the people going in and out from the restaurant. He was beginning to grow cross over Dolly's unconscionable delay when a hall-boy asked him if he was No. 33 and, on receiving an affirmative answer, announced that dinner was served in No. 20.

No. 20 was a pleasant parlor with very little of the hotel about it. Shaded candles were burning on the dinner-table as Paul entered, and numberless feminine belongings scattered about the room gave it a homelike appearance.

"We were both tired," Dolly said, "and thought we would dine here, unless you are anxious to dine downstairs."

"You have n't tired yourselves out, I hope," said Paul, looking at Dolly but speaking to Margaret.

"Oh no," replied Dolly, "we have taken it very leisurely. When you know just what you want and just where to get it, it's very easy."

Paul, remembering his recent shopping experience, thought the converse of the proposition equally true.

And then with all a woman's love for dainty things and joy in their possession, amid innumerable excursions from the table in search of proofs and exhibits, Dolly told the story of the day.

"You can smoke here, Paul," she said, as the table was cleared away, "and, by the way, I want to show you a letter I received this morning."

She disappeared for a moment and then came in with Mr. Heald's note in her hand.

"I absolutely forgot," she said apologetically, "it is marked confidential. I saw it at the time, and then it passed entirely out of my head. It was very stupid of me. I shall tell you all about it some day."

Feeling that she was not concerned in the conversation, Margaret had drawn her chair up to the fire and was cutting the leaves of a magazine.

"But I must answer it at once. You don't mind, do you? My writing materials are in my room. It will take me only a minute."

Margaret was still sitting before the fire. Her back was turned toward Paul, her head, bent forward over her book, outlined against the background of firelight. He saw the wisps of brown hair that could not be confined, from which he had brushed the snow and frozen sleet, — he had touched them once! — and there rose from his heart the certain knowledge that he wanted her, just wanted her, without any afterthought or forethought of what that meant. Whenever he had thought of marriage before, the subject had involved all sorts of prudential considerations. Could he afford it? Would it interfere with his work? What woman would accept his life in South Africa! Not one of these things occurred to him now. But something else did, something that had never crossed his mind before, — that he would be content to stand outside this

woman's door for all time if that was the condition she would impose. He did not stop to reflect that no woman had ever imposed such a condition, or could. His feeling was only the inseparable part of that reverence which is the dawn of all true human love.

The scratching of Dolly's pen came from the adjoining room. He took the parcel from his pocket and went softly forward.

"Miss Frazer." She turned, startled by his voice. "Long ago, before I knew you existed, I went shopping too, in Ceylon, for an unknown Somebody" — he put the black box in her hand — "I want you to keep this — will you?" — her eyes turned from his to the strange-shaped box and back again to his in evident surprise — "don't say no."

"For me?" she said, a little confused; "must I look at it?"

"I suppose you must."

She lifted the lid with trembling fingers, looked up again with a shy wondering smile, and then back to the yellow wrapping, unfolding it slowly. She glanced at the chain, — a woman's glance that takes in everything, — then read the card.

"O Mr. Graham!" She did not look up, and the chain had fallen into her lap, but she held the card in her closed hand.

"And we shall have our day with the grouse — before the crowd comes?"

"Yes," she whispered, "if you wish it."

"There!" cried Dolly, coming in with her letter, "now we can have a quiet talk. What have you done with your day, Paul?" She drew her chair up beside Margaret's, whose magazine lay in her lap performing its new duty of guard and shield. But nothing of all that was talked over that evening had much interest for Paul, — a fact quite evident to Dolly, who began to feel sure that some day she could tell him she really had not written any let-

ter at all, and that he would agree with her that it was quite right not to do certain things if people did not know you were not doing them.

XIV.

From Dolly's point of view the day with the grouse had proved a great success; that is to say, they had had a most delicious lunch before a blazing log fire in the sugar camp, and no one had been hurt. Driving out with Mrs. Frazer to meet the hunters she had asked her whether Paul was not becoming interested in Margaret, and had been disconcerted by the reply that Margaret had been sounded on that subject and had pronounced the idea ridiculous. She had received a second check when Margaret came down to dinner that evening wearing a wonderful chain of unusual and exquisite workmanship, which Dolly was imprudent enough to declare she had never seen before. "Where were your eyes?" Margaret had said; and the quiet indifference of this answer had so effectually closed all the avenues of further inquiry that Dolly was almost persuaded she had seen it a hundred times.

The dogs had proved worthless, not having been shot over since Cecil's death, and having meanwhile been spoiled by feminine society. They were wild beyond control, and vanished entirely after flushing the first bird, to reappear only at night with bleeding feet, fagged out with their all day's run after rabbits in the swamps and ravines beyond what Mr. Pearson called the "mount'n."

Margaret had no appropriate costume except such as she had improvised, — a pair of Cecil's brown leggings over high moccasin shoes, a short blue skirt and jacket with white flannel blouse; and a blue veil knotted under a soft hat to keep her hair from the spikes and twigs of the thickets. Dolly thought

she had never seen her look so beautiful, and was still more of this opinion when Margaret came into the glow of the leaping fire, flushed with her tramp in the bracing air, — being so impressed that she could not resist kissing her and saying under her breath, "You dear, you are just lovely."

Unable to beat off temptation, Mr. Pearson had "guessed he 'd come along o' Jim." Between them they knew every bit of cover on the hillside and had hunted out a half-dozen stray birds, of which Paul had got three and Margaret two, — good results for a half day in late December. In default of the dogs' aid, thrown on their own resources, they had been absorbed in their work. Oh, that breathless listening, waiting, watching, in the wood twilight, when one's heartbeat is the only sound, — what is there like it!

"Can you whistle?" Paul had asked when they started.

Margaret laughed. "I can try."

"We may be out of sight of each other, you know." And he had listened for that low call of hers through the woods more than for the whir of beating wings.

When her maid knocked that morning at her door an hour earlier than usual Margaret knew by that token that the day was fair, that the day he had asked for, the day she had given, was come. Not for a moment had she doubted that it would, and when the shutters were thrown open, and the bright sun streamed in, it was no surprise. How wonderful that such a day could be! like other days for all the rest of the world, yet created apart for her. She dressed herself as in a dream. Not that all was not real and sure, but too sweet and strange for anything but dreams. Her heart worked like her mind, straight and true, with the rectitude and certainty of nature. Love had risen in it as the sun in the sky, and there was no more night. Yet not since the chain had fallen from her

hands into her lap in the parlor of the Waldorf, and she had covered it from sight at Dolly's approach, had she looked at it again. She had hurried it into its black box without a glance and hidden it away. For she had taken it as it had been given, not as a gift, but as a message, a summons, and she could not see it without seeing all she had given in return. The sun was warm and gladdening, it was sweet to stand in its light and feel its strength, but she could not look into its face yet. As she dressed she heard the dogs barking in the yard; and Jim was talking to Paul. He "reckoned the day was just made on purpose, — the birds would be on the edges in the sun, sartin." And then at the last moment, after breakfast had been announced and her maid had gone, she went to the closet, took the black box from its dark corner under the contents of her secretest drawer, and unfastening her white flannel waist clasped the chain hurriedly about her neck.

All through breakfast while Dolly was enlarging upon the importance of meeting promptly at noon, explaining that luncheon would be ready at that hour, and cautioning her to be careful of her gun, she was living in another world, going to another rendezvous. All through the morning Jim's presence at her elbow threw no doubt upon the issue of the day; and when the luncheon-table was cleared away, the horses unblanketed, and Paul asked her if she was too tired to walk home, with a beating heart she said unhesitatingly "No."

Dolly wanted the guns put into the sleigh, but Paul objected; they might get a chance shot on the way home, — that was the reason for walking. Mr. Pearson "guessed there would n't be no more shootin' done unless they went clear over the ridge, and said if he was n't wanted no longer, as he'd got the chores to do, he'd take a short cut 'cross lots."

"Yer can't miss yer way," he said

to Paul. "Jest foller the run down ter the pasture, and then the cart track out ter the road." He watched the pair after the sleigh drove off with Dolly and Mrs. Frazer until they disappeared among the hemlocks, then turning to Jim he said, "Come along, Jim, they ain't goin' to git in no trouble."

No man who is not an egoist, or worse, is ever sure of a woman's love till she has told it with her own lips. Coming up in the train from New York, while Dolly was reading the latest novel, Margaret had told Paul something of her early life and of her memories of her mother. She had been speaking some time before she realized how little her natural reserve counted when talking with him. "I don't know why I should tell you of these things," she said; "I never have, I never could, to any one." "I don't know why you should," he replied, "so far as my being able to help you is concerned. But I should like to." And conscious only of the help that comes from giving dear and long kept memories into trusted hands, she had said, "You do — you do." On leaving the train at the little Westford station, while Dolly was superintending the transfer of numerous packages to the carriage, Margaret had dropped her glove, and he had stooped to pick it up. She had extended her hand to take it with a word of thanks ready. "No," he had said, "I want to keep it." "Not that old" — "Yes, just that" — And then Dolly came.

And still, walking by her side in the silence and solitude of the December woods, he was not sure. He only knew that he had something of hers, warm with the warmth and sweet with the breath of her body, which said to him, "You do, you do."

"Do you know the people who are coming?"

"Not all. Dolly told me their names. There are several I do not know."

"You know Miss Temple, I suppose."

"Yes indeed, she has been here before."

"Do you like her?"

"Most people do. She is very pretty."

"But do you?"

"You should not ask me such questions."

"No, you are right. It was an impertinence."

"I did not mean that, but only that when one puts vague feelings into words they sound harsh. I do not like to speak ill of people."

"I am sure you do not."

The drainage of the snow-covered hills had gathered into a little brook which grew larger as they went on.

"We must cross here," said Paul.

"Let me have your gun. The stones are slippery."

"No," she replied. "Papa made it a rule whenever I went out with him that I must do my share of the work or stay at home."

But he took it from her, carrying it over with his own. "Now come," and he held out his hand.

In a moment they had crossed to the other side, but he did not let go the hand in his. "Margaret" — it was like a new name — "Margaret." She felt herself drawn to him by strong arms, but they did not hurt, and she did not resist. "Margaret — dear" — And then her life and soul went out on her lips to his.

"Don't — dear," she murmured.

"But tell me you do."

She opened her eyes for one moment.

"Yes — I do."

In that homeward walk, when the winter world took on such marvelous hues and so many common things became precious because they no longer belonged wholly to one's self, it was decided that with the exception of Dolly and Mrs. Frazer no announcement should be made until after Dolly's

guests had gone. On returning home they found Dolly had driven over to Lemington with Mrs. Frazer to make calls, and there was no opportunity to see either alone until after dinner was over. Margaret would have spoken when Dolly questioned her about her chain, but the butler was announcing dinner. The moment was not an auspicious one.

Dolly always went up to the nursery after dinner to kiss Dorothy good-night, and after she had gone Mrs. Frazer had the satisfaction of knowing she was right. She refrained from all reference to her previously expressed views on the subject, but smiled so significantly when Margaret made her explanation that words were unnecessary.

"It all seems very strange," Margaret said; "for when you spoke to me the other day I did not dream of it."

"No, dear, I suppose not. Traps of this sort are very cunningly set, and we generally walk into them blindfolded."

Margaret made no reply. She was not disturbed by this point of view. Her happiness was too real. She hardly knew how the first few steps in her new world had been taken, but she knew they had been willing steps and that she was not blind.

"Have you told Dolly?" asked her mother, as Paul came in with his cigar.

"No, I shall now;" and she left the room hurriedly to go upstairs.

Through the half-open nursery door she saw Dolly sitting on the edge of Dorothy's bed, and waited till the story which always preceded the last kiss was finished. Then Dolly came forward, her train in one hand, her lighted candle in the other.

"What is it, Margaret?" she said softly, closing the door gently behind her.

Margaret's arm went about her waist. "Come into your room," she whispered; "I have something to tell you."

Of all secrets love is the most diffi-

cult to guard, and before Margaret spoke Dolly knew. But with the instinctive feeling that the knowledge of any outside influence would be resented, that to claim any share in bringing about this happiness would mar it, she managed to wear a wonderful mask of surprise.

"Do you remember, Dolly, the first night he came, you said you did not expect me to like him?"

"Did I?" said Dolly innocently, her eyes half full of tears.

"And I said I should not quarrel with any one you loved?"

"Yes, dear, I think I do remember."

There was but one interpretation to put upon Dolly's glistening eyes and subdued enthusiasm. "All her happiness is in the past," thought Margaret; "all mine in the future." That Dolly was glad was unmistakable; but the note was not clear, and its tremor could come only from the memories which another's joy stirs in our own hearts.

"I will come down presently," she said, after they had talked together awhile. But she did not come down, and Mrs. Frazer, with some mumbled words which were not intelligible, left the drawing-room soon after Margaret's return.

She went directly to Dolly's door and knocked. On entering she saw at once that Dolly was embarrassed, like a child who being interrupted in the performance of some mischief pretends to be doing nothing at all. There was no light in the room but a candle, and Dolly was standing in the middle of the floor, holding it in her hand.

"Well?" said Mrs. Frazer, seating herself on the old-fashioned sofa drawn up near the fireplace.

Dolly put the candle down on the dressing-table. "I was just coming down. Dorothy always pulls my hair about so. Were you surprised?" She took up her comb and was smoothing out her hair.

"Dolly." The word was like a call to judgment, and Dolly turned at once.

"I have not come to talk to you of Margaret. We both knew all that ages ago."

"You have not come to talk about Margaret?" repeated Dolly, bewildered, her comb in mid-air. And then, as Mrs. Frazer maintained silence, "What have you come to talk about?"

"You. Sit down."

Dolly sat down in a daze, her back to the candle.

"You must n't be so astonished, dear. You were not deceived by Margaret. I am not deceived by you."

"By me?" Dolly repeated again, leaning forward in the eagerness of her surprise, and then sinking back once more into the shadow. "By me? what do you mean, Laurinda?"

"I mean that I am not stone blind. I am telling you what I told Margaret a few days ago. She was evasive, or obstinate. You are too sensible to be either." Dolly made a gesture. "Don't say you do not understand me. You do — perfectly. If you wish me to go away and say nothing more about it, I will. But if I am to be of any use to you" —

Dolly was silent, staring at the carpet.

"I have known you and John Temple all your lives;" Dolly did not start at the name; she knew it was coming.

"I do not know what is the trouble between you, but I know there is some trouble. Will you tell me what it is?"

"There is no trouble," said Dolly faintly.

"Well, if there is none, there will be, and it's too bad. He has had enough trouble in his life. Do you wish me to drop the matter where it is?"

Dolly was recovering her self-control. "I would rather not have spoken of it, but since you have begun" —

"I began because I wished to be of some service to you. You know I am

not speaking from curiosity." A deprecatory gesture was the only answer. "Whether you like it or not I saw there was something between you and John, something which was causing you both unhappiness. It is n't money, I suppose? Of course not. A man may be very self-contained, but he cannot altogether hide his own feelings. He loves you, Dolly."

"Yes, it's true, but" —

"And you?" persisted Mrs. Frazer. Dolly made no reply.

"Your silence means only one thing. If you know that he loves you, then he has told you so; and if he has told you so, you must have answered him — what? I cannot understand."

"I answered him no," said Dolly in a low voice that startled her questioner by its energy and finality.

There were a few minutes of silence.

"I can only repeat that I do not comprehend it at all," resumed Mrs. Frazer at length, smoothing out the wrinkles of her dress with her lorgnette. She was not given to caresses, nor was she a person to whom one naturally offered them; but her voice was less abrupt than her words, and the sincerity and kindliness of her purpose made themselves felt. "I do not assume to say that you are suited to each other. People have to find that out for themselves. But why, if you love each other, you should not make the trial I cannot imagine. Do you care to tell me?"

"I should not have told you," said Dolly with a resolute effort at steadiness. "Indeed — I did not suppose — we hardly spoke to each other when he was here — that any one" — She stopped before her voice broke.

"My dear," said Mrs. Frazer gently, "I have not the least right in the world to intrude upon your privacy. But a third person sometimes sees more clearly than we do. I cannot bear to see you unhappy."

"There is nothing you can do," replied Dolly. She had wholly recovered

herself. "It is something to be borne — for the present. Perhaps — in time" —

"One has n't any time to throw away at any age, — certainly not at yours. I shall not ask you what the obstacle is, and I shall not feel aggrieved if you do not confide it to me. But do you think one always knows one's own affairs best? It is a very plausible theory, but it is not true."

"The obstacle between us is his own child," said Dolly desperately.

Mrs. Frazer looked up.

"Let me ask you one question. Does he know it?"

Dolly shook her head.

"No. She wrote me a letter in the fall after her visit, — a very plain letter, in which she said — it is too humiliating to repeat — I cannot."

Mrs. Frazer seemed taken quite unawares, yet she said, "I might have known it. It is like Gladys's child. But it is not like his."

She remembered the imperiousness and willfulness of the mother, her quiet pursuit of her own way, her —

"He worships her," said Dolly wearily.

"And you. He cares nothing for you?" asked Mrs. Frazer, recalling her thought from Gladys.

"You forget that he does not know, and that I cannot tell him."

"I admit that would be a difficult thing for you to do."

"For any one to do," said Dolly firmly.

"Yes, for any one."

Apparently sobered by the information she had received, and at a loss for what to say, Mrs. Frazer went on playing with the chain of her lorgnette.

"You see," said Dolly, rising and replacing the comb on her toilet-table, "there is nothing to be done." She took up the candle and stood holding it in one hand. "We ought to go down. Margaret and Paul will think it very strange."

"Have you consulted Paul?"

"Yes, I told Paul. Not because I expected it would do any good — I had to tell some one" — Her voice began to waver again.

"Put your candle down, dear. They are not thinking of us downstairs. What reply did you make to Mabel's letter?"

"I asked her to make me a visit. She is coming next week."

"With the purpose of speaking to her?"

Dolly put down the candle again and took the seat in the farther corner of the sofa.

"I could not let such a message pass unnoticed," she said. "I am going to speak to Mabel myself. I will not have her for an enemy if I can help it — in any event."

"An enemy!" exclaimed Mrs. Frazer wrathfully. "She is no one's enemy but her own. You mean you are going to conciliate her?"

"You may put it so if you choose. It is worth the effort. I only want her to know me better. I have thought it all over, and there is nothing but my pride that stands in the way. I have put that aside. If I cannot lead her to see things differently before — by kindness — what could we do afterwards — by force? Paul wished me to tell Mr. Temple. I know what that would mean, because I know what I should do in like circumstances myself. He would stand by me."

Mrs. Frazer listened in silence.

"Would you let me try my hand with Mabel?" she asked at length.

"I think that would hurt my pride still more," said Dolly. "There are some things we cannot delegate to others without losing our self-respect. I should be thankful to put it all into some one else's hands if I could — so thankful!"

"I do not think Mabel is a girl to be cajoled," Mrs. Frazer went on, pursuing her own thought.

"I do not intend to cajole her," broke in Dolly indignantly.

"Well, conciliate then. She is not in the right, she is in the wrong — most decidedly in the wrong — a selfish girl to be brought to her senses. You are not the person to do that, to say to her the things that ought to be said. Her father might, for he has authority on his side, — if she has an ounce of love for him in her, — but not you. You will find your pride alive the moment you speak, and if not your pride, then your sense of injustice. She needs a good shaking. Let me think this over," she said, getting up and stooping to Dolly's hair with her lips. "We must make no mistakes." There was something comforting in the plural pronoun. "Now bathe your face, dear, and come downstairs. I will go first and see what those two children are doing in their paradise."

She took Dolly's hand in hers, patting it reassuringly.

"Yes," said Dolly, "I will come in a moment." Then rising impulsively she followed the retreating figure to the door and kissed Mrs. Frazer's cheek. "Thank you," she said softly, "I am glad you spoke."

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

(To be continued.)

THE MASTERS.

INCOMPARABLE white galaxy of suns!

O stars of song whose lustre blinds the day —
 Æschylus, Homer, Shakespeare, — deathless ones
 Holding on high your proud and lonely way! —

Rulers of Night's domain of domeless space,
 Transcendent thrones, victorious over Time,
 Slaying with splendor from your distant place
 A thousand flickering satellites of rhyme! —

God! what are we, that underneath such skies
 We dare to light our tapers! From afar
 The constellations watch this mad emprise:
 A puny candle challenging a star!

Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

ACADEMIC FREEDOM IN THEORY AND IN PRACTICE.

II.

THERE is a current impression that the higher education of civilized communities shows a steady progress from servility to freedom; that, beginning with a rigidly ordered school course, each nation, as the years go on, gradually widens the opportunities for individual development on the part of instructors and students. But we find few facts to justify this idea. Instead of a continuous progress toward freedom we have oscillations backward and forward. A large measure of freedom comes in those generations when some new idea or interest takes hold of a considerable section of the community. With the development of schools and universities to teach these ideas and interests, the freedom, both of the teachers and the taught, is gradually restricted, until some other popular movement arises and brings a movement toward liberty from a new quarter.

Never was the nature of these movements better illustrated than in the development of the mediæval universities throughout Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. These universities were not the outcome of a liberalization of the old cathedral schools. They were the result of the organization of a student body which had previously been subject to no academic discipline at all. A great intellectual awakening had been aroused by the development of the scholastic philosophy. To those who judge it by its later fruits, this philosophy, with its endless syllogisms, seems like hidebound pedantry; but to the men of the twelfth century it represented progressive science. All through Europe there was a zeal among active minds to study this new learning. Men crowded in hordes to hear its exponents, to drink with those who professed adherence to one's own views, and to fight with those who followed some other master.

We are fortunate enough to possess

a good collection of the student songs of this period, preserved in the Abbey of Benedictbeuern. They are divided into three groups, — serious, amatory, and potatory. Those which come under the first head are fairly numerous; but they have less vividness and less distinctive impress than that larger number which combine the language of Virgil with the metres of Isaac Watts, and with sentiments averse to book-learning and its devotees. "Examinations make us pale," sings the student of the present day; and in the same manner said his predecessor, eight centuries earlier, "Dialectics sends us into miserable exile: " —

"O ars dialectica, nunquam esses cognita!
Quae tot facis clericos, exules et miseros."

It is rather from the tavern and the gaming place, from the roystering brawls and the freedom from restraint, that this poetry draws its inspiration, — an inspiration which I have in vain endeavored to reproduce in an English metrical rendering: —

"Tunc rorant scyphi desuper
Et canna pluit mustum
Et qui potaverit nuper
Bibat plus quam sit justum."

"Where brimming goblets overflow,
And flagons rain good liquor;
And he who erst was drinking slow
Drinks each next round the quicker."

Politics was barred from these student gatherings: —

"Tam pro papa quam pro rege
Bibunt omnes sine lege."

"Drinkers all, and none the wiser
Whether bound to pope or kaiser."

For the luckless devotees of study they have commiseration, or worse: —

"Invidos hypocritas
Mortis premit gravitas
Pereant fallaces
Et viri mendaces.
Munus qui negant promissum
Puniendi ruant in abyssum."

The last two lines are not so very far away from our modern version: —

"The man who drinks cold water pure,
And goes to bed right sober,
Falls as the leaves do fall
So early in October; "

but the assumption that the sober men were "fallaces et viri mendaces," "cheats and liars," is a distinctly mediæval one. As for the prototype of the modern "dig" or "grind," he would get his own penalty, without any added curses from the fast set: —

"Nonne, circa logicam si quis laborabit,
Spinas atque tribulos illi germinabit?
In sudore nimio panem manducabit,
Vix tamen hos illi garrula lingua dabit."

"What about the student whose logic so elates him?

Thorns and trials are the crop which erewhile awaits him.

By the dint of toil and sweat, crusts of bread he nibbles;

Little fruit of any kind, for his talks and scribbles."

How the teachers and pupils lived during this somewhat unorganized period is no easy problem to settle. The songs which form the staple of our material do not tell us. They are more concerned with the spending of money than with the getting of it. "Si aliquis debibat tunicam, postea deludat camisiam." "If any man shall drink away his coat, let him next gamble away his shirt." Verily, a new version of the njunction, "If any man will . . . take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also." We hear of many a man who has thus gambled away coat, shirt, and trousers, — or whatever most nearly corresponded to them in the sartorial terminology of the time, — and has had to remain in the alehouse for want of decent means of escape. How these were subsequently acquired our song leaves us in ignorance. Each unfortunate gambler remains pilloried in his tavern for all time — for aught we can learn of his exit therefrom. In fact, one song adapted from the *Confessio Goliae* of Walter Mapes accepts this conclusion: —

"Meum est propositum
In taberna mori

Et vinum appositum
 Sitienti ori,
 Ut dicant, cum venerint,
 Angelorum chori,
 Deus sit propicius
 Isti potatori!"

It seems probable, however, that some of the teachers were beneficed ecclesiastics, who taught chiefly in connection with the abbeys or chapters from which their revenue was derived; and that others were so popular that by exacting comparatively small fees from each pupil they were able to make what was for the time a most comfortable living, traveling about from place to place as they were led by demand for their services, or forced by quarrels in which they had involved themselves. The career of Abelard, at the beginning of the twelfth century, which is given us in some detail, was a good example of the habits of life of the scholars of this period. At the age of twenty-three he went to Paris, attracted by the fame of William of Champeaux. Here he was at first welcomed; but when he began to beat his master in argument the latter became jealous and drove him away. Supported, however, by some of the nobles, he founded a rival school; first at Melun, and then, as he became bolder, at Corbeil, right under the nose of his older rival. A war seemed imminent, compared with which the most strained athletic relations of modern universities are peacefulness itself. It was, however, interrupted by the sickness of Abelard; and when, some years later, he returned to his teaching work, the whole contest had to be begun over again. This time he carried the war into Paris itself, where syllogisms rained for a while like bullets. After a few years he retired to Laon, where he qualified himself to teach theology as well as logic, and, thus fortified, returned once again to Paris, where his enemies appear by this time to have become weary, and where the number of his pupils was so great as to give him

a large income. This prosperity was interrupted, first by his relations with Heloise, and next by a trial for heresy. Surviving all these vicissitudes, he at last went out into the wilderness and there founded a more orderly school than was possible in the large cities, or than was likely to arise in the heat of controversy, — a monastic establishment, where the students provided the teacher with the necessary means of livelihood, besides erecting for him whatever buildings were needed and cultivating the collegiate acres. Verily, the career of such a scholar was a varied one; he founded schools as he pleased, fought, drank, and made love at his own pleasure, all with the abandon and the vanity of a knight or baron.

The life of the traveling student of the Middle Ages, apart from special guarantees, was at once more unrestrained and more unsettled than would be possible for any group of men to-day, where all are under the protection of the police and at the same time under the authority of the police. To meet this want an effort was made to arrange the students into a set of "nations" of their own, on a plan not wholly unlike the guilds of craftsmen. It is not easy to see just how closely the enrollment of the students by nations corresponded to political lines. They were probably grouped on a basis of language or dialect, rather than of citizenship. In Bologna these nations were very numerous. In Paris there were but four; in England probably two. In the deliberations and votes of these bodies, present and former students, and as a rule professors also, sat side by side. By them all matters of discipline and of legislation were established. Through them the rector of the university, highest representative of student authority, was chosen and maintained. Thus the first form of university government was student self-government, with advice of the graduates and professors.

This independent authority of the

students sometimes had curious results. Standing, as they did, in the midst of a foreign country, to which the permanent professors were bound by closer ties, they represented broad influences as contrasted with narrow ones. In Bologna, during the first century of its existence, a series of quarrels arose, which cast an interesting light on the legal relations of the time. The professorships in this place had been endowed by members of the civic body, and their incumbents were thus to a considerable measure dependent on the will of these citizens. In the movements of local politics two families had become so unpopular that the professors of law were warned by the civic authorities not to give their members the usual certificates on the completion of their course. To this demand the professors yielded, and refused to recognize these obnoxious persons as masters, even when they had attended the proper courses and passed the proper examinations. On this refusal of the professors the students met in council, and through their rector not only expressed their disapproval of the action of the law faculty, but threatened to expel the whole professorial body from the university in case this protest was unheeded. Such were the anomalies to which the system was liable, and which caused it in the long run to give place to another system of university organization, — the system of control by members of the teaching force.

As soon as the life of a university became in some measure orderly — in short, as soon as it had a local habitation and a name — it became essential to determine who had the right to teach in such a place. A man thus qualified was entitled indiscriminately *magister*, master, or *doctor*, teacher. It is probable that these were at first simply titles of courtesy. A man who did teaching was addressed as *doctor de facto*, and gradually acquired by usage a recognized right. But when the university

charter was drawn up it became necessary that the prerogative of teaching should be conferred by some properly designated official. This was usually, though not always, the archdeacon of the diocese in which the institution was situated. Either he or the bishop himself in his capacity as *cancellarius*, or chancellor, presided over the investiture of rights to teach, as he might preside over any other ecclesiastical function.

Two changes of usage, however, soon made themselves felt. In the first place, it frequently happened that the archdeacon was too much occupied with other duties to exercise any intelligent scrutiny as to the qualifications of the candidates for teaching positions. In such cases he would almost necessarily consult with the well-known men already on the ground, and would in all ordinary cases be guided by their recommendations. Out of this consulting body or nominating committee there grew up something corresponding to the modern conception of a faculty, — a group of permanent officers, making suggestions about appointments, which suggestions, by usage or by charter, came to have nearly the force of law. In this connection, the acts of the popes served well the cause of intellectual liberty. The popes were jealous of the bishops, and were anxious to limit their power in every way. As one means of so doing they gave independent authority in the intellectual world to these bodies of professors, just as in the material world kings and emperors, in their jealousy of feudal barons, were ready to give liberal charters to free cities which might act as a counterpoise against baronial power.

In the second place, this right to name the doctors, masters, or teachers, proved of unexpected importance, because a large number of university students who did not expect to teach desired the title as an evidence of attainment and consideration; even as the modern East Indian desires a first de-

gree in arts, because it will increase the dowry which he can demand on the occasion of his marriage. And as comity between different universities developed, and the doctorate, instead of conveying a local right to teach, was accepted as evidence of attainment through the whole intellectual world, there was an increase in the number of those men outside of the teaching profession who applied to the faculty for this honor, and a corresponding increase of the influence of the faculties in ordering the affairs of the university as a whole. And when once the conception of the degree as a certificate of scholastic standing rather than as a right to office made itself felt in the intellectual world the introduction of the lower degree of bachelor followed with rapidity, and permitted the faculties to exercise the authority and influence of their examination rules over a large part of the student body, instead of a comparatively small one. Gradually did this leverage enable the faculties, with their chancellors or deans, to make their supremacy good against the students and the rector, and to become the centre of gravity of the university organization of the Continent.

From a very early period there were in general four faculties in a well-equipped university, but the original grouping did not quite conform with modern lines. In many of the universities theology and philosophy were represented in one faculty, canon law in a second, civil law in a third, medicine and arts in a fourth. In fact, the German word for physician, *Arzt* or "artist," signifies one who has previously taken his degree in arts. The consolidation of the two faculties of civil and canon law and the separation of arts from medicine were matters of later growth; while the superposition of a faculty of philosophy upon that of arts is something of distinctly recent period. Gradually also there was a separation of the title of doctor from that of mas-

ter, — the faculties of theology, law, and medicine, which gave the former degree, being regarded as more advanced, while the faculty of arts, which gave the master's degree, dealt with the more elementary studies of younger pupils, and made good, as well as they might, the absence of proper secondary schools. As soon however as the lack of secondary schools was overcome, there was a general tendency of the arts course to become a course in philosophy, — that is, a course for the training of teachers instead of for the preliminary education of lawyers and physicians. As this development progressed the degree of Doctor of Philosophy gradually superseded that of Master of Arts in public importance; though the change in this respect is not many generations old. The conventional type of university with four coördinate faculties reached its first and fullest development in Germany. The other nations of Continental Europe have approximated thereto in varying degrees.

But the universities of England were carried by the Reformation into a different course. The English Reformation had the effect of sweeping away the theological faculties of the English universities, because the theology in which they were brought up was no longer taught. It had an almost equal effect upon the law faculties, because the Roman law, which they taught, depended in very large measure upon ecclesiastical authority for its utility, and was of far less consequence when this authority was removed. As for the medical faculties, they had never had the importance in England which they possessed in many of the universities of the Continent. Thus the faculty of arts alone remained. But the students in the arts course, on account of their youth, had habitually lived in colleges provided for their care and discipline; and the authority of the heads of these colleges over such students was more important and immediate than the authority of

any faculty. The faculty had to do with an examination, which was remote; the heads of the colleges were charged with the supervision of the daily life of the pupil. Consequently the centre of gravity in the English system was by the logic of facts shifted from faculties to heads of colleges, and the English universities became assemblages of collegiate schools, in which the authority of the central body or faculty outside of the examination hall was reduced to a mere shadow. The English colonists of the New World, in the first provision which they made for higher education, naturally enough followed the English model as closely as they could, and established colleges which were arranged like the English foundation, without even that slight degree of stimulus and control which the remnant of university organization provided in the mother country.

Neither the Continental nor the English system was in any wise favorable to freedom of teaching during the three centuries which followed the Reformation. The faculties of theology, of law, and of medicine busied themselves with preparation for civil careers, and made all else subservient to success in this respect. They allowed a very great degree of license to the individual student in his conduct and his morals; but with liberty of thought they scarcely concerned themselves unless it were to deprecate it. Nor were matters for the time much better in the faculty of philosophy. More than once, indeed, and notably at Göttingen, the principle of liberty of philosophic thought was boldly and clearly enunciated; but of practical realization of that liberty there was comparatively little in Germany, and still less in other parts of the Continent. Nor did matters stand better in England and America. Situated as the college authorities were, as guardians of the industry and morals of the pupils rather than as sponsors for their subsequent success, it was inevitable that they

should lay stress on those studies which could be made available for purposes of discipline rather than on those which should stimulate individual zeal. There were indeed colleges which during the early half of the last century endeavored to depart from the narrow tradition of classical training. Notably was this the case in Virginia, where Thomas Jefferson founded a university on lines not at all unlike those which were afterward so successfully exemplified at Johns Hopkins. But these experiments were less fruitful than could have been expected. They left no large impress on the intellectual life of the nation. Many of those who wished to imitate them were misguided in their zeal. The original territorial charter of the University of Michigan is not only an outgrowth, but an exaggeration, of Jefferson's ideas. It begins as follows, *verbatim et literatim*:—

"An Act to establish the Catholepistemiad, or University of Michigania.

"Be it enacted by the Governor and the Judges of the Territory of Michigan, That there shall be in the said Territory a Catholepistemiad, or University, denominated the Catholepistemiad or University of Michigania. The Catholepistemiad or University of Michigania shall be composed of thirteen Didaxum, or Professorships; first, a Didaxia, or Professorship of Catholepistemia, or universal science, the Didactor or professor of which shall be President of the Institution; second, a Didaxia or professorship of Anthropoglossica, or literature, embracing all the Epistemon or sciences relative to language; third, a Didaxia or professorship of Mathematica, or Mathematics; fourth, a Didaxia or professorship of Physiognostica or Natural History; fifth, a Didaxia or professorship of Physiosophica or Natural Philosophy; sixth, a Didaxia or professorship of Astronomia, or Astronomy; seventh, a Didaxia or professorship of Chymia, or Chemistry; eighth, a Didaxia or professorship Iatrica, or

Medical Sciences; ninth, a Didaxia or professorship of *œconomia*, or economical sciences; tenth, a Didaxia or professorship of *Ethica*, or Ethical Sciences; eleventh, a Didaxia or professorship of *Polemitactica*, or Military Sciences; twelfth, a Didaxia or professorship of *Diegetica*, or Historical Sciences, and thirteenth, a Didaxia or professorship of *Ennoeica*, or Intellectual Sciences, embracing all the *Epistemon* or sciences relative to the minds of animals, to the human mind, to spiritual existence, to the Deity, and to Religion; the Didactor or professor of which shall be Vice President of the Institution."

After such ambitious preliminaries, which successive legislatures tried to carry out to the best of their ability, it is somewhat discouraging to find, in the first accessible statement of the course of instruction, that the freshmen studied Lincoln's *Livy*, ancient history, Grecian and Roman antiquities, Homer's *Odyssey*, Bourdon's algebra, Legendre's geometry, Horace's *Odes*, Xenophon's *Anabasis*, botany, zoölogy, and Greek Testament; that in sophomore year there was an even more exclusively classical and mathematical course; that junior year still had its share of classics, besides logic, natural philosophy, and astronomy, with a little French; and that senior year was overwhelmingly crowded with mental and moral science in its various forms. And we find also that "in the government of the institution the faculty ever keep in mind that most of the students are of an age which renders absolutely necessary some substitute for parental superintendence."

The grouping of professional schools about some of our colleges, which began as early as the Revolution and continued without interruption through the generations to follow, enabled these colleges to lay claim to the title of universities, and doubtless did something to promote the liberalization of their courses. But the real freedom in the

American professional schools of the early half of the nineteenth century was very slight. The students were relieved from that close supervision of their morals which existed in the colleges, but the course of study was in general a cut and dried one. The movement which really changed the character of modern university education in Germany and in the United States, and which is operating in the same direction in other civilized countries, was one which came from without, not from within; from the public, and not from the faculties. It was the outcome of a change in social standards rather than in educational methods.

We have seen that the first step toward university organization in Europe consisted in the creation of an estate of scholars, — a body of teachers and pupils with standards and ambitions of their own, more or less independent of those of the community about them. The experience through which Europe passed from the twelfth to the fourteenth century was repeated in America in the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth. There was developed in either case a sort of freemasonry of learning, with its rites of initiation over the grammar of the ancient languages. There was an effort to create — or perhaps we should say there was created without effort — an indefinable barrier between those who had pursued the regular classical course and those who had not. The former were supposed to have acquired scholarship, — that elusive ideal which does not mean scientific attainment, nor power of generalization, nor even the habit of using books efficiently, but which might almost be characterized as a certain distinctive way of looking at the intellectual life. The body of scholarly men was supposed to be entitled to a certain special consideration on this account, while all others were left in outer darkness. Certainly the initiation was severe enough, and some of the subsequent

ceremonies absurd enough, to give the guild of old-time scholars the character of a secret society. The force of this tradition and the sort of caste distinction that lies at the base of it is illustrated by the survival of phrases like "the learned professions," — a term of social rather than intellectual import; one which was applied to the work of the minister, the lawyer, or the physician, as distinct from that of the engineer or the banker, not because greater ability was required for their conduct, but because entrance into these professions was supposed to imply, and in many countries actually does imply, a previous course of classical training. "The bachelor's degree," says Boutmy, in discussing educational conditions in France, "is not simply a goal of secondary studies; it is a social institution of the highest consequence, and its social importance is greater than its pedagogical importance." If any one is disposed to doubt the applicability of this criticism to America, he need only observe the fact that so many men who in their own business question or even deny the value of a college education nevertheless when the time comes for the decision send their sons through an old-fashioned classical course.

But these lines, like most other social lines, are less sharply drawn to-day than they were a generation ago. It is found that other professions require a training just as strict and scientific for their proper exercise as those traditionally characterized by the name "learned;" and the courses intended to lead to all these different professions become every day so much more closely analogous to one another in their character that the old sharp line of demarcation can be no longer maintained within the schools themselves.

This was first illustrated in the case of military engineering, where the old-time antagonism of spirit between the scholar and the fighter has gradually given place to mutual respect and coöper-

ation. The soldier recognizes military colleges as a necessity; the scholar recognizes the course of study in the military college as furnishing something coördinate with that which was given in the universities. During the nineteenth century there was a similar breakdown of caste lines in many other directions. In civil and mechanical engineering, in the various forms of technology, in commerce and in finance, the community began to feel the need of theoretical training. In striving to meet the need which was thus felt, our educators were forced to break with some of their old traditions, and to widen their conception of what a college course might do for the student in the way of studies prescribed and preparation given for life. The men who took the lead in this movement found a quick public response to what they did. The new university education appealed to classes which were out of sympathy with the narrower traditions of the older college. The institutions which took up the new movement made such rapid progress in numbers and in pecuniary resources that the others, willingly or reluctantly, were compelled to follow their example. The character of the public demand for higher education at the end of the nineteenth century was so far different from what it had been at its beginning that experiments like those of the University of Virginia, which had remained isolated at the earlier period, found universal approval and imitation at the later.

The history thus far given is primarily that of the United States; but it holds true of other countries to a higher degree than would be generally supposed. In Germany the increase of academic freedom is to a surprisingly large measure the result of public interest in modern science and public demand for competent and trained technical experts. There is a change in the intellectual standards of the community which is reflected in the work of university education, and which has produced

a loosening of old traditions which puts a strain upon the present university organization, and particularly upon the institution of faculties.

This problem of faculty reorganization assumes different forms in different countries. We are chiefly concerned with the shape which it has taken in the United States. The modern American "faculty," or group of regularly accredited officers in any of the half-dozen "departments" which constitute a university, unites in its hands three somewhat incongruous functions: —

(1) It determines the conditions necessary for the receipt of the degree or group of degrees which the department awards; prescribing rules for admission to candidacy, term of residence required, and nature and scope of the examinations or other prerequisite formalities.

(2) It nominates the teachers who are empowered to instruct students in the branches which come under its cognizance. The amount of power exercised in this respect varies in different universities. In some the nomination is made by the president, after consultation with such men as he chooses to take into his confidence; in others the faculty exercises the right of initiative and of veto; but in almost all cases a committee of the faculty determines the amount of teaching which any given man can do in the regular course for the examinations; and thus by indirection the faculty can affect the amount of salary which he will receive from the university funds.

(3) It makes the necessary police regulations for the orderly conduct of the students, and charges its committees with the administrative and disciplinary measures required for the maintenance of the good name of the institution as far as it is dependent upon those who are studying for the degrees awarded by the faculty in question.

Now it will be noted that this is a

very wide range of functions, — wider, I believe, than that which is exercised by the corresponding bodies in any other country (unless possibly in Scotland). In Germany the faculties regulate (though within some restriction) the teaching and examinations, but not the discipline. In France they have hitherto regulated the teaching and discipline, but not the examinations. In England it is hard to say what they do, for there are really no corresponding bodies whatsoever; but the one rule is that the examination and the teaching are *not* under the same authority.

I cannot see that, if we were once started on the road, there would be any great difficulty in separating the disciplinary function from the other two and putting it into different hands. Of course there is a convenience in the present practice; the man who is judging of the scholarship of any particular student has certain obvious advantages for supervising his conduct. But I believe that the disadvantages of the combination outweigh these advantages, — that the discipline hurts the teaching more than the teaching helps the discipline; and that no small part of the alleged infringements of student freedom could be avoided if these two matters were kept entirely separate.

It will be remembered that perhaps before faculties existed at all, the students of Bologna were organized by *nations*, — bodies of students and graduates charged with protection of scholastic rights and enforcement of good order. I can see no good reason against the attempt to reintroduce this arrangement in the United States. I should like to see the whole control of discipline, of athletics, of public student functions, and of intercollegiate relations of the undergraduates — in short, of all things outside of the sphere of study and examination — in the hands of a committee chosen either by the graduates alone, or, probably better, by students and graduates together. For

the initial point in such an organization our alumni associations form admirable centres. Were the graduates thus given a regular organized place in the daily life of the universities, it would not only help to solve some of the problems of freedom of teaching by removing a disturbing element, but would tend to emphasize that community of interests and standards among college men which it is so important to preserve as a bulwark against some of the disintegrating tendencies of the day.

The disentanglement of the functions of examination and teaching, of prescription of courses and of nomination of professors, involves more difficult problems, — but I think not insuperable ones. In fact, the progress of events is moving us rapidly in this direction and compelling us to meet the problem of making this separation, whether we will or no. The development of modern science is disregarding old faculty lines. Law is connecting itself with history, medicine with biology. Every great university has men who are teaching, in the same classes, students who are working for different degrees and are under the control of different faculties. In fact, it is this possibility of combination which furnishes the chief justification for the existence of the large university, as distinct from the separate technical schools. It is obviously necessary that in nominations for these teaching positions which overleap departmental lines we should consult some of the members of different faculties rather than all the members of some one faculty; and that, wherever the nomination finally comes from, the real initiative should arise from the department of *study* rather than from the department of *university organization*. In other words, the teaching should be provided by the university, rather than by the several faculties thereof.

If this distinction could once be made, it would avoid most of the complaints of faculty interference on the

part of the professors as completely as the graduate control of discipline would avoid similar complaints on the part of the students. The individual professor would see that if students were discouraged from coming to him by the arrangement of the course, it was because a certain faculty had its views as to the proper requirements for a certain degree rather than as to the proper teaching of a certain subject. He might differ from the members of that faculty in their opinion; but the difference would come in such a domain that it would not be an infringement of his liberty as a teacher, and would lose the element of personal bitterness which is now so prominent. The man who was unable to teach students in arts as well as he could teach students in philosophy would see the true reason for his non-employment in the former capacity far more clearly, if the arts faculty, as a *faculty*, were concerned solely with the requirements of the student and not with the qualifications of the professor.

A development on these lines would help to solve most of the avoidable controversies concerning academic freedom. But there is one set of controversies which is perhaps unavoidable. Teaching costs money. Modern university teaching costs more money per capita than it ever did before, because the public wishes a university to maintain places of scientific research, and scientific research is extremely expensive. A university is more likely to obtain this money if it gives the property owners reason to believe that vested rights will not be interfered with. If we recognize vested rights in order to secure the means of progress in physical science, is there not danger that we shall stifle the spirit of independence which is equally important as a means of progress in moral science?

A large and influential class of men sees this last question written in such large letters that it takes a short cut to

the solution of the whole problem. It says that the higher education must be directly controlled by the state, because in no other way can the people have the necessary degree of control and influence upon it. Private endowments, we are told, necessarily give such rights to the corporations which handle them that they become dangerous in the progress of education. Men who hold these views believe in state universities supported by taxation and in a great national university as the proper climax of our educational system.

The first difficulty with this theory is that political control does not always secure educational freedom. On the contrary, the tendency to jeopardize the freedom of the teacher is probably more conspicuous among state universities than among endowed ones. The pretext of exercising control in the interest of public safety is made a means of removing men for political or even for personal reasons. There is many a place where a change in the dominant party in the legislature means a subversive change in text-books and instructors. The more intelligent advocates of state and national universities recognize this evil, and desire to see the administration of the university placed in the hands of an independent board. This is a far better method than more direct control by the governor or legislature. But if the board is really independent, you have put the possibility of control as fully out of your hands as if it were a private corporation; and if you have not made it thus independent, you have the pretense of freedom without the reality.

The fact seems to be that the form of corporate control chosen makes far less difference with the degree of freedom of the teacher than does the general habit or standard of the community

concerning toleration. A locality in which theological universities turn away professors for their views on points of doctrine is apt to be one where state universities turn them away for their views on matters of party politics; and it is not infrequently one where private benefactors are disposed to reserve rights of making their personal views dominant in deciding how their foundations shall be administered. On the other hand, a locality where the *odium theologicum* is kept within its proper limits is pretty sure to be one where people see the necessity of making tenure of office depend upon something besides partisan affiliations, and where donors are ready to allow a large degree of freedom in the use of their gifts. The worship of the creed as a fetich and the worship of the platform as a fetich are both survivals of an earlier stage of civilization where the necessity of securing coherence of public sentiment was paramount to the necessity of securing free and progressive thought, or business-like execution of that thought. The more fully developed community tends to regard the creed not as an essential to salvation, but as a working hypothesis to secure an efficient basis of action,—and it regards the platform in the same way. Under such circumstances, it is generally possible to secure enlightened administration, even of a pretty rigid deed of trust; and to secure proper regard for the future, even among those legislators and administrators who in politics are strong party men. If by changes of organization we can do away with the unnecessary questions and issues concerning academic freedom, we may well trust the public sentiment of our progressive communities to prevent most of the others from arising at all.

Arthur Twining Hadley.

THE WITCH-BRIDLE.

IN Killick Cove the family woodlots still furnished most of the fuel used, yet in very cold weather there was a certain amount of coal required for the tall, bedizened stoves which blistered the paint on the mantelpiece of many a sitting-room in the village.

Among the most unmistakable signs of winter's approach were the arrival of Cap'n Job Gaskett's diminutive cargo of coal at the town wharf and the subsequent sounds of his shovel throughout the Cove as he delivered it from a bright blue cart backed up among the dry leaves at the cellar bulkheads. After this, it was reckoned time to screw on storm porches and bank up the houses with rock-weed and kelp from the shore.

A prolonged dry spell extending well into October had been followed by a week of sombre clouds, with the wind piping fresh from the northeast, bringing the rote of the sea up across the eastern marshes in a constant jarring rumble, and driving whirlwinds of dust and leaves up the narrow road till this already rocky thoroughfare was scoured down to bare ledge in many fresh places.

In anticipation of much needed rain at last, all over the Cove cisterns and gutters had been put in readiness, but further than a slight misting during each night, the howling northeaster brought no relief.

"What d'ye cal'late, Job?" inquired Cap'n Simeon Roundturn, as Job Gaskett occupied his usual chair in the store after supper. "Air we liable to git rain out o' this, or no?"

"I don't think it, you!" answered Job without hesitation. "When she fust come to take holt here to the eastward this way, I was some in hopes she'd make out to blow up a rainstorm, but I don't scursely look for a one now. This here acts to me jest like only one

of them reg'lar-built ole dry no'theasters, and nothin' else."

"Be consid'ble rough on folks round here ef the ground doos go to work and close up this fall without we git rain fust," said Cap'n Simeon. "I hear tell the alder swamps is nigh bone dry, so 's there won't be no wood hauled acrosst 'em this winter unlessn there 's rain, and I 'll resk but what more 'n half the wells to this Cove has went dry a'ready."

"By fire, you!" exclaimed Job Gaskett. "The prospects in regards to water doos appear a grain duberous, and no mistake. Now this aft'noon there, I hauled up ole Mis' Lyddy Kentall her little pod o' coal, and come to go acrosst Merrymeeting Bridge, why I see the brook was dreened dry, or so nigh it there wa'n't no fun in it anyways; nothin' only the leastest little dite o' dreeble left to her, and that 's sumpin I seldom ever see the likes on afore sence I been round."

"Sho!" said Simeon. "I dunno for the life o' me jest where them folks up that way would git a turn o' water to, 'lowin' the brook did take a notion to go back on 'em complete. That 's all the way ever I know for 'em to water up after their wells goes dry, without," he added jocosely, "without they was to turn to and call on ole Aunt Polly, or else some other of them ole ancient style folks to come back and help 'em out someways or 'nother."

"Mebbe they 'll be drove to that yit," said Job. "'T would n't be the fust time Aunt Polly located water, that 's dead sure. Speakin' of her, I was thinkin' only to-day this is the time o' year, and jest the very weather, would started her and the rest-part o' them ole fly-by-nights on one of them dod-blasted frolics o' theirn to Merry-meeting Bridge."

"You don't cal'late them 's all the

ones to this Cove ever was up to sich works by nights, do ye, Job?" asked Asa Fairway, suddenly stopping his usual vigorous whittling by the stove.

"All the ones?" repeated Cap'n Job disdainfully. "Not much they ain't all the ones! I don't misdoubt myself the least dite but what they's folks now to Kentalls's Hill and Number Four deestriect too, for that matter, that's up to all the works ever Aunt Polly tried on! I know plaguy well they is, come to that! They's two famblies to my own knowin', down there to Number Four, that's got bridles to their houses yit! I won't turn to and call ary person by name, but ef I ain't seen the tail-end of a reg'lar-built, proper ole witch-bridle hangin' out from betwixt the mattresses of a bed to a certing house down there inside a fortnight's time, then all is, I never yit sot eye on a one nowheres!"

"Why, 'taint the leastways onlike-ly!" exclaimed Asa. "I could turn to this minute and name you an ole sir down to the Lower Neck there that kep' a bridle to his house, a-hanging right out in folkses sight 'longside the chimbly in the spare room for years, and 'peared to set a store by her, too. I done him quite a consid'ble big favor one time, and I know he up and says to me then, 'Asy,' s' he, 'take anything I got that's mine,' s' he, 'without it's the woman and that air ole bridle!' He was jest knowin' enough not to leave that go fur out o' sight, I took good notice!"

"Set-fire, you!" cried Job in a tone of deep disgust. "It don't look right for nobody, I don't give a rap who 't is, to take and hang on to them tormented ole witch-bridles so-fashion! All the fit way ever to serve them kind of things is to heave 'em ker-chunk into the fire, and then mebbe you 'll know somewheres nigh where in tunkett they be to! Plague on the things, the time my ole sir put the L on to our ole place, come to rip off the boarding a grain, dinged

ef there did n't hang a complete bridle, big's life, all plastered in betwixt the studding, she was! Mother she would n't leave nobody else tech of the thing on no account, but took and ketched holt right off herself with the tongs, and flipped her out on the floor, full bigness. Extry big long one, this one was; guess she 'd go nigh on to three fathom, come to heave out the kinks and haul her good and taut. Mother she cal'lated for sure 't was the same ole bridle Sairy Kentall hove round the neck of ole Skip' Nate Spurshoe, the time she and them other ole fly-by-nights turned to and rid him chock to the Nubble and back afore daylight. You rec'lect the L part to our ole home-place used to set up in the sheep pastur' back o' Kentalls's Hill in them days, and seems's though ole Sairy put up there all soul alone quite a few years afore she fin'ly got through. Mother she 'lowed this was her bridle no doubt, and says to us young uns right off, 'Don't ary one on ye come a-nigh, but,' s' she, 'I want the whole kit on ye should take notice of this bridle in real good shape, so's to know jest what sich tormented things is like unto for all the rest-part o' your lives.' Dretful pertikler, she was. 'There,' s' she, 'this here strand is mostly wove out of tow, and this here one has allus got to be hair from a mare's tail, and all the rest-part,' s' she, 'is nothin' only the inside bark of a yaller birch tree.' Soon's ever she 'd give us the whole bus'niss about them bridles all complete, she turned to and chucked this one into the fireplace quicker 'n scat!"

"Served her good and right, too!" declared Asa Fairway. "You could n't learn your mother no great in regards to them kind o' works, now I tell ye what! She knowed well a bridle wa'n't no fit-ting thing to leave layin' round loose in no person's house them times, or now-days neither! They's folks to-day right here to this Cove that ain't forgot how to heave the bridle, and don't you run away with the idee they have!" he con-

cluded, with an emphatic nod of the head.

"Without I'm consid'ble mistakened," remarked Cap'n Roundturn from his high desk behind the counter, "your mother, Job, was to ole Sairy Kentalls's place up there the very same night Skip' Nate Spurshoe was attackted so scand'lous by that parcel of ole fly-by-nights, wa'n't she?"

"Godfrey mighty, yas!" replied Cap'n Job. "Mother was up to her place that evenin' to try and borry some med'cine for the ole sir. 'Twa'n't only jest a short spell after they'd got married, that wa'n't. Set-fire, yas! Mother allus claimed she see the fust commencemint o' them works all right enough, and master works she called 'em, too!"

"Someways or 'nother I most forgit jest how it worked in the very fust send-off of that air scrape," said Asa Fairway, scratching his head reflectively. "Skip' Nate had been talking of it round how Sairy Kentall had teched his vessel so 's he could n't git ary decent trip o' fish, or what was the spat about betwixt the two at the fust send-off?"

"No, no," answered Cap'n Gaskett, who was universally recognized as the highest possible authority on such matters. "That wa'n't the way on't at all, Asy. You're way off'n your course. The fust commencemint was like unto this way; guess likely I've heern it told over times enough to git the thing somewheres nigh straight, and resk it! Ye see, ole Skip' Nate Spurshoe, him that was gran'sir to them Spurshoes was lost in the ole Marcellus on Matinicus Rock, you rec'lect, he'd only jest arrived home here from the Western Banks with a trip o' fish in the ole 'pink' Equator. He'd landed his fare up to the fishyard islant same 's usual, but seems 's though he had n't quite fished out his whole bounty-time yit awhile that season, and so he was layin' here to the Cove sojerin same 's they used to till his time was

up, so 's to go down to the custom-house at the Harbor and draw full bounty-money, ye see. All his crew, without 't was three or four, had went home, but ole Skip' he'd turn to and git under way of a nice mod'rit day with what few still stopped aboard 'long on him, and jest drop outside here onto the aidege of Betty Moody's Gardin, mebbe, or some place anyways where they could down killick in tol'ble shoal water.

"Then they'd turn to and heave a line or two over the vessel's rail jest so 's to say they'd fished ag'in that day, and then up anchor, fill away, and give it to her back in home here with a little air o' wind to the south'ard by the fust of the aft'noon. Take and chalk her right down slappo in the book, 'Nother day's fishing outside.' Got it all worked down to a consid'ble fine thing them times, had n't they, Simeon?"

"Oh, complete!" replied Cap'n Roundturn, with an approving grin. "Cute enough, some o' them ole fellers was. There was any God's quantity got rich off'n the bounty them times, and never so much as wet ary line over the rail! Reg'lar out and out snap it must been for 'em them days!"

"I only wisht we had half the snap to this day o' the world!" continued Cap'n Job. "But what I'm coming at, seems 's though ole Skip' Nate come ashore from his vessel one aft'noon after they'd been out on the Gardin sojerin away bounty-time same 's usual, and he'd fetched ashore 'long on him a blame' great bundle of stripped halibut, cal'lating to lug her up home to his woman.

"Lived clean away out back here to hell and gone, he did, — I was to his ole cellar-hole only t'other day, hunting up my cow, — and seems 's though nigh dark, come to git somewheres about half-way over Kentalls's Hill, and he run plump a-foul on ole Sairy coming down along. It 'pears them two wa'n't none too chummy jest about that time, for

the reason that ole Sairy had been making some little gossup-talk round amongst folks in regards to Skip' Nate's putting in so dod-blowed much bounty-time after he'd got home with his vessel that fall, and ole Skip' was knowin' to it in good shape.

"So bimeby when ole Sairy come to ask him this time would he give her some of the stripped halibut for winter, he jest says right up-and-comin', 'No sir-ee, sir! Not the fust damned ioty 'll you git out o' me, marm!' 'Cord-ing to the tell of some folks, he 'lowed he'd see her chock to hell 'fore ever he'd spare her no fish, but I allus mis-doubted ef ever he done so, myself. Them that dasst up and say over that way to ary one o' them ole ancient folks here to this Cove was consid'ble scattering, now I'm tellin' of ye!"

"My soul, but you can bate high they was!" cried Asa Fairway. "'T was nothin' only a set-fired meracle ever Skip' Nate dasst deny her no halibut anyways!"

"So 't was!" assented Job, "but the way it worked, prob'ly the ole sir was nigh half slued with the red rum they use to fetch home from Novy Scoshy, them days. Why, sence my goin', we 'd allus cal'late to have a kag of her lashed on deck good and handy, with a tin dipper seized onto her by a lanyard! Turn to, all hands and take holt, and drink hearty, too! That was the style aboard a fisherman them days ye know, and all the way ever I could account for Skip' Nate's actin' that way is, he'd been laying right to that kag o' red rum pooty much all day out there on the Gardin, and was jest a grain how-come-ye-so. Anyways, he would n't spare Sairy Kentall no halibut that time, and seems's though she up and told him right then and there how she'd make him ache for it in every blame' bone there was to his karkis, and then she kep' on down along the ro'd to the west'ard.

"Skip' Nate he started up over the

hill ag'in, but had only went a very short ways, when all to once the lashin's on his bundle of stripped halibut was cut clip and clean, so 's the fish flew all over the ro'd there, forty diff'rent ways for Sunday. Wal, o' course he nach-erly turned to right off to gaft onto 'em, and lash 'em together ag'in, never once mistrusted nothin' outen the common run, ye see, but by fire! quick's ever he'd make out to git one rope-yarn tied up good and solid, another would bust loose ag'in, and fin'ly, git them strips o' dry fish lashed up once more he could n't, not ef he went to the ole scratch!

"All of a suddin, he heerd a rustling sound in amongst the alder bushes side of the ro'd there, and bedide ef he did n't ketch sight of Sairy Kentall jest makin' ready to heave a bridle at him. Seems's though she'd slipped right around to ole Hetty Moyeses' on the nor'rard side o' the hill, and borried a bridle o' her, cal'lating to git a come-uppance right away off that very same night. All them ole ancient folks was allus and forever in cohoots together, ye know. What I mean, one was allus standin' by ready to take holt and help out t'other in any kind o' dod-blasted works, so Skip' Nate he see blame' quick how the land laid, and jest slipped his cable you might say, and took up the ro'd for all he was wuth!

"Them days, ye see, it used to be the way that when one o' them kind of folks got after ary pore devil with her bridle, all the squeak ever he stood in God's world for shakin' of her was to cross water, or else a stone wall, ary one. Ef so be it he could jest make out to do ary one o' them two things, all the ole witch women-folks this side o' hell could n't do him no hurt, not that time, anyways. There was sun-thin' proper sing'lar about the thing someways, so 's after that 'ere, the bridle could n't be hove over nobody, and Skip' Nate he jest chucked away his halibut into the ditch, and give it to

her up over Kentalls's Hill fair b'ilin', cal'lating to try and make the ole stone wall that commences there to the sou'-west corner of Amis Kentalls's mowing field.

"Ole Sairy she fetched a master leap out o' them bushes, and after him same 's a streak, a-swinging of her bridle over her head, and screechin' and cacklin' fit to raise the dead, but by fire! Skip' Nate made out to save his bacon that time, anyways, though the very same secont he lep' across that wall, ole Sairy let go the bridle at him, so 's they allus 'lowed she struck him, but in room of falling fair round his neck, she jest brushed his shoulder like."

"Jee-whitaker, you! but wa'n't that some close!" exclaimed Asa Fairway, with a sigh of relief. "I remember me now pretty much all about that set-fired racket. The ole folks used to set there to our place and gossup them things over amongst 'em more 'n a little."

"I 'll warrant ye they done so!" said Cap'n Job, "and there was a blame' sight more 'n jest only old women's gossup-talk to it, too! That 'ere turn in the ro'd atop of the hill there has allus been called the Devil's Gap from that day to this, ye know. But there, what 's the good talking? There 's jest sich actions goin' on now-days — any grists on 'em! I cal'late there 's folks within cable's length of where we 're settin' to that 's chock-a-block jammed full o' jest sich, only they 're cunning 'nough not to git ketched."

"Godfrey mighty, you!" cried Cap'n Roundturn, "I ain't noways sure there ain't, myself, 'twixt you and me and the windlass-bitts! But jest how come it your mother got drawed into it that time, Job?"

"I 'll git round to that 'ere direc'ly, Cap'n," replied Job, by no means to be hurried in his narrative. "Seems 's though ole Sairy chafed consid'ble bad in regards to this here slip-up of hern, and made her brags everywheres round

how one o' these days she 'd git a come-uppance 'long of Skip' Nate in a way he nor nobody else ever once drempt' on.

"So you see," Cap'n Gaskett went on, "for quite a few weeks there Skip' Nate was nigh skeered of his life, but bimeby I s'pose likely it sort o' blowed over like, and he commenced to git his tail up ag'in a grain. For one thing, I rec'lect mother told how his cow kep' gitting mired in the hackmatack swamp that fall, and how his woman was bothered to death in gittin' butter to come every blame' time she sot out to churn, and all sichlike works was going on stiddy, so 's the fin'ly him and his folks figgered ole Sairy cal'lated to take it out that way, same 's them ole creeturs allus and forever used to be doing of, 'lowin' they held a gredge agin ye.

"Wal, by this time 't was way along late in the fall o' the year and nigh time for snow to fly, so 's the bulk o' the vessels was thinking of hauling up. Bimeby one day she commenced hermin' up good and greasy here to loo'ard for a gale o' wind, and by night-time I know mother said it had canted out about east-no'th-east, blowin' like a man, thick o' rain and slate by spells, and breezenin' on stiddy every minute, till down there to our place you could n't hear talking, for the rote there was a-going.

"I wa'n't only a consid'ble small shaver then, but I allus rec'lect mother's telling of us kids 't was jest the time o' year, and jest the very style night, ole Sairy Kentall, and Hetty Moye, and all the rest-part o' them ole ancient folks would be liable to pick for one o' them hell-fired frolics of theirs to Merrymeeting Bridge. Blow my shirt ef ever I can set and harken to the rote sounding anyways loud to this day, or hear the rustle of dry leaves under foot in the fall o' the year, without it puts me in mind o' them same ole folks, and them dod-blasted high-jinks up there to the bridge."

"Same here!" declared Asa Fairway. "Be jiggered ef I would n't lievser lay hove to in a Janooary breeze o' wind on Georges, sooner 'n take chances cruising round this Cove by nights in the fall o' the year! Seems 's ef I could hear the swish of a bridle through the air every time I scuffled up the dry leaves in the ro'd there to Spurshoes' Hollow by nights!"

"I can't noways abide 'em myself," said Cap'n Job, "but what I was going to say, bimeby about nine o'clock this here nasty blowy night, the ole sir was took dretful bad with a colic that kep' growing wuss and wuss till he like to died with the pain on 't. Mother she turned to and give him this to take, and that to take, and done everything in God's world she knowed, but could n't seem to strike nothin' would corroborate nor hender her no great, ary one, so fin'ly she took and wropped herself up tight, and put her for ole Sairy Kentalls's.

"All them ole ancient folks was called clean away up at doctoring, ye know anyways, but Sairy Kentall in pertikler was nigh old 's the north star, and I cal'late what she did n't know about mixin' up med'cines wa'n't noways wuth knowing. Them days she was counted an extry big herb amongst them kind o' folks, anyhow, and seems 's though she 'd turn to and mix up a master cure for the colic that would lay ye out stiffer 'n ary handspike without you handled her jest so. I know for one thing there was rat into her, all baked black and cripsy, and pounded up fine, and wolfshane, and I won't say now jest what not, but she was a grand good med'cine to take holt, that I 'll gurentee!

"Wal, mother she footed it clean way up there this here dungeon-black stormy night a-purpose to see ef ole Sairy would n't spare her a little grain o' that same cure, being as the ole sir was attackted so bad, and that 's all the way ever she come to be anyways know-

in' in regards to them works there to Skip' Nate's that night.

"Sairy she made out to spare her a little small vial of the colic cure, and jest as she done so, that very same minute there come the devil's own thumpin' and shindy on the ruff right chock overhead, so 's mother 'lowed it like to stunded her.

"'Mis' Gaskitt,' says ole Sairy right off spango, 'I 'll have to take and leave ye, bein' s I got a pertikler app'intmint to keep this evening, but,' s' she, 'I want you should set right here where you be so 's to git all good and rested up afore ever you go. Don't be noways put out at nothin' you may happen to sight, for I 'll gurentee there won't be the leastest thing do you no hurt,' s' she. Some ways or 'nother ole Sairy allus used to be real clever 'long o' mother, reg'lar. Wal sir, she had n't more 'n fairly out with the words afore she fetched a slat, and flippo! away she went right chock into nothin', same 's a soap-bubble doos when she busts, eggssac'ly, and in room o' her, to the very spot where she sot, mother see this tormented great big shiny black cat setting there lickin' her chops, and blinkin' away at her, big 's ole Cuffey!"

"I don't b'lieve ary word o' no sich rubbidge, you!" exclaimed Sheriff Windseye, who had just dropped in. "I 've allus and forever been hearing that same gossup-talk here to this Cove, but set-fire! at this day o' the world, I 'd full lievser take stock into that rot they pretend to call grav'tation!" The sheriff had recently announced his intention of running for the legislature, and perhaps felt that he should now rise superior to vulgar superstition.

"Dod-blow it all!" cried Job, "I would n't turn my hand to have ye b'lieve it or disb'lieve it, ary one, Cap'n Windseye. It 's God's own truth jest the same, and I 'm telling of it jest eggssac'ly for all the world the way I 've al-lus heerd it from them that see it, sence I was the bigness of a trawl-kag!"

"Godfrey mighty!" put in Asa Fairway. "Seems 's though 't ain't scursely raytionable to misdoubt the truth on 't at this day o' the world! Bedide ef you ain't as much call to set there and tell us how C'lumbus never come ashore up there to Plymouth! I would n't wonder ef it did n't give the ole lady a master start though, seeing sichlike works going on right afore her that way."

"Never jarred her a mite!" declared Job. "Not a cent's wuth! No more 'n 't would me, for I cal'late I seen cur'us-er works than ever them made out to be, not to say but what them was consid'ble cur'us, too."

"This here ole black cat she sot there only a short spell, and then all to once lep' chock into the fireplace and up chimbly 'fore ever you 'd say Jack Robinson! Then there come a hell-fired ole cacklin' and laughin' up there on the ruff from two or three more o' them ole ancient folks, and then pooty quick off they went together through the air, the whole blame' kit on 'em, same 's so many ole night-herins. By fire! but ye know mother she jest made up her mind there was goin' to be some master high-jinks to Merrymeeting Bridge that night, for a sure thing!

"They allus allowed how them days ole Betty Baker would skip over from Ole York ways, and Joanny Tinney she 'd skin down acrosst country from Eliot Neck, and ole Matty Merton clean away up to the head o' the crick, all them ole fly-by-nights was liable to git together 'long o' our folks for a frolic quick 's ever it come the fall o' the year. Betwixt us and the windlass-bitts," continued Cap'n Job, lowering his voice with a quick glance about him, "I 've heern it kind o' gossuped round on the sly like, how ole Mis' Rhody Kentall up to the Top o' the P'int there, you take her mother, and she 'd turn out ef she took a notion, and hold up her end to them frolics 'long o' the best on 'em. Mind ye, I won't say as ever she done so, but I 've heern it talked she would

so ef there was a little sumpin extry in the wind.

"But you see this pertikler night them ole creeturs was fairly chock-a-block full o' mischeef. They had pertikler fish to fry jest about that time, and I cal'late the whole hell-fired troop on 'em was turned out all greased up in good shape with that 'ere bloody 'int-mint of theirn, so 's to fly through the air same 's ary hagdon-gull. You un'stand ole Skip' Nate's woman there, she 'd been gone away nigh onto a week's time then, a-doing for a darter o' hern that was layin' sick to Dover P'int, so 's the ole sir was left all soul alone there to home without nobody to do for him at all, nor jest so much 's even keep him comp'ny by nights.

"Seems 's though ever sence his woman quit him that way, Skip' Nate he 'd been growing ter'ble oneasy ag'in for fear o' bein' ketched onawares by night-times, so 's 't was seldom ever he dasst turn in at all till nigh daylight, and come to take it this here dungeon-black, blowy night, why nacherly he had the fidgits onto him wuss 'n ever he had.

"Gracious evers, they 'lowed he 'd turned to and rigged up a set of shores ag'in the two outside doors, and spiked hard-wood cleats atop of every blame' sash there was to the house, and every night reg'lar he 'd take and shove his thunderin' great, over-grown sea-chist chock up ag'in the bedroom door where he slept to. She was a master big heavy chist, so 's 't was much 's ever he could budge her hisself, and him as stocky built, withey ole feller too, as ever was raised to this Cove.

"Wal, it come this here dretful dark, stormy night, and he done same 's ever with the door soon 's ever it commenced to grow dark un'neath o' the table, and lit him up a pair o' big candles in room o' jest only one, same 's he most gin'allly had. Seems 's though he figgered this night he 'd full better set up in the rockin'-cheer, in room of

turnin' in, though he never cal'lated to take a wink o' sleep anyways, but it 'pears he did bimeby kind o' lose hisself like, and fust thing he knowed he was woke up by the scrapin' o' that plaguy great chist acrosst the floor, and be jiggered ef them tormented ole trollops had n't made out to git inside someways, and shove open his bedroom door quite a few inches so quick! Up he lep' for God's sakes, and hove hisself ag'in the door with all his heft, but in room o' shetting of her none, she kep' on opening stiddy jest so fast, till all to once some on 'em hove a bridle through the gap, and come within one o' fetchin' of him the fust clip.

"Wal, the pore ole divil see right off then 't was prob'ly all day 'long on him, but still it come acrosst him he might by chance be able to fetch a leap into bed and haul the quilt over him someways so 's they could n't make out to heave that dod-blasted ole bridle round his neck, and so that 's what he tried on, and same time commenced to holler for rescue same 's a stuck pig, so 's they heern the shindy tol'ble plain chock down to the shore, mother said."

"Rescuer? Who in tunkett did he cal'late would turn to and try on rescuing of him from them kind?" demanded Asa Fairway earnestly.

"Oh, jest fairly skeered out of all manner o' reason, the pore ole sir was, and not to blame neither!" said Cap'n Gaskett. "Nacherly his taking to bed same 's he done did n't amount to shucks anyways, for the dinged ole trollops jest turned to and cut the bed-kivers off'n him in less 'n no time at all, a-screechin' and cacklin' the wusst ole kind o' way, and then they jest attackted of him fair scand'lous, the whole troop on 'em to once, same 's a parcel of set-fired dog-fish, 'cording to tell. The whole pack fell atop on him, and fit him tooth and nail, and like to have massacred him outright 'fore ever they made out to git their dod-blasted ole bridle hauled good and taut round

his neck. Then, by fire! of course his name was nothin' only jest mud. He was thein then, clip and clean, huffs, horns, and hide, as the feller says, and 't was then they turned to and rid the ole sir through the thick o' the storm way down past Ole York Village chock to Cape Neddick Nubble and back ag'in to this Cove afore ever the fust streak o' day showed up to the east'ard."

"Be jiggered, you! but wa'n't that some horrid, though!" cried Asa Fairway. "And cruelized the pore ole sir awful, too, I allus heern tell, so 's come to git home ag'in he was blood and gurry nigh from head to foot, and the togs all ripped and tore off'n the back of him complete!"

"That 's a actual fact," asserted Cap'n Job. "Why, they like to done him up for good and all that night. 'T was going on a month's time 'fore ever he was so 's to set foot out o' bed ag'in, and " —

"Jest what d'ye cal'late ever them ole folks done to Skip' Nate on this here master frolic you tell on, Job?" again interrupted Sheriff Windseye, with a sidelong wink and leer at the others present. "I allus heern it said how come to git back home ag'in he was one of the very lookin'est objects ever went on two legs!"

"I guess likely that 's nothin' only gospel truth, too, Cap'n Windseye," answered Job. "Godfrey mighty, you! why would n't he looked that way, for king's sakes? Jest you turn to and take it right chock home to your own self for a secont, Cap'n. You cal'late you're a consid'ble big herb round here, you allus do, but set-fire! ef half a dozen o' them same breed o' ole she-divils had lep' atop o' you when you was all soul alone by night-time, and jest once made out to bridle ye up in proper good shape, and then took and rid ye a little matter of eighteen or twenty mile through rain and slate and mud in a living gale o' wind, a-proddin' and clawin' of ye stiddy the whole blame' trip out and

back, and givin' of ye reg'lar ole bungo everyways they could hit on, I'll bate a pollock 'long of ary man here it's a

chance ef you would n't come out on 't a damn sight lookin'er object 'n what ole Skip' Nate was that time!"

George S. Wasson.

SAINT TERESA.

THE story of Teresa de Cepeda has been retold in some form in every century since her death, and written afresh in many different languages. But the plain "unvarnished tale" has been difficult to unravel from among the legends which have enveloped her history. We should observe her as closely from the human standpoint of Teresa the Sinner, the name she gave herself, as from that of Teresa the Saint, as the church has christened her. It is more than worth while to renew her acquaintance from her own letters and autobiography. The larger portion of such a familiar history must, of course, be compiled and translated, yet if translations and rearrangements will bring the reader of to-day to know and care for this woman of genius, this inspirer of the people, this warm, loving, human heart, it is reason enough for recalling once more the story of her life.

Teresa was born at Avila in Spain, in 1515, just at the time, according to one of her early biographers, when Luther was secreting the poison to be poured out two years later. She was one of a large family, eleven children in all, eight sons and three daughters. Her father, Don Alfonso de Cepeda, was twice married. Teresa's mother was the second wife, Beatrice de Ahumada, a beautiful, imaginative woman, always in bad health. "The Cepedas were of honorable descent; Don Alfonso was a gentleman of leisure and moderate fortune. He spent his time, when not engaged with works of charity, in reading Spanish literature — chiefly church history and lives of the saints. His library, if

the Barber and Curate had sat upon it, would have been sifted as ruthlessly as the shelves of the Ingenious Knight of La Mancha, for half of it was composed of books of Knight Errantry — probably the same volumes which those stern Inquisitors condemned to the flames. These books were devoured as eagerly by the delicate Beatrice as were the graver pages by her husband, and her example was naturally imitated by her children. They sat late at night in their nursery over Rolando and Don Belianis and Amadis of Gaul. Teresa composed odes to imaginary cavaliers, who figured in adventures of which she was herself the heroine. They had to conceal their tastes from their father, who would not have approved of them. He was a very good man, exceptionally good, who treated his servants as if they were his sons and his daughters. He was never heard to swear, or to speak ill of any one. He was the constant friend of the Avila poor. If too indulgent, he had sense and information, and when he discerned what was going on, he diverted Teresa's tastes into a safer direction." By nature, she says of herself, she was the least religious of her family, but her imagination was impressible, and delighted in all forms of human heroism. "She early forgot her knights and devoted herself to martyrs; and now, being concrete and practical, thought that she would turn her new enthusiasm to account. If to be in heaven was to be eternally happy, and martyrs went straight to heaven without passing through purgatory, Teresa concluded that she could do nothing more prudent than to become

a martyr herself. When she was seven years old, she and her little brother Antonio actually started off to go to the Moors, who, they expected, would kill them. The children had reached the bridge on the stream which runs through the town, when an uncle met them and brought them back. As they could not be martyrs, their next decision was that they would be hermits, so they gave away their pocket money to beggars, and made themselves cells in the garden. She does not seem to have had much regular teaching; when she grew up she had difficulty in reading her Latin breviary." She was her father's darling, and he taught her some extraordinary things for a child of her years, giving her scientific books to read and explaining them to her by the light of his own knowledge. Teresa must have been a delightful little child, pleasant to look at though not beautiful, but with round, bright, laughing eyes, very black and prominent, full of expression and of mocking glances. As she grew older and developed, she is described as having the fine colorless complexion belonging to the lands of the south, the skin very delicate, flushing with color when she blushed, which she did easily. She is also said to have "walked like a goddess."

Her father counted among his ancestors a king of Leon, and her mother belonged to the oldest nobility of Castile. Both the father's and the mother's line possessed, in all its integrity, the *limpieza*; that is to say, they had never been allied to the Moors, or to the Jews, or to other races of impure blood. This fact was of the highest importance in the Spain of that day, for public consideration and social status. The prejudice against impure blood was so strong that for lack of being able to prove the *limpieza* one was excluded from the larger part of public functions. Sancho himself understood that if he had this stain, his master could never make him duke or island governor. He was care-

ful to say to him, "I am an old Christian and that is enough." Later, Teresa, having become a Carmelite, scorned worldly distinctions as became her state. "Being made of the same clay," she said, "to dispute over nobility of origin is like questioning whether one kind of earth is better than another for making bricks." There remained in her heart all her life, without her knowledge, a little store of admiration for the kind of earth of which gentlemen are made. This escapes from her now and then. She has a way of saying, in speaking of a woman: "She was eminently the daughter of a gentleman." "In fact one perceives," says a French writer, "under her coarse veil the great-granddaughter of a king." A woman who has stamped the memory of her life upon the succeeding generations from her own time — the time of Philip the Second — to our own; who lives an ardent, almost gay personality in the mist and gloom of the days of her king and of the stern Duke of Alva, may well challenge the reader and the thinker of to-day to observe the ways in which she walked and the spirit which inspired her. Happily this great saint was also a great writer. She has left in her simple native Castilian a long shelf full of books of incomparable interest. The *Life Written by Herself*, or *The Soul*, as she once wrote upon the title-page, is a wonderful production. Cervantes himself might have written her *Book of the Foundations*; and of *The Way of Perfection*, Mrs. Cunningham Graham says, "It represents the finished and magnificent fabric of the spiritual life." There is also a large book called *The Mansions* which seems to have been a favorite with this truth-telling saint. She wrote a *Commentary on the Song of Solomon*, which her confessor commanded her to burn. She threw it into the flames, but one of her devoted nuns saved a few leaves. Her *Seven Meditations on the Lord's Prayer* was in no such danger. Of this book Dr.

Alexander Whyte says, "For originality and striking suggestiveness it stands alone." Sixteen Exclamations after having Communicated, sixty Advices to her Daughters, and a small collection of hymns end the list. But her letters are her most precious legacy. They are the unrivaled production of her time. These eloquent, eager letters are almost as the sands of the sea in number, for her talent in this direction and her great love for her friends, putting aside the religious inspiration which was continually urging her to share her happiness with those near and dear to her, caused a constant overflow of expression.

Teresa's native city of Avila, where she also grew up, was a cold and windy place, which may be seen to-day almost unchanged, except that it lies dead and dispeopled upon its rock. The fortifications built in the Middle Ages still remain, with the enormous walls, the round granite towers, and its nine lofty gates. The city is overlooked from the south by the bare cliffs of the Gredos Mountains, which are even to this day unexplored, and inhabited by an almost savage race. In the vicinity of Avila the ground is still strewn with enormous blocks of stone, some of them roughly carved into the forms of huge animals, cut and left there in some unknown epoch by rude artists. The people were a warlike race, which had sustained continual assaults for centuries. Their cathedral, vast and high, dominated the whole place like a fortress, and after the Moors were finally driven away, and the policy of Charles the Fifth and his son had accustomed the grandees to living in peace and idleness, the poor hidalgos were driven either into the church, or commerce, or the service of the king. The city was transformed into a vast hothouse of saints, carrying paradise by assault, and disciplining themselves by scourging just as their fathers had felled castles by blows of the sword. The city received a new surname. The people characterized the place and its

inhabitants as *Avila cantos y santos* (stones and saints).

Teresa's mother died early. Her elder sister was married soon after, and the result of these changes was that Don Alfonso's gay, spirited daughter had no one to look after her except her fond father, who felt himself unequal to the task. He put her almost immediately into a religious house, without suspecting, she says, how great the necessity really was for this step.

The first eight days of this convent life were, she afterward wrote, "terrible; the convent seemed to her a prison." The second week, however, she yielded to the sway of the sister who took charge of the pupils and consoled herself by work. She had a great horror of convent life, which was not wonderful in a girl of fifteen.

Among the reasons, and they were many, why a Spanish woman of the sixteenth century should take the veil, the rarest and the most fearful to the very young was that of vocation, the calling of faith. To one who understood what she was doing, this imposed by far the severest burdens. Teresa struggled against the idea. To fully understand her sense of alarm one should be able to evoke the whole system of religious emotions of which Spain still keeps some remains, while in France they are scarcely more than historical memories even for the best Catholics.

Her father took her away from the convent when she was sixteen and a half years old, and amused her with gayeties and carried her about to their friends' houses. Meanwhile to the great and important reasons why she did not wish to become a nun lesser reasons were added. She had a physical fear of austerities, and pious books bored her. On the other hand, she was attracted to the cloister, apart from "vocation," by a feeling which many women will understand. She was too independent a character to marry. It was one thing to obey God, but quite another to obey a man.

"Religion in Spain was as severe as their customs. There were high virtues but no humanity. Her painters loved to represent suffering. Philip the Fourth commanded Velasquez to paint the portraits of four hideous fools; the idea of causing the deformities of an unhappy creature to be immortalized by a great artist could only possess a mind in which the expression 'our human brother' found no meaning. The God of the Catholic kings was as sombre as they."

Teresa was too intelligent not to see that the celestial joys to which she was invited could be purchased only at a great price; she understood very well that apart from marriage there was no very desirable position in a society organized like theirs for a girl, motherless and spirited and impatient of control. She ended by asking her father's permission to take the veil. He refused. She struggled again with the question, "but God drew her to it."

The second day of November, 1533, she rose very early in the morning and went away, "wrung by terrible grief," and threw herself into the convent of the Carmelites of the Incarnation outside of Avila. She was then eighteen years old and was torn by many temptations, but she relates that a deep sense of peace overcame her when she found herself at last putting on the robe of the novice. In this convent she abode for twenty-five years, not in strict cloisterhood by any means. When her father was ill or needed her she could always go to him, and when he died she was with him, watching over him.

By degrees the life that she led there became as unsatisfactory as it was insipid. She accuses herself bitterly in her *Life* for the disgust she had often felt for her devotional exercises, and also for the pleasure she took in the conversation of distinguished men. "There was nothing in this," writes Madame Arvède Barine, "to fill a girl with remorse who had always made a point of leaving to fools, foolish scruples." On

the other hand, when she considered what had become of the noble enthusiasm and the aspirations with which she had entered upon her career, and what they had amounted to, she was deeply discontented. It is the custom to cry out against the lack of severity in the ancient convents. Without pretending to justify them, it seems but fair to remember that the convent had become, by the force of things, a social as well as a religious institution. It was unreasonable to expect a zeal for austerities among a company of girls, many of whom had taken the veil without desiring it, and often against their will, because a place must be found where a girl could go when she was a burden at home and there was no hope of dowry. The opinion of the world therefore was toward indulgence.

About one hundred years before the birth of Teresa, the strict laws of the Order of Mount Carmel, which were brought from Palestine in the thirteenth century, had been mitigated by order of the Pope. From the time of the Mitigation the severities of the order had grown less and less for eleven years, until Jean Loreth, a monk of Normandy, tried to restore the old austerities. He was pursued by the hatred of monks and nuns, and was finally given poison in a peach at a convent in Nantes. Teresa was about forty-five years old, a century after the death of Jean Loreth, when the idea of restoring something of these ancient austerities of Carmel fairly took shape in her mind. She could no longer endure the conditions under which she had struggled for so long a time. She found three or four friends who sympathized with her religious aspirations, and many days and nights were spent in talk together over the ways and means by which they could make for themselves a shelter somewhere for the purpose of devoting themselves to the welfare of others and to a true life.

The situation was a most difficult one. Teresa's health, we cannot be sur-

prised to learn, was far from good; indeed, she had suffered from strange nervous affections, and at times her life was in great danger. Her fastings and austerities were far too much for her frail body, and even while she was seeking to increase the severities of her order she doubtless had secretly suffered far more than she ever wished to impose upon others; besides, she was poor, without resources, and without support. Teresa was possessed of wonderful powers of persuasion, and a friend, some woman who felt the contagion of her religious zeal, gave the money to make a beginning. At the first word upon the subject, this friend and Teresa were subjected to the indignation of the entire place. They learned from experience what Saint Vincent de Paul has said, "that a good work talked about is already half defeated." Then arose a tempest indeed in which the nuns of her own convent took part, but Teresa had used her good sense as well as her enthusiasm. Before proceeding even so far as to speak of it among the few who might possibly join her in the undertaking, she sought advice from several of the great dignitaries of the church, who privately gave her their approval; but the Provincial Director retracted his words later, and very few, with the dangers of the Inquisition before them, dared to brave the hostility of the public. She obtained, however, the assistance of one of the most distinguished men of the Dominican Order, which was more powerful than the younger Order of the Jesuits. "She did not hesitate to describe the conventual life as she had known it as 'a short cut to hell.'" While she was obtaining encouragement from outside, the Provincial Father became alarmed at all the noise made in Avila against the project, and commanded the two friends to relinquish their design. "Avila breathed and slept once more," whereupon Teresa took courage and at once quietly asked authority from Rome to

establish her small convent for a more perfect life. The messenger was a nun of noble family who could not read! While she was gone a small house was bought of an anonymous friend where twelve sisters could live, and when the permission from Rome reached Teresa she installed herself there, under some pretext caused grated windows to be put in, and called it the Convent of Saint Joseph. This was in June, 1562. In August she was joined by the four ladies of the Incarnation, who had been her supporters, and a priest clothed them with the habit of the new order. The ceremony was scarcely ended when the news flew from one end of Avila to the other. "A sudden appearance of the Moors could scarcely produce greater excitement," said an eye-witness. The Prioress of the Incarnation caused Sister Teresa to be brought back to the convent through an excited crowd, received her like a criminal, and put her into her cell. The people demanded loudly the destruction of the new convent, and the governor himself went with an escort to Saint Joseph's with the intention of demolishing it, but finding four novices behind the grating retired without action. Meanwhile a monk harangued the crowd, calmed it, and gained time.

Thanks to this friendly monk no violence was done, but a lawsuit was begun against Teresa. No man of law was found willing to defend her. Therefore she herself arranged the papers and a good abbé spoke for her. Another churchman pleaded her cause at the Council of the King in Madrid. She was patient, determined, skillful, struggling for seven months against the city of Avila. At the end of that time she gained her cause, and reentered the little convent in triumph. Thus was the first of her many foundations brought into being.

These simple facts, however interesting, are clothed with peculiar significance when we consider Teresa's character at that period. Her convent life

had singularly unfitted her for stepping out bravely and independently before the world. Her native humility was almost converted into timidity by the subjugation to the powers that were. Her greatest difficulties were not those of personal suffering and sacrifice, but in being obliged to oppose herself against every prejudice in Avila and every inherited idea of the position of woman. Whatever she undertook from her new standpoint was sure to be misjudged and blamed. But she was what has been called a mystic, and with all her gifts of heart and mind, if she had not possessed an exquisite faith in the nearness of the Divine and in the hearing of God's voice, she could never have become a leader of souls toward a higher spiritual life. One of her biographers writes of her: "A young woman, a confirmed invalid, singularly susceptible to outward impressions, she found herself exposed to all the subtle and nameless influences of the cloister, and for a moment was subjugated by them. With returning health, the vague reveries, the efforts to obtain perfection beyond the limits of human nature, departed. . . . Her mysticism was only the accompaniment, the undersong as it were, to the melody of her life. Happy are they who can steep themselves in some such ideal existence of the spirit or the brain, without having their energies blunted for the colder struggles of reality! But although her mysticism undoubtedly lends her a strange and potent charm, yet herein is not her greatness. Her greatness is in her life; in her own valor, confidence, and courage; in her boundless activity; in her supreme devotion, not to an Ideal, but to Duty!"

Sister Teresa's extraordinary gifts and experiences as a mystic were dominated by her educated intelligence and native common sense. The biographer has found the subject a difficult one, especially as Teresa herself after the first seemed to hold the light which came to her in wonderful subjection to the ne-

cessities of life. At first she consulted the fathers, superiors, and confessors, who were within her reach, but their advice being not only contradictory but ineffectual, she soon ceased to make any public reference to the matter. The Archbishop of Westminster said of her, "She is an example of a great moral truth, that spiritually perfects common sense."

From the foundation of the Convent of Saint Joseph's to the end of Teresa's life, a period of fifteen years, her story is one almost to transcend belief. To say that she established during this time thirty-two houses in all, seventeen houses for women, and fifteen for men, is to state in the baldest fashion the labors most apparent to the eyes of her contemporaries. But when we remember the scorn and contumely which accompanied her foundation of Saint Joseph's, and then read the account of one of her last journeys when "the whole population streams out into the road, children on their knees beside her cart," with bishops and nobles in attendance, we are forced to understand that it was true saintliness, true character, which wrought the change. Not the work alone, but the life behind the work. It was not the founding of religious houses, but her holy personal influence over the men and women of her time. The supervision which she kept over all her convents, her anxieties and labors of a more difficult sort for the houses for men, this never ending work was far greater than the labor of the first foundations. The energy and genius for organization shown by this infirm woman, assailed by ills of every description, seem never to fail when she can have time to gather herself together and to pray. "Out of Thee, O Lord," she wrote once, "I can find no consolation in this world. Since we must live let us live for Thee. Let us cease to follow our own desires and our own interests, for what better can we seek or gain but to please Thee? Wait, then,

wait O my soul, for thou knowest neither the day nor the hour; watch diligently, for all shall pass away quickly, though to thy eager desire what is certain seems doubtful, and what is short seems long."

One of the signs of her genius was that she understood how it was necessary to bring to bear a new spirit under new conditions. She took every possible care to select the proper persons for her houses, and used the greatest courage in putting aside the petitioners who wished to impose upon her, — "founders and foundresses, benefactors and benefactresses, protectors and protectrices, and other scourges. God preserve me," she said, "from these great nobles who can do everything, yet who are such strange cranks." God did not preserve her from them, but she remained unmoved in her own convictions, and declared that, "if the world should go to pieces," she could not be made to take a person whom she thought unfit into her new foundation; above all, she dreaded the "melancholics." They were her terror because she observed that melancholy was contagious. She had her own treatment for this, both of the body and of the soul. "What is called Melancholy," she said, "is at bottom only a desire to have one's own way." She said also that the seat of this evil is in the imagination; it is rarely cured, and it rarely causes death; but it may become madness, and it is always insupportable.

She made a great point of learning, but she put judgment above all, and hated pedants and boasters. Once she found nine good girls, of whom only one could read, passing the day in spelling out the offices from different books in such a way that they did not go together; she declared without hesitation that God "accepted their pious efforts," which were certainly very great. She loved youth and its "charming gayety," and nothing ever took away that gift from her. It must have been good to hear her when she was nearly sixty years

old tell of the alarm of Sister Maria (old and very unlikely in every way to awaken evil thoughts) at the idea of sleeping in a former dormitory for students. Sister Maria could not get it out of her mind that one of the students had remained in hiding for her sake in the house. "I cannot think of it without wanting to laugh," wrote Sister Teresa.

"Her enemies said she was a gad-about and a restless woman," says one writer; "so she might have been — gad-about and restless — if she had gone to please herself; although I imagine there was little pleasure to be found, except the satisfaction that comes from duty done, to pant all day in a wooden cart without springs, and be jolted over leagues of Spanish mediæval road under the fierce June sun of Andalusia."

It is said of Teresa that she admitted but one luxury into her convents, a great luxury indeed, and one for the sake of which she did what appeared to others some foolish things, — the luxury of a fine view. It seemed to her, as she said, "quite a secondary matter to have to cut her sardine into four parts if she could only look at a lovely prospect while she was eating her half of the tail!"

A strange and unexpected trial overtook her in the height of her career. In spite of all her enemies her fame was gaining on them fast, and her superiors in the church decided that Teresa should be sent back to her old convent of the Incarnation to be its Prioress, and to change the place according to her faith into the new order.

"At this news there was a great outcry among the nuns. 'What!' they exclaimed, 'to be shut up in a nunnery, behind the grating? To have no parties of pleasure outside, no receptions for young men in the parlor, no intimate evening parties in the cells?' That was not to be endured. The nuns decided that nothing would tempt them to receive the new Prioress, and they

invited to come to their assistance the gilded youth of the town, who needed no second call, because their own pleasure and their great resource was being snatched away, that of singing duets and flirting in this land of jealous husbands.

"When Saint Teresa arrived escorted by the Provincial Father in person, they found the Incarnation occupied by the gentlemen of Avila. The nuns, crying, gesticulating, elbowing one another, closed the entrance. The newcomers wished to pass in and reach the choir with twelve of the sisters who took their part; but they found themselves surrounded by two hundred furious women, howling, menacing, pulling, pushing, reviling, making one think of Vert-Vert on his return from his fatal voyage on the Loire. The Provincial Fathers turned perfectly pallid. The gentlemen threatened, and were ready to sustain their allies; the faithful sisters sang the *Te Deum*, and this mixture completed the comic opera. Mother Teresa stood modest, sweet, and unmoved. The tumult lasted several hours; after which, following the invariable course of feminine rage at that period, the nuns began to weep and to faint away. Mother Teresa restored them without the help of even a glass of water." To still these enraged women an incredible amount of diplomacy, kindness, and patience was expended by the "little woman." This was not an easy task, but Mother Teresa was a clever woman, and it goes without saying that cleverness is always useful, even for a saint. She was so delightful that the bitterest could not resist her. The gentlemen of Avila were more tenacious. They came again in a band to ask for their friends, and to clamor at the grating. One fine day Mother Teresa appeared and menaced them in the name of the king. Then they went away and returned no more.

First and above all Teresa was very human, very loving, and wonderfully outspoken. Some of the Fathers who joined her reform party were given to

multiplying rules and austerities when they visited her monasteries. But she with a delightful wit endeavors in her correspondence to redress these wrongs in her gayest and most charming manner. "It is a queer thing," she wrote one day, "that these Fathers can never visit a monastery without increasing the Rules. To act in this way is to destroy all the fruit of the visit. For in speaking of recreation merely, if there is to be no recreation on communion days, yet if the priests are to say Mass every day, it is evident there is to be no recreation. And if some are allowed to dispense with this law, is it just to make others keep it, who being younger have still greater need of recreation? I am so tired with just having to read all these 'Rules,' that I don't know what would become of me if I were obliged to keep them. Believe me, my father, our Constitution does not make room for austere persons. It is austere enough in itself. What visitors have to do is to insist always upon exact observance of the Constitution, and to ask nothing more. However slight might be the added work commanded, it would become a very painful charge for our Sisters, and for me first of all!" She could not forget that her early religious life had been imperiled by the ignorance of some of her confessors. Therefore she sought out instructed men for the direction of her monasteries. "Piety is useful," she said, "even necessary, but it is not sufficient. God is the God of knowledge as well as of miracles." "The further one advances," she said, "in the way of the Lord, the more one has need of the light of science to guide him. I should prefer to have to deal with a man of learning who was not religious than with a pious man who had no learning, because this last could neither instruct me in the truth nor ground his own conduct on it."

The biographers of Saint Teresa all refer to her strong common sense as a highly developed quality of her charac-

ter. "Once a dear brother of hers, who had bought a country estate where he might live with his children and end his days peacefully, complained to her that the labor of taking care of it was so great that perhaps he should have done better to sell everything and devote himself to the church! 'What!' she writes, 'do you think that rents can be gathered in without any labor at all? You say you are always in questions of law! Well, everybody who has possessions has to do with these things. Don't imagine if you had more time to yourself you would pray any more! Disabuse yourself of this idea! Time so well employed as yours in looking after your children's well-being does no harm to your prayers. God often gives in a moment of prayer more grace than is granted in a much longer time of devotion. Don't lose courage; we must serve God in the way he wishes, not according to our fancy. Tell Teresita she must not fear I shall love any one else as well as I do her.'"

This little human touch brings her into sisterly union with ourselves; and we find it recorded that Teresa never once touches on any question of dogma. With instinctive mistrust — for which we must blame the age if she can be blamed for such wisdom — she let the red-hot cinders drop from her fingers without being burned by them.

She took wide views, was possessed of a man's courage, was tranquil and of even spirit. Blushing for the monks and nuns of her time, and knowing what great chivalrousness was in the Spanish character, she understood well that the more cruel treatment she called for, the severer renouncement of follies according to the flesh and the world, the greater would be her chance of success. She bravely required superhuman things, and she had them; she would have got nothing had she asked less. What proves the justice of her idea is that she was carried much further than she wished, and was incessantly obliged to restrain

and to tell her nuns that we have a body, and that this body when disregarded revenges itself upon the mind.

The stability of the reform was in great peril while this brave woman was thus absorbed in personal work for her establishments. She saw that the only hope was in getting a new order established by the Pope and the king, which would be quite independent of the superiors of the old order. The crisis came upon her suddenly when after dire struggles, chiefly among the monks, a decree was sent forth by the nuncio demanding the destruction of all the reformed monasteries. Teresa for a moment was in despair, but she soon rallied and saved the whole cause by her efforts. She wrote to King Philip the Second, who had been always favorable to her work, beside writing to his council, dispatching a cloud of messengers to barefoot Carmelites, great lords, and others in authority. The letters themselves are lost; we only know the effect they produced. Philip said curtly to the nuncio: "Oblige me, my lord, by protecting Virtue. You do not love the barefoot Carmelites, and you make it felt too much." The nuncio retired in agitation and made his peace as quickly as possible. The Holy See confirmed the peace by making the "barefoots" into a separate province, independent of the "Mitigated." Mother Teresa was given her liberty, and mounted again at once her traveling chariot. Happily for the convents, whenever matters of business were in question, Teresa set aside all fine phrases and far-fetched sentiment. "A cat was then a cat and had no chance of being taken for a seraphim!" The victorious barefoots were united in a general chapter at Alcala in 1581.

Mother Teresa profited by the opportunity, and revised and corrected the Rules. She had one inscription from the book of Tobias, which she put up with her own hands over the door of every new foundation: "We lead a life of

poverty, but we shall be very rich if we have the fear of the Lord." She had triumphed, writes Father Plesse, over all the obstacles she had met in the establishment of her reform, and she rejoiced at last over the success of her enterprise in her dear "*petite retraite de Dieu*" in the Convent of Saint Joseph. Nevertheless this great soul had ever present in her mind the progress that heresy was making in Europe, and the many faults of the Christians who were still in the bosom of the church, also the shadows of idolatry brooding over the lands then newly discovered. At the thought of all these evils she felt the same holy indignation that inflamed the hearts of the disciples at the sight of the defilers of the temple, when they remembered the words of the Psalmist, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." Teresa envied the fate of saints who have converted souls rather than the joy of those who have suffered martyrdom; because she believed that of all the services we can render to our Saviour the one He esteems most is that of bringing souls to Him. Thus to save one she was willing to suffer a thousand deaths. "O my sisters," she cried in the ardor of her zeal, "aid me to pray for the many souls who may otherwise be lost! It is for this end that our Lord has brought us together in this house. To this end should all our wishes tend, all our tears, all our supplications; that is the object of our vocation. We have nothing to do here with temporal interests."

In this way she gave a special direction to her reform. She changed nothing of the primitive rules for the hermits of Mount Carmel, she only added to them one particular end, — the conversion of the world, of which these holy living rules did not speak. The endless difficulties into which she was plunged can easily be believed, but the joy and grace with which she bore her burdens can only be understood by those who know the efficacy of prayer. She said

once, when she found herself with only four ducats and the plan of a new foundation before her, "Teresa and four ducats can do nothing, but God, Teresa, and four ducats can do everything."

This great saint's fine intellect and common sense in its maturity demanded high qualities from the books she read. "She was one of those sovereign souls that are born from time to time, as if to show what our race was created for at first, and for what it is still destined." It was extraordinary that she never insisted upon her revelations or peculiar guidance in dealing with others. Once she said expressly that she acted by the advice of her young superior, Gratian, in opposition to the divine voice, and she found reason to regret the step that she took. "She never quitted a foundation," says Father Plesse, "until she could leave her daughters at peace in their own house, and go elsewhere to expose herself to other contradictions, other miseries, and conquer a thousand other difficulties." A soul less strong, less confident in God, less one with the Sovereign Master, would have yielded twenty times under the weight of so many labors in so much fatigue. Teresa did not sink under the burden, and what is especially admirable in her is that her faculties were never absorbed by these overwhelming occupations. She always preserves a free mind and the freshness of feeling necessary to write charming letters, like the one sent from Valladolid to her old friend Francesco de Salcedo.

"God be praised," she said to him, "that after having written seven or eight letters upon indispensable business, a moment is left when I may rest myself in a talk with you, and assure you that I receive all your letters with true joy. Do not think, please, that time is lost when you are writing me. I have sometimes need of this consolation, I assure you; but with one condition, that you do not say so often that you are old. You give me pain by this; do even

young people have any assurance of their lives? I hope God will keep you until I die; but once on high without you, I shall make sure that the Lord calls you as soon as possible."

In modern times we have had glimpses of the same kind of trials which beset Teresa, — Florence Nightingale with her foundations, and others of less famous name. Men and women are still engaged in like struggles. How often the sufferings of Teresa have been lived over again before the reforms of to-day have been inaugurated. As with her, the first struggle has not been caused by the prospect of self-sacrifice, but in breaking with old habits, old ideas, a quiet life in exchange for public responsibilities. The cloister which might limit her opportunities to-day was then her most promising field of influence. Again, we learn from her story that it is not the thing done, but the spirit and life with which it is done, the vast overflowing love for those who are lost in darkness of either riches or poverty, which moves the heart of humanity.

In the month of September, 1582, Teresa found herself very ill, but another foundation at Alba being called for, she insisted upon keeping on her way from Valladolid to that place. It was her last journey; in two weeks she was buried at Alba, in the Convent of the Carmelites.

"Every evening from ten to eleven o'clock," writes Madame Arvède Barine, "throughout the whole Christian world, the barefoot Carmelite prays. Her prayer is not for herself. . . . The Prioress has just repeated to her, as is done every evening, that the Carmelite occupied with her own salvation is an unworthy member of the order; she has come there to succor the souls of others and not her own. She has been told

that it was the hour when the evil of the world prepares to come forth. . . . Therefore she prays and can seem to see the vast army of the wicked silently invading the dark earth. The crowd increases, it is about to cover the world, but across the path a group is prostrated. These are poor nuns covered with coarse veils. Before them the dark army draws back, and some are saved who would have been lost. The Carmelite carries back into her cell the vision of her victory and sleeps, happy. She owes this magnificent strain of poetry to Saint Teresa, who believed in making any sacrifice in the hope of expiating the sins of others."

"Hope," said Saint Basil, "is the dream of a man who watches." The hope that "the poor little woman" bequeathed to Carmel is a sublime dream.

One can easily gather, after all these years, proofs of the wide influence of such a great woman, a woman so devoted to the uplifting of her fellow creatures. This foundation of convents carried with it a personal relation with hundreds of souls, who in their turn influenced and taught by example if not by precept. Beside the power given in this way we must remember always that she was an affectionate and faithful friend, and a constant writer of letters to those she loved and cared for. Priests, bishops, and abbesses, men and women of distinction in the world, became more and more eager to seek her counsels as the years went on. Teresa was a faithful believer in prayer, and her reward even in this world was great. She was enabled to elevate and to make rejoice the children of men. Her gayety, her charm, her sweetness, the liveliness of her conversation were irresistible. She could cast all her cares away, and lay them at the feet of the Father and Lover of all men.

Annie Fields.

THE FEASTER.

OH, Who will hush that cry outside the doors
 While we are glad within?
 Go forth, go forth, all you my servitors,
 And gather round, my kin.
 Go out to her: tell her we keep a feast, —
 Lost Loveliness who will not sit her down
 Though one implore.
 It is her silence binds me unreleased;
 It is her silence that no flute will drown;
 It is her moonlit silence at my door,
 Wide as the whiteness, but a fire on high,
 That hurts my heart with an immortal cry,
 Calling me, evermore.

Louder my flutes; and louder, O my harp!
 Let me not hear her voice;
 And drown her keener silence, silver-sharp,
 With waves of golden noise.
 For she is wise as Eden, being mute,
 To search my spirit through the depth and height
 For its deep pain.
 Outpierce her with your singing, dawn-like flute;
 And you, gloom over, viols of the night,
 With color lost in umber, with all pain
 Of richest world's desire; prevail, — sing down
 All memory with pleading, so you drown
 Her merciless refrain!

Ah, can you not with music, nor with din,
 Hide me from stress and stir
 Here in my spirit, throned among my kin,
 From that same voice of her? —
 The everlasting query she hath had
 Only to wake my soul and only then,
 Wake it to weep,
 With "Why?" and "Art thou happy? Art thou glad?
 And hast thou fellowship with fellow-men?"
 So, through my mirth and deep beneath all sleep,
 The voice, — abysmal hunger unfulfilled,
 The calling, calling, evermore unstilled,
 Calling of deep to deep.

Nay, I have that shall fill this hurt of mine,
 Since loveliness must be;
 Since loveliness must save us, or we pine
 To dust, — die utterly.
 All that the years have left us undismayed

Of age, or death, and happier fair than truth,
 When truth is fair.
 Shapes of immortal sweetness to persuade
 Iron and fire and marble with their youth;
 Wild graces trapped from every kingdom's lair
 Of wildest beauty; shadow and smile and hush;
 Fleet colors, — of a daybreak, of a blush,
 For my sad soul to wear.

Let April fade. For me unfading bloom;
 The little fruitless seed
 Deep sown of fire within the midmost gloom,
 A sterner fire to feed:
 The rainbow frozen in a lasting dew;
 Green gazing emerald, fresh as grass beneath
 The placid rose.
 Fair pearl, and you, fair pearl, and you, — all you
 Rained from the moon and kissing in a wreath,
 As eager moment unto moment goes!
 Look back at me, you sapphires, blue and wise
 With farthest twilight, — blue, resplendent eyes
 That never weep, nor close.

O, house me, glories! Give me house and home
 Here for my homelessness.
 Set forth for me the wine — the honeycomb
 Whereto desire saith Yes!
 O senses, weave me from all lovely dust
 Some home array, some right familiar garb
 For me, exiled.
 Charm me some fair anointment I may trust
 Against her query, searching like a barb
 The dumbness of my heart unreconciled.
 Fold me with silver; clothe me from dismay;
 Save me from pity. For I hear her say,
 "Alas, alas, poor child!"

"Alas, alas, poor child and lost, how long?
 Why wilt thou suffer want?
 Why must I hear thy weeping through thy song,
 And see thine eyes grow gaunt? —
 Making sad feast upon the crumbs of light
 Shed long ago from the far highways where
 Thy brethren are;
 And thy heart smoulders in thee to be bright, —
 Thine own sole refuge from thine own despair —
 Fraying the thwarted body with a scar!
 How long, before thine eyelids, desolate,
 Must the blind dark of thy dominions wait
 For thee, — belated Star?"

Josephine Preston Peabody.

MY OWN STORY.

III. EARLY YEARS IN BOSTON.

"TAKE me to a good boarding-place," I said to the cabman who picked me up on my arrival in Boston that morning in August, 1848; and he set me down at No. 33 Brattle Street, in an ancient, unattractive quarter of the city. Indeed, all that part of Boston through which our wheels rattled over the rough cobble-stone pavements impressed me as unattractive, if not ancient; and I could n't help comparing the narrow, crooked streets, into the midst of which I was whirled and dropped, with Broadway, which my windows had looked out on for the last five months, and to which I had grown strongly attached.

"Never mind," I said to myself consolingly; "I shall stay here only a couple of weeks."

No. 33 was near the lower end of the street, three or four doors from the Quincy House, which popular hostelry has long since taken in that and other adjoining brick buildings in its successive extensions. Just beyond that was the old Brattle Street Church, which had quartered a British regiment during the siege of Boston, and still showed conspicuously, embedded in the masonry over the door, the twenty-four pound iron ball, from a rebel cannon at Cambridge, that struck the brick front the night before the evacuation.

The boarding-house was kept by Mrs. Kittredge, a widow, who received me with such motherly kindness and made me so comfortable that I felt well satisfied to pass there the days of my exile from the Perrault ménage and French cookery, while seeing the city and transacting my business with editors. The longer I stayed in Boston the better I liked it. I quickly discovered the harbor and the two rivers that united to form it; the Common, like a patch of

beautiful country on the skirt of the town, and the Public Garden beyond, then a garden only in name, an unfilled lower level, with made land and raised streets on three sides, and a broad embankment on the fourth, fronting Charles River, and fencing out the tides. That embankment presented an attractive walk.

I found the Boston weeklies ready to accept about everything I had to offer, and set gleefully to work to furnish the sort of contributions most in demand. "Stories, give us stories!" said they all; and stories they had from me from that time forth. The pay was small indeed, but I had no longer any difficulty in getting my articles published. The most flourishing of these papers paid its writers only two dollars a column, or one hundred dollars for a noveltette running through ten or twelve numbers. Some paid only half those rates, while others kept to "the good old rule, the simple plan," of paying very little, or nothing at all, relying for contributions upon amateurs who were not only eager to write for nothing, but who aided largely in the support of at least one so-called "magazine," by interesting their friends to subscribe for it, or to buy the issues containing their articles.

So I settled down for the fall and winter in Boston, and with deep regret wrote to the Perraults, giving up the room they had retained for me, and sending for such effects as I had left in their keeping. Thus closed my twenty-first year.

One of the best of the Boston weeklies of those days was the Olive Branch, a semi-religious family paper, to which I became a frequent contributor, and to the readers of which I became so favor-

ably known that in the summer following, 1849, I was invited to join a party in an excursion to Moosehead Lake, with the understanding that I was to write for that paper letters descriptive of the region visited, then in the heart of the wilds of Maine. I was ever ready for any adventure, and few things could have delighted me more than the prospect of this one, in which I was to see strange scenery, with agreeable companions, and find, among the woods and waters of that wilderness, congenial subjects for my pen. I have quite forgotten to what steamboat, or stagecoach, or hotel interest I owed this privilege; it was probably a combination of such interests; for, as I remember, I had no fares or other expenses to pay during the two or three weeks of that memorable journey.

Among my fellow travelers there were two of whom I cherish an affectionate remembrance. These were old Father Taylor, the pulpit orator, and Mrs. Taylor. He was then in the meridian of his powers, one of Boston's celebrities, and a striking personality. I had heard him preach at the Seaman's Bethel, not because I cared much for preachers and sermons, — not having then recovered from the aversion to them with which my early experience had inspired me, — but because nobody in those days could be said to have seen Boston who had not seen and heard Father Taylor. His sermons were never learned or dogmatic, but wonderfully earnest and direct, often illustrated by quaint nautical metaphors (he had followed the sea in his youth), and enforced by a "terrible gift of familiarity" that brought him heart to heart with his hearers. These were largely composed of men from the wharves and ships, with their families and friends, to whom he did incalculable good, in shaping their paths toward sober and righteous living.

He was then near sixty years old, but his seamed and tawny visage made

him appear much older; rather short of stature, but active, and as full of enthusiasm as a boy. He was certainly a more ardent fisherman than the youngest member of the party; for, as I recall, when our little Moosehead steamboat swung around under the stupendous overhanging rock of Mt. Kineo, and, having once looked up in awe and astonishment, I turned to witness the effect on Father Taylor, I beheld him, not gazing upward at all, but down at the water, with rod in hand, watching his line, which he had flung over for a bite as soon as the paddles were still. He joined in the camping-out and moose-hunting by night, and was as eager as any of us to get a shot at the noble game, as our deftly paddled canoes glided into the mouth of some stream, and we heard the clash of boughs where the animals crossed or came to drink, but never within range of our guns.

The fame of the great preacher's advent went abroad in the wilderness, and drew a large concourse of people to hear him when he preached from the deck of the steamer at Greenville, the Sunday after our arrival. "It seemed" (to quote his own words) "as if God had shaken the woods and hills to bring his people together." I remained to note the strange audience that had gathered from nobody appeared to know where, — pioneer settlers and wood-choppers, hunters and trappers and guides, half-breeds and Indians, stage-drivers, steamboat-men and tourists, with many women and children; — then, having heard enough of the sermon to write a notice of it, I stole away to my room in the hotel to indite my Olive Branch letter.

It was known to the members of our party that I did not stay through the services, and it occasioned some comment, which I regretted, fearing to wound my venerable friend, not in his ministerial vanity, if he had any, but by inspiring in him a pious concern for my soul. That "concern" was a sub-

ject which, in my boyhood, I had conceived an invincible repugnance to hearing discussed; and I congratulated myself that in all our daily intercourse since we left Boston, Father Taylor had never once inquired whether I had met with a change of heart. He would probably now infer that I had not. That Sunday evening, after I had finished and folded my letters, a rap came upon my door, and I could hardly have told whether I was pleased or disturbed, as, on opening it, I met the genial but serious countenance of the old preacher.

"Young man," he said, "it's a fine evening, and I want a little walk and talk with you. Will you come?"

"With pleasure!" I responded; and it was with pleasure indeed that I strolled and conversed with him, during the summer twilight hour, on the wild and lonely shore of the lake. He inquired about my boyhood and my life in Boston, and talked pleasantly of our trip, yet never once edged toward the topic I dreaded to have introduced. At last, as we were returning to the hotel, he said:—

"Young man, there's one thing I want to impress upon you. There's nothing like being prepared." He paused and confronted me, with the twilight gleam from the clear sky and the reflection from the water lighting his benign countenance, furrowed by long experience of the world's sins and woes. "We are enjoying a blessed opportunity, and must make the most of it. We are to take an early start up the lake in the morning, and what I suggest is that we should have our fishing-tackle, bait, everything needed for the day's sport, on board the steamboat before breakfast."

How I loved the dear old man at that moment!

During the summer my mother came on from western New York to visit me in Boston. I met her in Framingham, my father's birthplace, where we had relatives, and brought her back

with me to my Brattle Street boarding-place. I had resolved not to go home until I was assured of success in my chosen vocation; and she had not seen me for over two years. It had been my habit to send her everything I wrote, and to keep her constantly informed as to my varying fortunes, so that she felt but little concern regarding my moral and material circumstances; but she yearned to behold her "absent child" once more, and to see with her own eyes how he was living and the kind of company he kept. She appeared contented with me in every respect, except that she wished I would go to church more regularly and "write more poetry." She stayed with me a few days at No. 33, and we did not meet again for another two years.

It was the summer of the California "gold craze," and a friend of mine, a ship-broker, invited me to accompany him in the *Minerva Jones*, a brigantine he was fitting out for a voyage around Cape Horn. I gladly accepted, believing I could do well by writing letters to Boston papers, and gain a useful experience even if I failed to make a fortune in the California gold fields. I have often wondered what would have been the effect on me and my literary work if I had carried out my intention and become a "forty-niner." I shaped all my plans for sailing at the appointed time, and looked forward with hope and glee to the sea voyage and strange adventures in a new land. But the day of sailing was again and again postponed, and when at last the *Minerva Jones* swung off into the stream I had engaged in another enterprise that detained me, for good or ill, in Boston.

That enterprise was a new weekly paper, for which two other parties furnished the capital and I (as they were pleased to term it) the "brains." For reasons of policy they preferred to be "silent partners" as far as the use of their names was concerned. One was interested in another publication of

which the new paper was to be in some sense a rival. The third party was Hotchkiss & Co., newsdealers, who could not give their imprint to the new sheet without danger of prejudicing the proprietors of numerous other publications sold over their counters. So it was determined to issue the paper under the firm name of "J. T. Trowbridge & Co." I remonstrated strongly against this, not only on account of my youth and inexperience (I was then barely twenty-two), but because I aspired to be known solely as a writer. However, as I could still keep my *nom de plume* unspotted from the world of business, I suffered my judgment — and, I can truly add, my modesty — to be overruled. As an equal partner I was to be entitled to one third of the profits when there were any; meanwhile I was to draw a small salary, sufficient for my living expenses, on account of my editorial work, and receive additional pay for such tales and sketches as I chose to contribute. The name of the new weekly was The Yankee Nation, a title not of my choosing.

I found in my new position other advantages than the one my friends were inclined to joke me about, — that of always having my contributions accepted. It afforded me, indeed, an independence of the whims of editors, and made me one of the judges on the bench before which I had hitherto appeared only in the crowd of clients more or less humble. It gave me free access to concert halls and theatres, and I was surprised and flattered when some of the great publishing houses began to send me their books for notice, and to quote The Yankee Nation as authority in advertising them. Better than all this, I had steady employment; while in the use of the office paste-pot and scissors, and in reading manuscripts and proofs and conferring with contributors, I experienced at least partial relief from the hot-house process of forcing the imagination for ideas, to which the writer

must often subject himself who depends for a livelihood solely upon his pen. I still wrote a great deal, however; altogether too much for my own good, I am sure, and probably for the paper's; being always ready to supply a story, long or short, or to fill space for which no fit contribution was offered. What I wrote must have been often very poor indeed, but to my mind now, as I look back, the marvel is that it was no worse.

I formed a pleasant acquaintance with contributors and friendly relations with a few. I was careful never to treat anybody with the coldness and curtness with which I had often been treated by editors; while, young as I was in appearance and in years, there seemed small danger of my overawing the humblest, as I had been overawed. Nevertheless, I was sometimes embarrassed by the robes of imputed dignity that invested my boyishness in the editorial chair. I recall an instance which a ghastly subsequent circumstance impressed on my memory.

I had hardly had time to adjust myself to the novelty of my situation, when one morning in the latter part of November, 1849, a spare, thin-shouldered, very plainly dressed old gentleman entered the office to see about getting into the paper an article that had been left with me a short time before. It was not his own composition, but a descriptive letter from some foreign land, written by a young person in whom he was interested. It was a relief to learn that he was not a decayed author in need of earning a few dollars, as his appearance at first led me to suspect. When I handed the manuscript back to him, expressing regret that I could not use it, he remarked deprecatingly that he did not expect to receive pay for it, even intimating that he would be willing to pay something for its insertion. As I could not accept it even on those terms, he went off with an air of disappointment, having spoken all the while

in a low tone, and treated me with a deference that mightily amused the foreman of the printing-room who witnessed the interview.

"Do you know that man?" he said excitedly. "He could buy out this shop and every other newspaper on the street, without putting his hand very deep into his pocket, either!" He went on to say, "That is Dr. Parkman, one of the richest men and best known figures in Boston!" and laughed at the idea of his coming in that meek manner to ask me to accept a manuscript.

I was surprised, but should probably have never thought again of the incident but for the shocking circumstance already alluded to.

Dr. George Parkman was a retired physician, brother of Dr. Francis Parkman, the eminent Unitarian divine, and uncle of the younger Francis, the future historian, who was to make the name illustrious. The old doctor was reputed eccentric and close in his dealings, yet he was a philanthropist in his way; it was he who gave the land for the Harvard Medical College in Boston, and he had published a treatise on *Insanity and the Treatment of the Insane*, — an author, after all, though not of the class I at first surmised. This venerable citizen went out from my office and, that day or the next, mysteriously disappeared, — so soon, in fact, after our interview that I fancied I must have been one of the last persons who saw him alive.

The sudden and unaccountable vanishing, in an afternoon, in an hour, of "one of the richest men and best known figures in Boston," was the wonder of the town, until that feeling was changed to amazement and horror when his dismembered and half-destroyed remains were discovered in the laboratory of Professor John White Webster, of the Medical College. Webster had an amiable and highly esteemed family; he was a professor of chemistry, a writer on scientific subjects, and a person of high

position in social and scientific circles. He was arrested, tried for the murder, and convicted. When it was too late he made a confession that might have lightened the gravamen of the charge against him if it had been made in time. According to that statement, the old doctor, on that last afternoon of his life, had come to the professor's office to collect a debt about which there had arisen some annoying difficulties, and by his overbearing insistence and angry denunciations had provoked from Webster a fatal blow. Instead of proclaiming at once the crime, committed, as he averred, in the heat of passion, Webster concealed and cut up the body, burned portions in the furnace, and had the rest in hiding, awaiting destruction, when he was exposed by the janitor. Despite all the influences brought to bear, to save the guilty man from the gallows and his innocent family from their involvement in the hideous tragedy, the law took its course, and he was hanged on the last Friday of August, 1850. What horror and misery might have been averted (I used to think) if Dr. George Parkman had faced his debtor with something of the conciliatory meekness with which he approached the youth clothed in the brief authority of an editor's chair!

The authority was even briefer than the wearer of it had reason to expect. The Yankee Nation made so good a start, and kept so prosperously afloat for five or six months, that Mr. Isaac Crooker, of Hotchkiss & Co., who had been its business manager from the outset, determined to devote to it his entire attention, and withdrew from that firm for the purpose. He took the paper as his share of the firm's assets, and bought out the third partner, thus assuming all interests except my own. He was a genial fellow worker, and our mutual relations were always as pleasant as possible; my satisfaction in the new arrangement having but one serious drawback, Mr. Crooker's uncertain

health. He had a consumptive tendency, which after another half year or so became so pronounced that his physician ordered him to leave all business cares behind and seek a more congenial climate. With my consent he turned over his two-thirds interest to another publisher, whose main object in acquiring it was, as it proved, to give employment to a relative, a retired minister, by placing him in the editorial chair. As there had been a tacit understanding that I was to keep the position, this was an unpleasant surprise to me. I had become accustomed to the routine work, and liked it, and was looking forward to an early sharing of profits, which had been hitherto absorbed in the expenses attending the establishment of a new publication. But as I held only a minority of the stock, I submitted to the inevitable (I could always do that with a stout heart and a smiling countenance), and walked out of the office with my few personal belongings under my arm, cheerfully giving place to my grave and reverend successor. As the chief merit of the paper — if it had any merit at all — was the vivacity the abounding good spirits of its youthful editor infused into it, and as that quality quickly evaporated, it failed to please its old patrons, or to attract new ones; like poor Crocker, it fell into a decline, and hardly survived him, lingering a few months longer, and then disappearing from the world's eye.

I had been but a very short time out of the editorial office when my friend Ben: Perley Poore (he always punctuated his prænomen with a colon) accosted me one day on the street in this wise: —

"You are just the man I am looking for! The Fair opens to-day" (it was one of Boston's early industrial expositions), "and I am starting a little sheet, The Mirror of the Fair, that I want you to take charge of."

"Angels and ministers of grace!" I exclaimed. "I know nothing about the Fair, or anything in it."

"Go in and see it," he replied, "and in fifteen minutes you will know as much about it as anybody. Write two or three short articles a day on any subject suggested; then brief comments, five or ten line paragraphs, about the most curious or interesting things you find; having our advertisers in mind, first and always."

This was the substance of his instructions, and after taking me into the Fair and introducing me to the management, he left me, as he said, "to work out my own salvation." I seem to have worked it out satisfactorily, for with the exception of the advertising columns, I wrote almost the entire contents of the little daily Mirror of the Fair as long as there was any Fair to mirror.

Poore was at that time publishing his American Sentinel, and at the close of the Fair he offered me a position on that paper, which I was not slow to accept. I wrote for it sketches and editorials, and assisted him in the office, taking entire editorial charge of the paper in his frequent absences. It was during his absence in Washington, early in 1851, that a poor little innocent article of mine, touching satirically upon our Northern zeal in slave-catching and Southern threats of secession (burning questions then), lost it many subscribers, and, I fear, hastened its demise.

This was my last experience as an editor in those years, but not quite my last opportunity. Some time after the Sentinel incident I was called upon by the proprietor of a Boston daily, who made the astonishing proposal that I should become its editor-in-chief. Astonishing, indeed, for I had had no training in journalistic work of the kind that would be required of me. I did not believe myself fitted for it, and wondered that anybody should have conceived such an idea of my capabilities. I regarded even my connection with the weekly press as something merely temporary, all my aspirations being toward some more distinctively literary occu-

pation. The salary offered (twice what I could hope to earn by my pen) was, I confess, a staggering temptation, as I sat for a moment gazing into the face of my visitor, almost doubting his sanity; but I put it promptly and resolutely behind me. I might have pleaded my youth, my natural indolence, my self-distrust; above all, my insufficient knowledge of men and events. I merely said, "I could never do the necessary night work; my eyes would not permit it." This was my ostensible reason for declining the position; but, behind that, an inner Voice, irrespective of all reasons, shaped an irrevocable No.

In fact, I engaged in no other editorial work of any kind until *Our Young Folks* was started in 1865.

Some interesting events marked the history of Boston in those early years. I had been but a few weeks in the city when, October 25, 1848, the Cochituate water was introduced. There was a grand procession through the streets, then a celebration on the slopes of the Common overlooking the Frog Pond. An ode, written for the occasion by a brilliant young poet of Cambridge, James Russell Lowell, was sung by an immense choir of schoolchildren, and there were appropriate addresses, setting forth the benefits of the new water supply, which was to replace the antiquated wells and cisterns, and meet the needs of the growing city for an indefinite future, — the next millennium, some predicted. After so much impressive preparation, Mayor Quincy smilingly asked if it was the people's will that the water should be brought in. A multitudinous, jubilant shout went up, as if it had been meant to reach the moon. The mayor's hand waved, cannon thundered, all the bells of the city clanged. As if roused by the summons, a lionlike head of tawny-maned water pushed up through the fountain's collar, seemed to hesitate a moment at the amazing spectacle of human faces, then

reared and towered, in a mighty column eighty feet in height, and shook out its tumbling yellow locks in the waning light. The flow, turbid at first, gradually cleared, changing from dull gold to glittering silver, and the great concourse of citizens broke up, with countenances illumined as if shone upon by a miracle; even the prophets of evil, the doubters and fault-finders of the day, hardly foreseeing in how few years Boston would be clamoring for a more abundant water supply!

As I look back now, I cannot help wondering how many of those citizens yet live and recall the wild enthusiasm of the hour. Where are the happy schoolchildren who sang? Who of them survive, old men and women now, to tell the tale? Boston has since had another Mayor Quincy, grandson of him whose upraised hand set the guns and bells dinning and the water spouting. The chief water commissioner was Nathan Hale, one of Boston's foremost citizens; since when, a son of his, then an obscure young country minister, has shaped for himself a long and useful and distinguished career. The Cambridge poet, writer of the not over-successful ode (too long and too full of subtle and even learned allusion for the occasion, with some unsingable lines), has more than fulfilled the promise of his prime, and passed on, leaving a name high among the illustrious of the age.

The new fountain, in its varied forms, became the Common's chief attraction, adding the one needed charm of soaring and plashing water to that green pleasure ground. The surrounding slopes and malls were long my daily and nightly haunt. There I found solace for my continued exile from the country, and, especially on summer evenings, indulged my love of lonely reverie.

An event of greater interest to me was the coming to Boston of Jenny Lind in September, 1850. She gave, if I remember rightly, four concerts in Tre-

mont Temple, in which high prices were maintained, and afterwards two concerts, at what were called popular prices, in the immense new hall over the then recently constructed Fitchburg Railroad Station. I heard her at one of the Tremont Temple concerts, and again at the first Fitchburg Hall concert, where a disastrous panic was so narrowly averted.

Anticipating a rush on the last occasion, and having invited a lady friend to accompany me, I took the precaution of going early to the hall that memorable evening, and succeeded in getting good seats on the right hand side (how well I remember the exact position!) about halfway back from the stage. Soon the uproar began. The seats were not numbered, and the auditorium would accommodate only about four thousand people, while by some oversight five thousand tickets had been sold. As the throngs came pouring in, the crowding for places, the eddying and recoiling and vociferating, became frightful; and a double danger threatened, that of the floor giving way under the enormous weight imposed upon it, and of the multitude destroying itself in its own terror and frenzy. Even after the disappointed hundreds who could not get in had been turned away, and the time had passed for the opening of the concert, the tumult continued. My companion was frightened, and entreated me to take her out; and I became excited in trying to quell the excitement of others. The orchestra struck up, but its strains were drowned in the general disturbance. Somebody tried to address the audience, half of whom were on their feet, while everybody seemed to be crying, "Down! down!" those who were up calling as loudly as those who were already down. Some pulled down those who were standing before them, to be in turn pulled down by those behind. Then on the stage a radiant figure appeared, serene, but with bosom visibly heaving; and a

voice of uttermost simple purity glided forth like an angel of light on the stormy waters, stilling them into instant calm.

I had not been long in Boston when Theodore Parker's growing fame — or infamy, as some good haters of his heresies preferred to call it — attracted me on Sunday mornings to the Melodeon, where the small independent society over which he had been lately installed held its meetings.

The Melodeon — entered from Washington Street just below the site of the present Boston Theatre — was a popular concert and exhibition hall, where the very beatings of the pulse of New England reforms could be felt and measured. There, notably, the old-time anti-slavery conventions hammered away at that amazing futility, abolitionism, abhorred and derided, but nevertheless destined to prove the coulter of the terrible war-driven emancipation plough. There one could listen to the uncompromising Garrison, whose aim was solely to convince, and not to charm; to the eloquent Phillips, who charmed even when he did not convince; to the brothers Burleigh, one of whom favored a fancied resemblance to the pictures of Christ, by parting his hair in the middle and letting it fall on his shoulders in wavy folds; to Frederick Douglass, a natural orator, whose own rise from slavery was the most powerful of all arguments for the cause he advocated; to Pillsbury, Foster, and others noted or notorious in their day, women as well as men, their names now remembered only in connection with that agitation. Parker was one of the leaders in it; his exceptional ability and position as a preacher gave him more than a local reputation, and carried the odium of his name as far as those of Phillips and Garrison were known and hated. How he was regarded in South Carolina was illustrated by an experience a Boston merchant once had at Charleston. An excited crowd gather-

ing around the hotel register where he had written his name observed him with suspicious whisperings and threatening looks, which became alarming; when the excited landlord stepped up to him and said anxiously: "Your name is Parker?" "That is my name, sir." "Theodore Parker, of Boston? the abolitionist?" "Oh no, no, sir! I am Theodore D. Parker, a very different man!" The landlord heaved a sigh of relief. "I am glad to hear it!" he said. "And allow me to give you a bit of wholesome advice. When you are registering your name in Southern hotels, write the D. damned plain!"

Parker occasionally spoke at anti-slavery meetings, but he was at his best when he had the Melodeon platform to himself, with his own peculiar audience before him. There every Sunday morning his sturdy figure could be seen standing behind his secular-looking desk; no orator, rarely using a gesture, entirely free from the conventional pulpit tone and mannerism; reading his hour-long discourse (lecture rather than sermon) with a grinding earnestness well suiting his direct appeals to the reason and conscience of his auditors. The reading might at times have seemed monotonous but for the refreshing modernness of his topics, and the illustrative wit and fact and logic that illuminated them.

I was at first repelled by the occasional mercilessness of his judgments and the force of his invective; for he could out-Garrison Garrison in his denunciations of slaveholding and its political and clerical supporters; and even while he voiced my own early convictions regarding the theological dogmas in the gloom of which I had been reared, I was often made to wince by the harshness of metaphor he applied to them.

I seem to have got well over this sensitiveness by the time his congregation, having outgrown the limits of the Melodeon, removed to the then new Music Hall, in the autumn of 1852; for upon

that event I addressed to him a sonnet that opened with these lines: —

Parker! who wields a mighty moral sledge
With his strong arm of intellect; who shakes
The dungeon-walls of error; grinds and
breaks

Its chains on reason's adamant ledge;
and ended with —

That champion of the right, whose fearless
deeds

Proclaim him faithful to the sacred trust,
Truth, crushed, entombed, but newly risen,
needs

To cleanse her temples of sepulchral dust,
Yea, to hurl down that thing of rot and rust,
That skeleton in mail, Religion cased in
creeds!

I saw no harshness of metaphor in this, nor indeed any fault except that the last line was an alexandrine. But the editor of Boston's favorite evening paper (of whom I shall have more to say later), to whom I offered it, handed it back to me with the remark: "I suppose you are aware that these sentiments are contrary to those entertained by nine out of ten of our readers?" — instancing Parker's offensive radicalism in politics and religion. I said I was pleased to know that that was his reason for not printing the lines. "It is a very good editorial reason," he replied; and we parted amicably.

In response to my mother's frequently expressed wish that I should "write more poetry" and go oftener to meeting, I informed her in a letter about this time that I occasionally wrote verses, and that I went frequently to hear Rev. Theodore Parker, — writing the Rev. (as the Charleston landlord would have said) quite plain. I did not send her the sonnet; and I left her to learn from a good uncle of mine that "if Theodore Parker was n't doing as much harm in the world as the devil, it was because he was n't so smart as the devil; but that he was doing as much harm as he knew how." She believed in her boy, however, and I had little trouble in convincing her that with all his faults Par-

ker was a great and brave and conscientious man.

I did not get my sonnet printed, but I meant that it should have at least one interested reader, and accordingly sent a copy of it to Parker himself. It called out from him a kindly appreciative letter, and brought me the honor of his acquaintance. This ought to have proved a very great advantage to me; for he invited me to come and see him, showed me his collection of rare books in the different languages of which he was master, and proffered me the free use of them, either to examine there in his library, or to carry away and read at my leisure. "Come in at any time," he said, "and help yourself; don't be afraid of intruding upon me. I shall be glad to see you, if I am here; and to talk with you, unless I happen to have a pressing task in hand." He encouraged me to talk about my early life and my reasons for leaving home; and used me as an illustration of a point in his next Sunday's discourse, quoting my very words, when he alluded to the country-bred youth who comes to the city "because he aspires to something better than working on a farm at twelve dollars a month;" to me a curious exemplification of his habit of making every rill of experience tributary to that omnivorous stream, his weekly sermon.

His generous offer of his library appears to me now as surprising as my failure to make use of it was unaccountable. In thanking him for the enviable privilege, I felt sure that I should return in a day or two and enjoy it. Then the thought of finding him at his desk, writing his next Sunday's homily, decided me to wait until Monday; then for some reason I postponed the visit another week; then — then — in short, I did not go at all! He never repeated the invitation, and I let so long a time elapse that I was at length ashamed to remind him of it. Thus the perverse imp of diffidence and irresolution held

me back from many advantages in life, which I had but to face with simple faith and courage, lay hold of, and possess. I recall with shame another instance of my unfortunate faint-heartedness, in those days. When I most needed such a friend and adviser, I had the good fortune to meet Mrs. Stowe, then in the dazzling dawn of her success and fame. She treated me with exceeding kindness, complimented something I had written, and invited me to visit her in Andover, adding, "I want you to make our house one of your homes." I remember well the words and the winning smile with which they were spoken. Of course I promised to go, and of course I never went. Long afterwards I reminded her of that gracious invitation, and of my seemingly ungracious treatment of it. "Foolish boy!" she said; "why did n't you come?" Foolish boy indeed!

The discourses of Parker were a moral and intellectual stimulus, and well I recall the tremendous temporary effect of some of them, — like his sermon on Daniel Webster; — but they never entered very deeply into my life. Extreme radical as he was in his religious and reformatory opinions, the great body of modern thought has come so nearly abreast with him, even passing in some directions beyond him, that he appears a moderate conservative to those who read his writings to-day. Perhaps his influence over me would have been stronger if it had not been early eclipsed by that of his great contemporary, Emerson.

It had long been my ambition to publish a book; and in the autumn of 1851 and the following winter (while in quiet lodgings in Seaver Place) I gave all the time I could spare from my sketch-writing to working out the scenes of a novel.

The story chiefly concerned two Boston families, one recently risen to wealth and social pretension, the other aristocratic and decayed, whose relations with

each other gave scope for some good dialogue and delineation of character. The early chapters were, as I remember, lively enough; but I had started out impulsively, without any well-defined plan, and, what was worse, without any interior knowledge of the kind of life I was attempting to describe. I found it impossible to work my situations up to a climax; I lost my interest in the task, and held myself to it by mere force of will, bringing it to a premature conclusion, while it was never, in fact, properly finished. I still had hope that entertainment enough would be found in the story to redeem it from utter failure; but, after it had been successively declined by two or three publishers, I began to take their view of it, which confirmed my own private judgment, and smiled in a sickly sort of way when one of my friends, who had borrowed it to read, declared, on returning it, that the opening chapters were as good as those of *Vanity Fair*. When I asked about the concluding chapters, he said he "did n't get so far as those." I fear nobody ever did. He was sure he could find a publisher for it, if I would let him; but I had by that time made up my mind that it should never again be offered for publication, unless I could first find courage to rewrite the latter half. That courage never came.

One of the Boston weeklies I wrote for in the early fifties was *The Carpet Bag*, to which I was attracted less by any pecuniary advantage it offered than by my very great liking for the man who gave it whatever character and reputation it enjoyed. This was Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber, who had begun life as a compositor, and while setting type in the office of *The Boston Post* had commenced printing in that paper his quaint sayings of "Mrs. Partington," so widely popular in their day, and now so nearly forgotten. He had a large, genial nature, something like Walt Whitman's, but without Whit-

man's courage and immense personal force, and with nothing of his genius; although Shillaber, too, was a poet in his way, writing with great facility a racy, semi-humorous verse, specimens of which he collected in a volume, *Rhymes with Reason and Without*, in 1853. He also published *The Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington*, with the proceeds of which he purchased a home in Chelsea, unfortunately in a quarter where real estate was destined to decline in value. Our acquaintance began in 1850, and ripened quickly into a friendship that continued as long as he lived, notwithstanding a divergence in our political opinions, — a divergence that became very wide indeed when men of the North had to choose between a Union dominated by slavery and resistance to that domination. Even at the time of Lincoln's second election there was a modicum of truth in what I said to him jocularly, that I believed he would vote for Jeff Davis if Jeff Davis had the regular Democratic nomination, indorsed by *The Boston Post*. His physical proportions, his wit and humor and amiable social qualities, made him for many years a notable figure in Boston.

Working at the printer's case in *The Carpet Bag* office, where I first saw him, was a sandy-haired, thin-featured youth, with a long nose and pale complexion, known as Charley Brown. He had been brought to Boston, from Maine, in 1851, by his uncle, Dr. Calvin Farrar, who was getting a pamphlet printed, to advertise a water-cure establishment he had at Waterford, and who offered the job to the printers of *The Carpet Bag*, provided they would take the boy with it. They took the job and the boy (then aged seventeen), who before he was much older began to write mildly funny things for the paper over the signature, "Lieutenant Chubb." He probably chose the pseudonym Chubb for the reason that he himself was lank; just as he may have claimed

to have learned his trade in the office of The Skowhegan Clarion, because of the oddity of the name, whereas he had really come from another town in Maine, and from the office of a paper less grotesquely labeled. His serious countenance veiled a spirit of original and audacious waggy; and he was even then known to be capable of the same conscientious painstaking in the accomplishment of a solemn act of drollery as when, a few years after, while on a lecturing tour in midwinter, occupying with a friend a room of arctic temperature, he got out of bed in the middle of the night to hang before a wind-shaken sash a "skeleton" hoop skirt he had found in a closet, remarking shiveringly, "It will keep out the c-o-oarsest of the c-o-old!" From Boston he went to Cleveland, where Charley Brown of The Carpet Bag became Charles F. Browne of the Plaindealer, and Lieutenant Chubb developed into Artemus Ward.

Another Boston weekly to which I was a frequent contributor was The Yankee Blade, conducted by a man of culture and experience, William Mathews, — afterwards Professor Mathews, author of Oratory and Orators, and other popular works. He one day said to me, after reading a sketch I had handed him, "You ought to write a book." I replied that I should "like to find a publisher of the same opinion;" which led to his taking me, a few days later, to the publishing house of Phillips, Sampson & Co., one of the largest and most enterprising in Boston.

I did not then enter the publishers' office for the first time. The stately and urbane head of the firm received us with the same distinguished courtesy with which he had bowed me from his presence, on handing back the manuscript of my unfortunate novel, that I had submitted to him some months before. He did not seem to recall the circumstance, and I was grateful to him for greeting me as if he then saw my blushing face for the first time.

Between him and my friend there had evidently been talk concerning me, and the question of what I might do for the house soon came up.

"Not a novel, — not just now; that may come later," Mr. Phillips said, in answer to a suggestion from me; "but a domestic story, something that will make wholesome reading for young people and families. To be a book about this size," — handing me a small volume. The result of the interview was the writing of the little book, Father Brighthopes, which was thrown off rapidly in about three weeks, and which appeared in the month of May of that year, 1853.

Its success was immediate; the critics were kind to its many faults; people of the most opposed sectarian views united in accepting Father Brighthopes as an embodiment of practical Christianity; and I was soon gratified and humbled (as I sincerely wrote in the preface to the revised edition of the story published after the first plates were worn out) by hearing how he had affected many lives, — more, I feared, than he had affected mine.

Up to that year my health, although never robust, had been uniformly good, often exuberant. In all weathers I enjoyed my daily walks, gave myself ample recreation, mental and social, and at one time, for about a year and a half, took sparring lessons of Professor Cram, and other vigorous exercise, at his Gymnasium on Washington Street. But I was never a good sleeper, and often when my mind was too actively employed, and I most needed sleep, I got least. That spring I fell into a state which the doctors called "nervous debility," and having a horror of drugs, I spent the month of June at a water-cure establishment in Worcester, where I made a pretty thorough trial of the shower bath, sitz bath, wet-sheet pack, and other interesting processes pertaining to that treatment.

Mr. Phillips, my publisher, lived in

Worcester, and I had other agreeable acquaintances there. Edward Everett Hale was then in Worcester, settled over his first parish; before his marriage he had boarded with Mr. Phillips, who knew him intimately, and who took me one Sunday to hear him preach. Dining with Mr. Phillips, after the services, I drew from him this opinion of Mr. Hale: —

"Mr. Hale," he said, "is a very able man. But I doubt if he ever makes a mark in the world, for the reason that he lacks industry."¹

A singular judgment, it may seem, in the light of what this "very able man" has since accomplished. But the truth is, Mr. Hale was not in the habit of bestowing much study upon his sermons (the one I heard was short, and shall I be quite frank about it and say flimsy?); and Mr. Phillips could not well foresee how far the wonderfully versatile activity, the large understanding, and still larger heart of this preacher, philanthropist, man of letters, were to carry him in the next half hundred years. His "industry," if we may call it such, must have been prodigious, though not of the plodding sort, or centred overmuch in his sermons.

In Worcester, too, that summer, I first saw and heard another young minister, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, presiding over a "free church" there, and preaching (in a hall, as I remember) sermons marked by the careful preparation, earnestness of thought, and grace of style which have characterized all his subsequent work now for almost fifty years. The friend who took me to hear him told me that Higginson even then contemplated withdrawing from the pulpit in order to devote himself to literature. "Entreat him not to do that!" I said, speaking out of

my own experience of an author's early struggles, without considering his maturer years, or how well his academic training and thorough culture fitted him for boldly entering on a career of letters which in my undisciplined youth, and with my poor equipment, I had found so arduous.

I did not derive any appreciable benefit from the douching, soaking, and skin friction to which I was subjected at the Worcester Water Cure. What I really needed was rest, or some treatment (if any treatment at all but Nature's own) that would soothe the nerves and restore nutrition, — safeguard the citadel, so to speak, instead of drawing the vital energies away from it by the constant surprises and assaults they had to resist at the harassed outposts. Moreover, the society of people whose invalidism was their chief interest in life and topic of conversation was not cheerily tonic.

On my way back to Boston I stopped to see my Trowbridge relatives in Framingham. When, at dinner, I had occasion to remark that I could n't, with impunity, eat all things set before me, a wise old grandam of the family poured for me a glass of hard cider, saying, "Drink it, and you'll have no more of that trouble." I drank, and verified her prophecy. Whether I owed my restored digestion to the cider, or to some other cause, I cannot affirm. I had, had a needed mental rest, and now the physical forces that had been so incessantly diverted to the surface by the water treatment turned inward, to the tired system's grateful relief.

That summer I visited my Western relatives, and continued the journey as far as St. Anthony's Falls. Returning to Boston about the last of October, I set to work at once to take advantage

¹ In the summer of the World's Fair, at Chicago, riding away from a club dinner, in a coach with Dr. Hale and Eugene Field, I ventured to repeat this dictum, uttered by Mr. Phillips forty years before. Dr. Hale looked

grave for a moment, as his mind glanced back to those old Worcester days, then dryly remarked, "Mr. Phillips was a good friend of mine, and — in most matters — a very sagacious man."

of the wind of success that had filled the sails of my first little book; and by the middle of January (1854) had followed that by two more of a similar character, written one after the other, with the stereotypers at the heel of my pen.

Then my publishers proposed to me what I had in vain proposed to them not so very long before, — a novel. A full-fledged work of fiction, as they called it, to be issued in monthly parts, after the manner with which Dickens and Thackeray had familiarized the public. I was at first dismayed by the suggestion, foreseeing how much to my disadvantage would be the comparison with those great writers which my following their fashion would seem to challenge. I was willing enough to undertake the work of fiction, but I desired to write it more at my leisure than would be possible with the inexorable printer waiting for my monthly copy. The publishers argued that I could get a good start by beginning at once; their plan being to bring out the first number in the spring. On the last day of January Mr. Sampson (whose pet scheme it was) took me to spend a night with him at his home in West Roxbury; and when we parted at midnight, and I went to bed (but not to sleep), I had assented to the venture. To this day I marvel at my own temerity and at the firm's amazing confidence in me.

February 6 I commenced writing *Martin Merrivale*, his X Mark; by the middle of March I had three numbers (to make thirty-six large octavo pages each) in the hands of the illustrators and stereotypers; and on May 1 the initial number was issued. Each number was to have as a frontispiece a carefully drawn illustration by Hammatt Billings, one of the most skillful designers of those days, but so exasperatingly remiss in keeping his engagements that after a deal of trouble in getting the first two or three blocks from him, I put my manuscript parts into the hands of S. W. Rowse (later the famous cray-

on artist), who furnished all the subsequent drawings, and with whom I had always the pleasantest personal and business relations.

Early in July I took my work to Wallingford, Vt., in a lovely valley of the Green Mountains, where I finished it late in August. The month of September I passed chiefly among the White Mountains, and returned to Boston about the last of the month, to see the concluding numbers of *Martin* through the press. There were to have been fifteen of these, but after seven or eight had been published separately, the remainder were issued together, in December, simultaneously with a bound volume containing the completed work.

The subject of the story was a young writer from a rural village going to Boston to find a publisher for his great romance, *The Beggar of Bagdad*. His adventures among publishers, editors, and "brother authors," beginning at the foot of the hill of difficulty, the top of which he had expected to reach at easy strides, were among the best things in it, if there were any "best;" while the romantic and sentimental parts were the poorest, and very poor indeed, in comparison with the high ideal I had had in mind when I set out to write. The issue in numbers was not a financial success; and it was not until the volume had had time to make its way with the public, as it did but slowly, that I received any substantial returns for my steady half-year's labor.

The next spring, April, 1855, I went abroad, and spent ten months in Europe, seeing London, Paris, Florence, Rome, Naples, and other points of all-absorbing interest to an enthusiastic youth (of all which I dare not pause to speak), but passing the summer and autumn mainly in Paris, where I completed another novel, *Neighbor Jackwood*, of which I have given some account in a previous number of this magazine.¹

¹ *Some Confessions of a Novel-Writer*, Atlantic Monthly, March, 1895.

The novel, Neighbor Jackwood, I turned into Neighbor Jackwood, a play, that was successfully produced on the Boston Museum stage. This I followed with a spectacular piece, Sindbad the Sailor, which also had a prosperous run of several weeks; and did other work for the Museum manager, in the way of adaptation and dramatization. Meanwhile I contributed to two of the popular Philadelphia magazines, to Putnam's and Harper's; and in the summer of 1857 I made still another Western journey, writing letters for the New York Tribune over the signature of "Jackwood."

In the fall of 1857 the Atlantic Monthly was started, to me an event of vital interest and importance, marking an epoch in my literary activity. It was a distinction for a young writer to appear in its pages. The pay for contributions was for those days unprecedentedly liberal, and the hospitality of its covers afforded a stimulus to high endeavor. I contributed to the early volumes poems, stories, sketches of travel, and one political paper, We are a Nation, into which I poured the fervor of my patriotic feeling, on the second election of Lincoln.

I had followed as faithfully as I could Major Noah's advice as to writing prose instead of poetry. Having burned my metrical romances, I wrote verse only at intervals for the next ten years. Then with the ampler leisure gained by the publication of my books, I returned to my early love. I find, on looking back, that I contributed to the first volumes of the Atlantic articles in verse oftener than anything else,

among them some of my most prosperous poems, At Sea, Midsummer, The Pewee, and The Vagabonds.

The Atlantic had been hardly two years in existence when an event occurred that was to me little less than a calamity. Its publishers were likewise the publishers of my books. The death of Mr. Sampson, and that of Mr. Phillips which occurred soon after, resulted in the breaking up of the firm, in the fall of 1859, and the sale at auction of its enormous stock of books and sheets and stereotype plates. My own books went to a New York house, that of a stepmother, so to speak, very different from the home where they had been born, their exile from which I felt as a personal grief. Fortunately the Atlantic went into good hands, those of Ticknor & Fields; my contributions to it continued, and resulted for me later in intimate business relations with that firm and its successors.

Political convulsion succeeded the dissolution of the firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co., and brought new discouragement, in addition to that caused by the loss of their friendly interest in my books. The Southern sky was black with clouds that burst in the Civil War. I had married in the spring of 1860, and was living quietly in the suburbs of Boston, writing for the magazines, and also applying myself, rather languidly, to another work of fiction, when the great national conflict, which had set back the waters of my literary course, forced them with accumulated impetus into a new channel, — the war novels, The Drummer Boy, Cudjo's Cave, and The Three Scouts.

J. T. Trowbridge.

(To be continued.)

THE TRAPPER'S DAUGHTER AT SAINT IRÈNE.

WHERE the Chenowaitais and Saint Irène rivers empty themselves together, in that wild country of Saints' and Indians' names, Pierre first saw Alcée.

He was at Lysterton's Dam for the river-drives. Lysterton, the boss of the camp, was an Englishman, pale of lip and of eye, but stout of heart. He was bleached and tanned to one indiscriminate hue, thrust his neck forward and licked the corners of his mouth when he spoke, and smiled when bad luck befell him. His smile cut a swath in his cheeks so sharp and so long that one feared the cheeks suffered, and that one day he would smile too far. He was as different from his blustering jolly fellow countrymen as Pierre from his nimble-witted, voluble Canadian confrères. For that reason, perchance, the attraction between them. Lysterton had been trying for nobody knew how many years to build up a sufficient fortune to take him back to his Dorsetshire home, and justify him for his long absence. Ill luck followed him, hence the pale lips and lustreless eyes, signs of abated buoyancy. He courted hardship, shunned cities, hated chatter, had a taste for botany, loved Gillyflower, his roan pony, and was afraid of women. He smiled in calamity, never for jollity. The smile was one of self-ridicule, cruel, a lash to his laggard ambition, a gag to swelling emotion.

When the mill at Three Pines burned, and hundreds of thousands of feet of timber went up in smoke, Lysterton smiled and remarked to Pierre through shut lips: "Gad, what a ripping blaze! To your bunk, Pierre. We'll be off at daybreak for Mount Shawgois and fell another bonfire."

"Mon Dieu, quel brave garçon!" said poor, staring Pierre, and determined to follow him to the ends of the earth.

Meagre, yellow, with the turtle pos-

ture of the head and the yellow-lashed eyes, Lysterton had not the graces that appeal to women, nor those that arouse men to enthusiasm. Pierre, with glass-blue staring look, lanky hair, and small pursed mouth as scarlet as a wild hip, lacked that fine swagger which charms the fair habitants of the valleys. Perhaps it was just as well they were not in the world of women, for such men are foreordained to useless passions. Yet a strangely assorted pair they were, in their differing uncouthness, to sit for hours, the two of them, alone by the roaring fire in the Shawgois Mountains, the French and Montagnais Indians snoring on their shakedown, they two, silent, moody, seldom exchanging a look, words far outside the pale of probability, — yet comrades. Perhaps their thoughts walked side by side communing. When Lysterton went out to say good-night to his pony Gillyflower, Pierre covered the fire with ashes. This happened every night. When Lysterton came back, Pierre lay beneath his blanket, the distraught eyes watching red lights dance about the shanty. When Lysterton had bunked, Pierre sang, crooned rather: —

"Ah, bon-jour, donc, mon cher enfant,
Nous apport'-tu ben de l'argent?
Que l'diable emport' les chantiers!
Jamais d'ma vie j'y r'tournerai,
Dans les chantiers, ah! n'hivernons plus!"

This also happened every night. The French Canadians feared Pierre. They said his life was charmed, and called him the "Little Christ." To the Montagnais he was known as the "Manitou-Singer - under - his - Breath," and they trod delicately and offered him tobacco.

The first time that Lysterton broke the silence of these nights was on a night in May, moonless, when the logs were locked by the islets, some miles above the driving-camp at Lysterton's Dam.

"There's an old trapper down the Saint Irène," said the Englishman.

"Laviolette, by the Chute à l'Ours. No good he," returned Pierre dryly.

Lysterton was frustrated at having his news not only forestalled but added to.

"Got a daughter," he announced with stony glance at the fire. So long a pause ensued that he turned to see if Pierre had fallen asleep.

"Bah, I know," returned Pierre, at his good pleasure.

"Seen her?" Lysterton pursued sharply.

"I lizzen to old man Laviolette heem beat her."

An interminable pause, then Lysterton came out with:—

"Gad, it's a hundred centuries since I've talked with a woman."

"Day after nex' day," returned Pierre succinctly, which evidently implied in a nutshell that at that time the drive would float past the trapper's hut by the Chute à l'Ours.

"Gad!" exclaimed the self-contained Englishman, after another longer silence.

"You no can parlay wit' Laviolette. Heem ver' croz ol' Indian man an' she plentee sauvage, don' know not'ings," rumbled Pierre with ominous officiousness.

Or was it a streak of unaccountable jealousy? Lysterton went out to Gillyflower's shed. The night was a sea of mist, through which distant patches of forest thrust like islands. Frogs boomed from the Saint Irène marshes. Pierre, within, went under his blanket:

"Ah, bon-jour, donc, mon cher enfant."

Next morning the logs were propelled again on their way to the mill on the Saint Maurice. Lysterton had started the drive too late, or had miscalculated on the time required, and now the water was getting low and floated the larger and heavier logs with difficulty. There were constant rocks, narrows, sand-bars, and snags to obstruct and lodge them

on the shores. The van crew kept the logs running ahead, and the rear men brought up the laggards on a tributary of the Saint Irène. Thousands of logs were piled up in a jam at Passe Pichau, with the water sinking daily. He had blown to pieces hundreds of dollars' worth of timber already, and now his last fuse was gone.

"L'diable!" said Pierre. "W'at fo' you don' oppenne t'ose dam on de Ogasunk an' one beeg planks ov Saint Irène? Beeg wataire coming t'en, her tek you logs, l'diable! queek laike dat! Daz de bose driver, beeg wataire."

Lysterton licked the corners of his mouth and dispatched two Indians, fleet runners, one to open a six-foot sluice on the Ogasunk, and the other, four feet on the Chenowaitaisi. He did not much enjoy juggling with frail mountain dams. The uncalculated strength of an inlet of water had taken him by surprise five years before when he had opened a dam in Ontario, and in consequence a large tract of timber had been "flowed."

"Six! Four!" he spread out his square meagre hand in dumb show as the French Indians loped off down the carry.

Jean-Long-Legs conferred darkly with Elzéar Eel-Man on Lysterton's policy. They agreed that a few feet was not sufficient to force the logs downstream. They exchanged brief similes, hinting that Yellow-He-Cat walked on eggs, also that the cat who never springs misses his bird. Yellow-He-Cat was the epithet, not derisively meant, which had fixed itself on Lysterton. The Indian is highly susceptible to physical impressions. The two messengers decided to exceed orders and vent the sluices. A few extra planks in the Chenowaitaisi made the difference that brought about the meeting of Pierre and Alcée.

Hours might elapse before the men could reach their destination, but after, Lysterton would count the minutes on

his watch as he saw the water-line on the opposite shore rising, rising. Pierre swung a kettle on his crotched tripod, and pitched in the potatoes for the dinner. The good rooty smell of the cooking skins and the fragrance of spitting twigs reached the van crew working in mid-stream, and set some of them to singing.

"Que l'diable emport' les chantiers!
Jamais d'ma vie j'y r'tournerai,"

Pierre crooned as he chopped some dried moose-meat for a stew. He was prone to gloomy musical resolutions of this sort when his humor was most uplifted. The sun was deliciously warm in the clearing. Lysterton, on a log, poked a white feather of a flower under the lens of his pocket microscope, and Pierre rejoiced that, through his advice, good fortune was to hurry to the Saint Maurice mills. Small wonder he was *bien content* and tuned forth again and again:—

"Never again to the woods I go,
To the devil with the shanty, O!"

Lysterton made notes in a little red leather book he had carried ever since Dorset days:—

"*Tiarella cordifolia*. False mitrewort. Saint Irène, May 14. A fine, sunny day."

The potato skins began to rip off as Pierre prodded them with the birch stick that was his trying-fork. A tiny black and yellow bird, with a crest, perched on a pine sapling and whistled three times. Somewhere in the forest his mate responded. A Montagnais leaned on his setting-pole in the river-bateau, and gave voice to a singular gurgling laugh. A smile traveled from the river-crew to Pierre over his fire. He wound a ribbon of dough about a screeching-hot sassafras stick. Lysterton gave himself over to luxurious meditation. He heard already the thud of the jack-ladder, the whiz of flying belts and whirl of water-wheels, the scream of the circular and band saws, the zip-zip of the pulp machines, and then felt the swoop

of the great wings of success uplifting him—where? Bubbles of dreams that go out at a breath, glistening cobwebs diminished to tatters by a child's foot-step! Even while Lysterton dreamed was seed sown, out of which should blossom that pinched, cruel smile. Jean-Long-Legs up at Ogasunk tripped the sluice-plank to let through a dangerous body of water from that roaring mountain stream.

"The lord Harry!" exclaimed the boss, raising his head to listen. "What's that?"

Down the gorge of the Saint Irène came a faint mutter. Pierre recognized it on the instant. Logs driven against their will, smashing together, hurled on top of one another, ground along over rocks and rapids. He had seen a three-foot butt log snapped in two like a reed in the seethe of a loosened jam. Lysterton whipped out his watch and observed the water rise on the pole he thrust into the river. It was already above driving-pitch.

"What have those hounds of Indians done?"

He never knew what silent grudge the race might be wreaking, in spurts of unlooked-for treachery. The painful smile leaped to his mouth and set it in a permanent ellipse. You have seen people nervously moved to mirthless smiles in relating terrible calamity. This was the quality of Lysterton's grimace. He purred through his lips:

"The lower dams will be swept away, and the mill, the mill!"

He hallooed to his men on the river to pass the word to the foremost of the van. They were strung along for a mile or so downstream, almost to the Chute à l'Ours where the Little Chenowaitaisi fell into the Saint Irène; they must return to shore and higher ground before the avalanche of logs and water overtook them. Lysterton glanced at the weather. A wrack of mackerel clouds raced across the sky, and the purple south lowered where, a half hour ago,

the blue had shone undimmed. The growl of the loosened torrent came louder, — even a swish and seethe of tides hurtling against banks and snarling over rapids. There was probably high back-water in the swamps and marshes on the upper slopes of the Shawgois. How the torrents scuttled down those steep grades, for all the world as if they hurled themselves down a flight of stairs, head over heels and white curls streaming! You have seen the water rise in a lock. Imagine the same relentless rapidity possessing a moving torrent, and that torrent tearing downstairs at appalling speed, with never-ceasing reinforcements behind, and you will see the Saint Irène at its junction with the Chenowaitaisi, when its tributary sluices above were opened at once.

"L'diable ofe dat rivaire!" cried Pierre; "but m'sieu, she bring you logs ver' queek indeed, das sure."

"Damnation!" said the Englishman softly.

It was not his habit to swear. Whatever the glistening bubble contained that had hovered before his eyes a few minutes ago, all was dissipated. The men had returned from their tasks, heelers and bateau-men, alarmed by the warning and the thunder of the threatening gorge. Lysterton had already sent four of them by a short cut to inspect the upper dams and shut off the outlets, if it were not already too late. He thought of it now. The mill-people should be warned. It was a hard ride down the Saint Maurice valley, but a man might reach them by nightfall. Unless he and his crew were Titans at dam-building, they could do little more than temporarily check the loosened flood, for with all of Lake Chenowaitaisi and the Ogasunk creeks pouring down the Saint Irène ravine, what could one expect? Pierre, the intrepid, the reckless, and Gillyflower, the sure-footed, should be his messengers. He instructed Pierre in a few terse words. Pierre overflowed: —

"Bah, I understand, moi! I run. I am dere already, moi!" he sang, throwing back his long black locks and mounting the pony.

He was soon out of sight, flying down the portage that led to the settlements below. He smelled the rank odor of potatoes burned to a crisp, and knew that his kettle had gone dry.

"Que l'diable emport' les chantiers!
Jamais d'ma vie j'y r'tournerai."

When he had ridden a mile he pulled Gillyflower to a sudden halt. He remembered the trapper and the trapper's daughter in their cabin by the river edge. The trail he rode debouched a mile from the Saint Irène, a long mile from the good for nothing old Indian. Only a mile to save the girl, Alcée! That mile alternately shrank and expanded as he went in his thought from Lavolette to Alcée. What was a mile's delay compared to human lives! the reader may well ask. What was the mill with all its machinery, what was all the thousands of dollars' worth of lumber compared to a single human life?

But, as every lumberman knows, the value of life is largely a racial matter, decreasing in rapid ratio from the lordly Englishman to the inferior Canuck, the pitiful half-breed, and the wholly insignificant Indian. The North Woods lumberman will tell you that a Frenchman when he dies becomes a white horse. It is likely that a dead Indian is not accorded even such equine respectability of transformation.

Why, then, should Pierre halt at the crossways? It was only the lives of a drunken Indian trapper and his half-witted daughter that hung in the balance. Lavolette, as gossip had it, was morose, suspicious, solitary, to an extraordinary degree, and the daughter, half-child, half-woman, was wild, singular, and therefore, the *raconteurs* concluded, an *innocent*. Rather a pretty epithet this, the French euphemism for idiot.

Nevertheless, Pierre, curbing the impatient Gillyflower, could not shake himself free of the thought. He turned the pony into the trapper's path. The scud of clouds darkened ominously, and a large blob splashed on his face. The birds stopped singing, and omens of harm shook from the whitened leaves. The forest bristled in that lull before the storm. But Pierre hummed, stooping to the horse's neck as she footed it gingerly along the obscure trail. Sometimes she picked up her heels for flying jumps over fallen trunks. Gillyflower was as expert as Lysterton or Pierre in following blind trails and half-obliterated waymarks. Nose to the ground and sharp eyes ahead, she sensed the road unfalteringly. All this while Pierre pictured the Saint Irène and the Chenowaitaisi, loose mane and foaming jaws, and their murderous burden. Far above his head the rain beat on the evergreens, becoming a furious pelt before it penetrated this canopy. He emerged before Laviolette's cabin in a sheet of rain, but above the voice of the rain he heard the voice of the floods and the logs smashing on the Saint Irène Rapids, above Lysterton's Dam. Below the cabin tossed the tormented river, spurting upward, drop by drop, till the rain and the river seemed one. Through a smother of mist Pierre could see the gleam of the Little Chenowaitaisi churning in its narrow chasm.

"Run, run, you people!" called Pierre ineffectually, because of the din. "Save yourselves!"

Then he saw that Alcée stood at the door, — hair to her waist in length, blown about her, slight like a young boy, in her doe-skin jacket and tasseled leggings. Her slowness and her youth, and the curve of her hand to her eyes as she peered through the mists and swirl, lost Pierre his seat on Gillyflower. He jumped to the ground and had to touch her shoulder before she heard him, such was the clamor. Her great startled eyes took in the wonderful apparition,

the Storm-Manitou, with blue in his look and the voice of a bird. His words came to her blown and misty.

"I cannot save myself," said Alcée's piercing tone. "My father is dead within. It is not good to leave him."

Pierre was aghast. The girl would die for a father's sake, a dead father's, a dead Indian's. She turned upon him her great wild look. He would not have left her, then, if ten thousand perditions had battled down the gorge.

"Come within," she said.

The old trapper sat in his birchen chair, gnarled in the posture of life, copper-colored, leathery, shriveled. His face was like a withered baked apple.

"Dead," said Alcée, answering the unbelief of Pierre's face, "*jusque comme ça.*"

The half-bent withes of a beaver-trap had fallen from his hand in the moment of death. He had beaten her yesterday. He was dead to-day, and Alcée remained faithful. A crash of timber, pines bitten in two like grass, split their ears. A cataract from the sky fell as if in response.

"Ah, but I fear!" cried the girl, putting her hands to her ears. It was then that Pierre became inspired. To her, he was a wild young male thing, without doubt a messenger from the sun or a ghost from the Hunting-Grounds of some alien race. She would obey him. To him, she was the new-born sense of sex, a wing-darling, an inrooted possession.

His glance, traveling about the hut, saw the bateau and the bark cheemaun on their supports. He did not speak, but Alcée, following him, seemed to divine and forestall his purposes. Laviolette's body was bound strongly into the bateau, and then they carried him to the landing place. Alcée hurriedly thrust a pipe into his cold fingers and stuck the pouch between his knees. He still sat, grim, supported by the curved stern. Quicker than it can be told, Alcée and Pierre prepared for the launching.

They two in the cheemaun, the dead man alone for his final voyage.

"Baste! Better to die, so, in the open, than shut like a rat in a trap," said Pierre.

Alcée answered nothing, drawing breath as they were caught up by the current and carried down. Pierre had the bateau in tow, and she watched the face of the dead with fascination.

"He like it good," she said, reading the dead face. "He very well content."

"Do you like it, you?" hissed Pierre. "Tell me, tell!"

"I do not know," replied she. "I have never known this manner of dying."

"It is not dying. It is living," Pierre made solemn reply. "We should have ridden away — together — on Jilifleur, if it had not been for — *him*. But this, this will do."

Below Lysterton's the Saint Irène, with the exception of a single portage at the Falls-Where-You-Hear-the-Water-Talking, is fairly navigable for the native-born voyageur. This is not saying that there are no rapids which the Indian shoots, holding his breath, no Remous à Jim, where the dead reach up hands to draw under the living, no Pointe aux Outardes, where the bustards crouch on the rocks in their funeral blacks, and wait for the wrecks of bodies. The voyage which Pierre and Alcée started upon, from the Chute à l'Ours to the Décharge, is one which would whiten the hair of the ordinary canoeist, if indeed he survived the first rapids.

Now, with the storm and the flood, the stray logs rushing past them and that vast threat behind, Pierre, cool voyageur that he was, felt the blood mount to his head. It was a race for life between them and the running jam behind. They had the start, but the logs, drawing more water, had the greater impetus, and the same tide that hurried their course precipitated the enemy.

"You fear not, no?" asked Alcée, letting her eyes rest for a moment on Pierre's anguished face, a web of drawn lines.

"But why?" he lilted. "To fear, that is to die.

'Ah, bon-jour, done, mon cher enfant.'

Hot and cold streams went up and down behind his ears, but Alcée, under the spell of his voice, feared no more. Then they both heard the roar of Lysterton's Dam, rent asunder, disemboweled. With a swift motion he stretched Alcée along the bottom of the boat.

"You will lie there, still."

He could not see for the gusts of rain, but his breath came in gasps of exultation. Alcée lay with shut eyes, and under her sweep of hair her bosom rose and fell tenderly. He had known a wild furred thing lie thus in a trap, as if to coax off calamity by perfect patience. He leaned to her as they went spinning out on a wider reach, and there was a moment's lull of storm.

"You are mine, mine entirely."

She looked at him through chinked lids. She knew that she was his, his entirely. What did he want with her? His eyes were the color of pale storm, and his wet hair made a sealskin hood for his cheeks. They would speed on and on, — always speed on, out of the forest, where? What was the world when it was not forest?

She knew the waterways as well as Pierre, and lying there in the bottom of the cheemaun, only a thin strip of bark between her and the river, she could feel the currents whirl and eddy an inch below her. The whirlpool where her grandfather, Jim of the Remous, lost his life was a spot that only an inspired *canotier* might pass alive. Where the river seems to shine and thicken, and is fleeced with creamy brou, there is the approach; but over the mouth of the Remous is sinister calm.

"The Remous! Wait!" breathed Alcée, in a whisper that tightened Pierre's heart.

His hand, seized with a spasm, let go the rope of the bateau, and Laviolette shot forward in dreadful circles.

"Au revoir, mon père!" shrieked the girl, raising herself, while Pierre steadied the light skiff with agonized paddle.

The dead man seemed to respond, nodding, as he fell face forward into his boat. Then the Remous sucked him in with a gurgling noise. The Kettle is unfathomably deep, and there is just one moment, when it is filled to the brim, that a canoe may go by. To attempt a passage while the vortex fills is certain death.

"He has gone to his father," said Alcée peacefully. "Now is Jim not hungry any more."

Pierre released the boat, obeying her gesture. It swerved to the right, speeding past the fatal spot like a bird unleashed.

Out into the centre, they swung above the Pointe aux Outardes, grim rocks under the water and sand-bars by the shore, death for the unwary. They whittled their way in safety. The storm abated, a patch of brilliant blue shone in the west. Distant hilltops chased the fleeting sun. But that threat still followed behind, gaining on them, and below were the Falls-Where-You-Hear-the-Water-Talking. The Saint Irène ran swifter to its wild descent.

"There is no landing," said Pierre. "We come to the Falls. One may fear a little now."

"No," replied Alcée savagely, "not to fear. Jim, he that was my father's father, though he was caught by the Devil of the Remous, very wise man of the water. One time him went over the Chute in his *canot*. He young as me that time, seventy suns, much long time ago. Once in seventy suns, medicine-man of the Montagnais say."

Alcée's words came quick and passionate, interrupted by the quavers of the leaping cheemaun as they neared the Falls.

"Eh bien?" said Pierre sharply, keeping the bow straight down the first rapids.

"Seventy suns ago. Once in seventy suns," chanted Alcée. "It is the time again." Her voice pierced like prophecy.

The shatter and whiteness of splintered water made a rim across their horizon. The air was full of commotion.

"On arrive," sobbed Pierre, in a glory of doom. Alcée raised herself to meet his look as the paddle slid from his hand. He choked for joy at braving death with such eyes to drink to.

Gillyflower returned to Lysterton riderless. There was a new camp now on a hardwood bench a half mile from the flowed lands. The mill was saved, so Lysterton's smile no longer did duty, though it had left deep circular lines round his mouth.

Besides Pierre, the two Indians Elzéar and Jean-Long-Legs were missing from the crew. Their remorse over their blunder would not suffer them to return to Lysterton, though they left a goodly arrearage of "time" behind them.

At night, around the camp-fire, the men rehearsed the dare-devil deeds of Pierre, a tale destined to pass down to posterity in those forests. His miraculous escapes from death were dwelt upon in tones of awe, now that he had taken his last chance and would return to them no more, smiling, wet-eyed, and singing. Only Eustache-le-Croyant remained sanguine.

"Heem no killed dead um," he averred. (There are degrees of deadness, as even the raccoon knows.) "Heem walk back some days, plemtee live, song in mouth, das sure."

On the sixth day Pierre returned, with a companion, stealthily at nightfall. He smelled the odor of frying *brochet*, and opined that Eustache had been fishing in the lakes of Shawgois. Beneath the hemlock roof of a lean-to he stood before the boss, wringing his

sheepish fingers, and told his story. Lysterton listened with the attention of a wooden image, not the flicker of an eyelash nor the twitch of a muscle showing which way his emotions were stirred.

"I remember me ove ol' man Laviolette, his girl," Pierre had reached this point, "zo Jilifleur, she stoppin nice wiles Pierre he t'ink."

In his lowest, lippiest tone, Lysterton interrupted: —

"The lord Harry! Did you go after her?"

Eustache, at the turning-point with

his brochet, listened and looked skillfully, without looking.

"You disobeyed me, like those other fools?" jerked out Lysterton, still with the wooden eyes.

"Dame-oui," sang Pierre.

"I thought of — the woman," said Lysterton, musing. "I knew you would. I am proud of you, Pierre."

Eustache dropped his brochet into the fire.

"Dame-oui," repeated Pierre lyrically. "She out dere, là-bas," he pointed to the neighboring shadows. "She ver' hongree."

Florence Wilkinson.

A LETTER FROM GERMANY.

As I am writing, the open squares of Berlin have been transformed into groves of fir trees. The great city is preparing to celebrate Christmas with its accustomed zest. Outwardly, at least. Many things, however, will put a damper upon the Christmas joy; for the year has hardly been one to increase the sum of happiness in the Fatherland. It has been a long time since the earnings of the people, whether laborers or employers, were so small. The dividends of joint stock companies touched a lower point than for a decade before. The people have been enjoying less of the comforts of life than they had grown accustomed to. On a higher plane, too, the year has left a feeling of disappointment; race asperities have grown more intense, political strife has waxed hotter, and social peace has apparently withdrawn further into the future.

The year is closing in the presence of a new and notable fact in history. Germany, Great Britain, and Italy have declared a joint blockade of the coast of Venezuela to compel the payment of certain debts to the citizens of those countries; and public opinion in the

United States is nervous lest something should happen that might draw us in the difficulty. The Monroe Doctrine is in everybody's mind. Government and people alike are determined that it shall be strictly observed; the Administration has pursued a dignified and calm attitude throughout the entire incident. Certain American newspaper editors of the hysterical school, however, have singled out Germany as the wicked partner in the combination, as being the moving spirit that has merely taken England and Italy into her service in order to cloak her real intentions of acquiring a permanent foothold upon the South American Continent. In order to give such assertions the semblance of probability, the papers in question have printed special dispatches from Berlin, which represented the German government as being in a particularly bellicose mood and about to order an advance upon Carácas with a hurrah.

Statements like these prove nothing beyond the fact that hysterical editors have hysterical readers, who demand that their "news" be striking, sensational; and that readers of this class

have an infinite capacity for being gulled. So far from the German mind being excited over the Venezuela affair, the fact that has struck us Americans here most has been the marked indifference about the matter. Naturally there is some interest, — somewhat more than in the latest comet; but certainly no German editor has sold an additional copy of his paper by reason of his Venezuela news. The only thing that has aroused any concern here has been the manifestations of uneasiness in a section of the American press, whose hectoring attitude toward Germany has naturally been reported and commented upon. The German press has many sins to answer for, but certainly on this occasion it has preserved a tone that, upon the whole, has been unexceptional. In answer to the suspicions raised in the United States regarding Germany's aim in Venezuela, some of the papers here have pointed to the fact that the latest volume of the diplomatic correspondence of our government contains a note in which the German government more than a year ago defined precisely the character of its proposed action, stating, in particular, that no occupation of territory was designed. This pledge on the part of Germany evidently satisfied our Administration from the very beginning as to the correctness of Germany's course; but the hectoring editors, feeling the ground cut from under them at this point, as well as by Count von Bülow's recent statement to the American public through the Associated Press, have replied somewhat in the following vein: Oh, of course Germany is not aiming at territorial acquisitions in Venezuela, — her action with England is sufficient guarantee of that; but why does not Germany come out with a round recognition of the Monroe Doctrine? Why does she not say that she will never, under any circumstances, annex one foot of South American territory?

I am no attorney for Germany in this

case, and it is not incumbent upon me to answer such a question; but I think reasonable minded Americans will not expect more of Germany than a declaration of her purposes in regard to Venezuela, it being the only part of South America subject at this moment to diplomatic scrutiny. The above demand is but a parallel to the attempt of Napoleon III. to extort from King William a pledge that no Hohenzollern should ever become a candidate for the throne of Spain. Germany has shown her hand fully, and our government has been amply satisfied that no action prejudicial to American interests will be taken; if some truculent editors still insist upon our President assuming the rôle of Napoleon III., their demand can only bring the Monroe Doctrine into disrepute among practical statesmen content to deal with problems of international politics as they arise.

In view of the evident nervousness of American public opinion regarding Germany's part in the recent blockade, one important fact should arrest attention at this point. It is that the course of the allied Powers has remained well within the limits of the Monroe Doctrine as it has been most authoritatively defined. The Doctrine has never excluded the right of European Powers to compel the payment of just debts by temporarily seizing territory. England and Germany have confined their action to a blockade of seaports. Was this limitation self-imposed, under the conviction that the American public would not stand more energetic measures? Or was it suggested by our government under the same conviction? In any case, the limitation expresses an apprehension lest the American people have drawn even a narrower definition of the Monroe Doctrine than our statesmen have set up. Whether this will make for peace in the world, it is apart from the purpose of this article to inquire.

But Germany, we are told, is laying her plans to occupy a part of South

America; and her "vast colony" in southern Brazil has just assumed a new importance, has become a new danger to American liberty, since the German Colonial Congress in October passed a resolution recommending that German emigration be directed thither, instead of to countries already thickly populated, and in which their nationality would be speedily swamped. The vast colony in question has, in fact, only a population of between 150,000 and 200,000 souls, most of whom have been in Brazil a great many years. The growth of the colony has been very slow. This is now to be changed, alarmists would have us believe; and at no distant day Germany will have enough of her citizens there to form the nucleus of a new German empire on American soil.

To which several things should be said in reply. In the first place, Germany will never attempt anything of the kind so long as the Monroe Doctrine is maintained. She would not take the risks involved; she could not afford the expense of such an adventure; and there is no possible advantage that she could gain in South America that would outweigh the friendship of the United States. Even if we should throw the Monroe Doctrine to the winds, I think it extremely doubtful whether Germany would attempt to effect a foothold upon South American soil. Why? The answer is the Boer war. This proved that conquering the antipodes is an extremely costly business. But beside the mere question of expense, Germany cannot afford to embark upon large foreign adventures, menaced as she is at home by enemies only waiting their opportunity to strike her in a moment of weakness. The German Chancellor that should propose to send but 50,000 soldiers to seize land in South America — even with no Monroe Doctrine in the way — would be decried here as an extremely rash statesman.

But Germany could get her colony,

the American objector will answer, without sending out an expedition to conquer territory; all she needs to do is to promote emigration to Brazil for a half-century, and then the colonists would rise and appeal to the Fatherland for help. I am far from sure of that. Has anybody ever heard of a German in the United States that sighed to have the German government extend its paternal wing over him? Would German colonists in Brazil prove more eager for a governor from the Wilhelm Strasse? Hardly. The feeling of nationality is a plant of exceeding slow growth; it requires centuries to ripen it; and notwithstanding the noisy and sometimes repellent expressions of it that one sees here, the fact remains that, even in Germany herself, the sentiment of nationality is weak. For example, it has often been lamented that German peasants settled under government auspices in the Polish provinces tend rapidly to lose their race character, adopting Polish names, speaking the Polish language, and falling in with Polish customs. If such a thing can happen within the borders of the Fatherland itself, happen at a time when many old veterans of the great wars of 1867 and 1870 survive to tell of those moving, epoch-making events, what is to become of the weak plant of German national feeling when transplanted to South American soil? The perturbed editors should give their fearsome spirits a long rest. They evidently do not know their Germany.

The sharp attacks upon Germany in the United States and England in connection with the alliance against Venezuela were not justified by anything pertaining to that alliance itself. Everybody knows that these attacks were but the answering echo of the bitter, unmeasured abuse of the United States during the Spanish war, and of England during the Boer war, in which the greater part of the German press saw fit to engage. Those venomous epithets, those brutal, insulting cartoons are

things not easily forgotten between nations. I mentioned in my article in the *Atlantic Monthly* last March the excessive development of chauvinistic feeling in Germany, and stated that it was rendering the task of German diplomacy difficult. The latter statement has been amply confirmed during the year just closing. The Venezuela alliance — the work of the two rulers rather than of the cabinets — was greeted by a storm of opposition in England; and the distrust of Germany in the United States extended considerably beyond the columns of the "yellow press." The relations between the cabinets of Berlin and London were directly affected by the remarkable outbreak of Anglophobia described in the article just mentioned. Count Bülow about the beginning of the year yielded to that agitation by referring, in a speech before the Reichstag, to the British Colonial Minister in terms that are quite unusual in the public utterances of prime ministers. Later it became evident to the Berlin Cabinet that English diplomatic influence was being thrown against Germany at every point; and that propositions needing British support were met with cold indifference everywhere. It is a significant fact that a dispatch from Berlin to the American press several months ago, describing the efforts of the diplomats to remove this unfortunate state of things, created no little commotion in Berlin; and the question was at once raised in the ministries, "Who has been divulging state secrets?"

The fact has not escaped attention here that many German papers have done their country immense harm by the insulting tone that they choose to adopt in discussing foreign matters. German writers are beginning to call attention to it. Count von Berchem, an old co-worker of Bismarck's, wrote a letter to one of the papers on the subject several months ago, which was widely noticed. "Our press," he said, "is regarded abroad as hypercritical

and chauvinistic. Whoever lives abroad and reads foreign newspapers cannot but notice this. Germany's good name abroad has not gained anything by the phenomenon in question; but there has been rather a loss in German sympathies all along the line." The writer finds the chief cause to be "the assumption of superiority in the sharp criticism of foreign affairs that has grown prevalent in Germany."

He might have stated the cause much more strongly and kept well within the limits of truth. In the case of England, for example, the treatment of the Boer war in the German press has left a depth of resentment such as the English — usually so indifferent to foreign opinion — have not felt toward any other people for some centuries. How could it be otherwise when some of the most gifted artists of Germany combine to make an art volume on the Boer war for the German home, filled with the grossest slanders and indecent inventions about the behavior of the English in South Africa? An independent observer, wishing only to see good-will promoted between the nations, could but look on with sorrow at such excesses of race hatred; and now at the effects of it all in England. English correspondents in Berlin were in part swept away by the state of feeling around them, and filled the columns of the London papers with angry and often venomous dispatches. That poem of Kipling's, printed the other day, embodying such a torrent of passionate hate, will live as long as the English language, if only to characterize to future generations the unhappy state of feeling between Englishmen and Germans at the beginning of the twentieth century.

In view of such a situation, the conclusion of the Boer war is to be accounted as the greatest blessing that the year 1902 brought to Germany. As indicated above, the Germans were in an abnormal state of feeling; and the press

was given over to unwholesome sentimentalism about the Boers, and to an exaggerated idealizing of their character; while English statesmen were caricatured in the guise of demons. "The German people have a right to express their feelings," is treated as an axiom here; and there were few wise counselors to plead for self-restraint and moderation of statement. Since the conclusion of peace a better tone has been manifested; but it will require many years to obliterate the antipathies now existing. I know cool-headed Englishmen that have radically and permanently revised their attitude toward Germany by reason of what they read in German papers and heard from German acquaintances during the Boer war.

It is pleasant to record the fact that the Germans have this year shown a more friendly mood toward the United States than at any time since 1898. The press has seconded the Kaiser's courtesies, and has discussed American affairs in a better spirit than usual. Serious articles on American topics, based upon correct information and written in an unobjectionable spirit, have grown more frequent. Prince Henry's trip and his enthusiastic reception with us undoubtedly made an excellent impression on Germany; and this impression endures. Secretary Hay's note on the Roumanian Jews, however, was received in Germany with mixed feelings. The Liberal press generally praised the humane purpose of the note; but influential papers of a different political alignment discussed it from their narrow anti-Semitic standpoint, and relapsed into their old vein of contemptuous comment about things American.

The controversy last spring regarding the diplomatic incidents connected with the Spanish war showed us the pleasant picture of Germany and England rivaling each other in suing for our friendship. The removal of the disagreeable suspicion that the German

government took diplomatic steps unfavorable to us at that time is to be set down as one of the gains of the year for us. This fact in no way prejudices our good friendship with England; and it is to be deplored that some of our newspapers are disposed to play England and Germany against each other, as if we could not be friends with both. The friendship of England is good, but the friendship of England and Germany is still better. Persons that try to improve our relations with England by fomenting hatred toward Germany should turn to Washington's Farewell Address to see the foolishness of their course aptly characterized.

It is evident that the interest of the Germans in the United States is deepening every year. Never before have so many practical men of affairs gone to America in one year to study our methods of production. American ideas have already profoundly affected Germany's industrial life, but this movement promises to assume still larger proportions in the near future. The alliance of the two great German steamship lines with the Morgan combination, the announcement of plans for laying a second cable from Emden to New York, the initiatory steps toward organizing an American Chamber of Commerce in Berlin, are further indications of the common interest drawing the two countries more and more closely together. The amount of American merchandise sold in Germany has been further reduced this year, owing to the business depression still prevailing here; but the exports of German goods to the United States have reached the largest figure ever known.

The subject of most interest just now in connection with the trade relations of the two countries is the tariff law recently passed by the Reichstag. That law is a far more important matter for us than the Venezuela blockade. It presents problems for our diplomacy that will be difficult to settle, problems

that will call for broader statesmanship than the United States Senate has evinced toward the French Reciprocity Treaty. I fear that our merchants, and especially our farmers, have not yet realized the serious character of the new law as affecting their interests; when they do realize it, they will speak a stronger word in favor of reciprocity than our senators have yet heard.

The chief point of interest for the United States in this law is to be found, not so much in the high rates adopted, as in the statement made in the Reichstag foreshadowing a changed policy on the part of Germany in making new commercial treaties. On the final day of the tariff debate Dr. Paasche, one of the leaders of the majority, asserted that the government had promised that it would no longer extend treaty advantages to other countries than those that reciprocate with corresponding concessions. "We expect," said Dr. Paasche, "that the government will undertake a thorough revision of all the treaties containing the most-favored-nation clause. Promises of this kind were made to us in committee. We have absolutely no occasion to concede anything to such nations as are glad to take what we give by treaty to other countries without making us any concessions in return. The United States has introduced a limitation of the most-favored-nation clause; we have every reason to act in precisely the same manner."

The thing chiefly complained of here is our recent treaty with Cuba (not yet ratified). The Germans also remember our reciprocity treaties with various countries under the McKinley Law. While we have interpreted the most-favored-nation clause as not forbidding special trade arrangements between two countries, the general interpretation has been different; and Germany's own practice has conformed to this latter view. When the existing commercial treaties with Austria, Russia, Italy, and Switzerland were made, Germany

accordingly conceded to all other nations entitled to the most-favored-nation treatment the same reductions as were made to these countries. The United States thus secured valuable concessions from Germany's general tariff without giving anything in return. The duty on wheat, for example, was reduced from thirty-two to twenty-three cents per bushel, that on corn from twelve to less than ten; and corresponding reductions were made on meats.

The German Agrarians have always bitterly complained about this feature of the Caprivi treaties; and the substantial justice of their objection has been recognized by many politicians who have only a measured sympathy with the general Agrarian movement. I believe it will also be recognized by most Americans; for manifestly we cannot expect Germany to apply to us a more liberal construction of the most-favored-nation clause than we have granted her. Under the new German tariff law we shall therefore be confronted by two alternatives: either we must make a special reciprocity treaty with Germany, or we must let our merchandise take its chances under the general scale of duties. Both alternatives call for some remarks here.

What are the probabilities that we shall get a good reciprocity treaty with Germany? Without doubt we shall find the German government willing to treat with us upon a fair basis of give and take; and Count Bülow is abundantly furnished with objects of barter under the tariff law just enacted. There is no limit to the reductions that he may make in the duties as there fixed, except as to wheat, oats, rye, and barley; though the Reichstag would, of course, have to ratify any treaty made. The difficulties in the way of reciprocity will lie with us rather than with Germany; for what can our government offer in the way of tariff reductions in order to bring Germany to satisfactory terms? The reciprocity section of the Dingley

Act reads as if it had been constructed by a practical joker, — so meagre is the list of articles that may be reduced; there is almost nothing in it that could be offered to Germany as an inducement for granting us trade advantages; and of these few we have already traded off, under the existing diminutive treaty, about everything that the law allows. No new treaty can therefore be expected before our tariff law shall have been revised and the discretion of the government to reduce duties greatly enlarged. In view of the inertia of the United States Senate toward tariff and treaty questions, the outlook for a satisfactory reciprocity arrangement with Germany can only be regarded as extremely gloomy. It is to be hoped, however, that after the German law has been in force for several years, and has heavily reduced our exports to Germany, — as it is certain to do, — the pressure of public opinion may bring the Senate to reason.

But assuming the worst, — what would be the prospects for American trade with Germany in the absence of a treaty? Our goods would then come in under the general tariff; whereas those of our competitors, if they get treaties with Germany, will enter at greatly reduced rates. Now this general tariff contains extremely high duties in its agricultural schedules, — so that the government itself strongly opposed them as unreasonable; nevertheless, they were voted by the Reichstag and must be enforced in the absence of treaty. American wheat would then be subject to a duty of forty-nine cents per bushel; whereas that of Russia, Roumania, and other competing countries may be reduced under treaty to thirty-five cents. Our corn has been coming into Germany at less than ten cents a bushel; and two years ago Germany's imports of it reached 104 million marks, out of a total of 129 million. During the current year imports from the United States have shrunk enormously,

owing to our reduced crop in 1901 and consequent high prices; but Germany has meanwhile covered its deficit from Russia and Roumania. Will it not continue to do so when our corn pays a duty of thirty cents, and the Russian and Roumanian product only about half that figure?

It is frequently asserted in the American press that Germany must in any case have American raw materials and some more or less manufactured commodities. The Germans know that very well themselves, and they have wisely left indispensable articles like cotton, petroleum, and crude copper on the free list; but there are other countries ready and waiting for the opportunity to supply Germany with wheat, corn, and other grains. Neither is Germany dependent upon us for meat; while large quantities of our bacon and lard are still shipped here, other countries, with good commercial treaties, would easily displace us in these articles too.

Such, in briefest outline, is the situation that confronts us under the new German tariff law. If it does not please some of our statesmen, let them reflect that Germany is merely imitating the bad example that they themselves have set; and that if a policy of commercial exclusiveness is good for us, other nations may regard it as equally good for them. From careful observation of the course of thought in Germany throughout the long movement that has now culminated in this tariff law, I can state that no other external factor exerted upon it such a powerful influence as the example of the United States. The spectacle of the greatest producing nation on earth — the richest in resources, the cheapest in the processes of production — frightening the world with its "American danger," and at the same time shutting up its markets against outside competition, — this spectacle it was that gave the chief impetus to the maddest excesses of the German protectionists.

The very fact, however, that this German law is the direct effect of our own unwise policy gives occasion for one alleviating thought. Its reflex influence in the United States, namely, will make it impossible for the men at Washington, responsible for our do-nothing policy, longer to maintain their attitude of unconditional resistance to tariff reform. Our new breed of Teutophobes may attempt to aid and abet senatorial conservatism by scolding the German Agrarians in vigorous and varied phraseology; but our own Agrarians will regard energetic epithets a poor substitute for lost trade; and it will refresh the spirits of the weary to see the wry faces made on Capitol Hill when the next reciprocity treaty with Germany comes up for ratification. It can well be imagined that the obstinate old gentlemen will then take their medicine more speedily and in stronger doses than has been the case with the French Reciprocity Treaty.

Turning at length to the home politics of Germany, we find that the year was dominated by this same tariff question. It brought on the most violent parliamentary struggle that the Empire has ever known, and the Reichstag assumed for a time the disorderly and stormy aspect of the Austrian Reichsrath. Stated very briefly, the course of events in the Reichstag was as follows: When it resumed its sittings about the middle of October it found that the Tariff Bill had been reconstructed in committee in the direction of extremely high protection for the Agrarian interests. The government had combated every increase of the agricultural duties, and had declared with emphasis that it could never accept them since they would render impossible the negotiations of new commercial treaties. At this time the outlook of the bill was well-nigh hopeless. Not only were the majority and the government far apart in their views, but the majority were themselves much divided on es-

sential questions. The National Liberals demanded a return to the original agricultural schedules of the government's bill; but a large section of the two conservative parties rejected even the reconstructed bill because it was not yet Agrarian enough.

While the government and the majority parties were thus working at cross purposes, the determined minority had an easy task in delaying the progress of the measure. The Socialists and Moderate Radicals, convinced that the country was opposed to the heavy increase of the duties on the bread and meat of the people, aimed to defeat all action by the present Reichstag, in order to be able to appeal to the country next June with the effective campaign cry, "Bread-Usury!" The Socialists, the strongest and most determined of the opposition parties, made, however, the egregious blunder of advertising months beforehand their tactics for defeating the bill, — it was proclaimed, namely, that 700 aye and nay votes would be called for on the second reading.

Toward the end of November the majority parties became convinced that they would not be able to pass their measure at all without a compromise, first among themselves and then with the government. Finally, after weeks of debate upon the rules and other unimportant points, such a compromise was patched up behind the scenes. The government got the minimum scale of duties upon grain that it had insisted upon, except that it yielded an increase on malting barley to please the Clericals. It accepted, nevertheless, all the high maximum duties of the majority. The Conservatives, disappointed at not getting higher protection for the farmers, were conciliated with reductions on agricultural machinery.

This compromise, however, was of so precarious a character that it could never have stood through the ordeal of a regular second reading. The minority would have offered amendments at every point;

some would have been adopted, and, the compromise having been broken, the coalition would have fallen asunder. Besides this, the majority had at length assembled their contingent of village priests and hunting country squires, and so could do business with a quorum of their own. But such a quorum could only be held together with the utmost difficulty; hence the greatest dispatch was necessary. Confronted by this trying situation, the Reichstag majority yielded to temptation, and did one of the most brutal things in the history of modern parliaments. Although its rules explicitly provided that a bill, upon second reading, must be discussed and voted upon paragraph by paragraph, the majority brought in a motion to dispense with this process and pass the bill *en bloc*. Before this was done, however, the House paused to amend its rules so as to place arbitrary powers in the hands of the president, to limit to a minimum discussions of questions of order, and to make it possible to close debate at any time and reach a vote.

It was these propositions that caused the disorderly scenes already mentioned. Excitement reached a high pitch, members hurled insulting epithets at one another, and the Reichstag degenerated for a time into a mob. New parliamentary "records" were made. For the first time in history the president's bell was broken through too vigorous ringing, for the first time a sitting had to be suspended because of disorder, and for the first time the House sat through a day and a night and heard a record-breaking speech eight hours in length. Amidst scenes like these the Tariff Bill was hurried through and practically without debate. Even after the majority had changed the rules so as to put an effective check upon obstruction, they refused to permit a discussion in detail.

This helter-skelter proceeding they excused by raising the cry of "filibustering," and by alleging that business needs a rest after the long tariff agita-

tion. This rest, however, is not yet in sight; for the government has all along stated that the duties fixed in the new measure are mere counters to be traded off in making new commercial treaties. The whole controversy is thus left open till these treaties have been laid before the Reichstag and ratified. As the term of the present Reichstag expires in June, the treaties will have to be disposed of by the new House to be elected then. Hence the election will turn upon the tariff issue, and a lively campaign activity has already been inaugurated. The Socialists particularly will throw a prodigious amount of energy into the agitation; and the parties that call themselves "state-preserving" are filled with apprehensions as to the result. The Kaiser, indeed, has recently made two speeches designed to break the lines of the Socialists by diverting a part of the labor vote to other parties; but nobody believes that his voice will outweigh the recent action of the Reichstag. The Social Democracy has always been able to rely upon its enemies to supply its best campaign ammunition; and the party will now make immense political capital out of their latest folly. It will be dinned into the ears of the laboring population and the humbler urban classes in every corner of the Empire that the price of their food is to be raised in the interest of aristocratic land-owners. The Socialists themselves estimate that they will gain fifteen to thirty seats next June.

Besides the tariff law, there was little else in the legislation of the year that calls for mention here. The abolition of the sugar bounties puts an end to an intolerable situation that the government has long wanted to be freed from. Questions of private self-interest, however, play an enormous rôle in German legislation; and the sugar people had to be conciliated for the abolition of the bounties. Saccharine has come into extensive use in the manufacture of chocolate and similar articles,

and the sugar producers have long demanded protection from it. Hence it was necessary to recompense them for the abolition of the bounties with a law closing up all the saccharine factories of the country, except a few under strict government supervision. Saccharine can be bought hereafter only upon a physician's prescription, as if it were a poison! Such is the despotism of German legislation where Agrarian interests are involved.

The Polish question, while somewhat less marked by sensational incidents than in 1901, remained the subject of much concern throughout the year. The embitterment of the Poles against their Prussian rulers certainly underwent no relaxation, but rather seems to have grown more intense. Polish government officials ostentatiously refused to be present at the fêtes given in honor of the Kaiser upon his visit to Posen in September; and in various other ways the Polish nobility, in particular, showed their deep discontent with existing conditions. The Prussian Chamber voted an appropriation of 250,000,000 marks to continue the system of buying Polish estates, dividing them, and settling Germans upon them, — the sum of 200,000,000 voted some years ago having been about exhausted without any apparent result. The Prussian officials are evidently handicapped for their work of Germanizing these provinces by faults of their own, mostly in the way of excessive zeal and truculent meddlesomeness. An unlovely caste spirit prevails among them that renders them the worst possible evangelists of German civilization. One of the sensations of the year was the enforced resignation of the chief fiscal official of the Province of Posen for the reason that he had married, — a perfectly reputable lady, indeed, but only the daughter of a secretary to one of the courts, who had once been a non-commissioned officer.

The public mind is occupied in Ger-

many with the subject of industrial combinations hardly less than in the United States. An immense amount of discussion has been given during the past year to the syndicates and kartells, as they are called here. The matter has been brought under the public eye more than ever through the policy of most German combinations of maintaining the highest possible prices for home consumers, while supplying the foreigner with goods at greatly reduced rates. Indeed, German writers on the subject point to what they regard as the chief difference between American and German combinations, — namely, the American trusts make it their chief concern to earn profits by economies in production and distribution; while their counterparts in Germany look mainly to keeping up prices. Under these circumstances the syndicates and kartells have undoubtedly lost in public favor during the year now closing.

Recognizing this fact, the leading managers of such combinations met in Berlin last spring to effect a central organization, which should protect their common interests as over against public opinion and, in particular, against hostile legislation. It is a significant fact that the syndicates decided to attach themselves to the Central Association of German Manufacturers, which is a composite organization of many manufacturers' associations throughout the Empire, instead of creating a representative body of their own, and that thus the ordinary trade organization of German industries becomes the representative and mouthpiece of the syndicates.

The most patent fact that stands out in all the discussions of these organizations in Germany is that public opinion is greatly divided as to the benefits or evils of them; and no agreement exists as to the advisability of legal measures for controlling them. The Congress of German Jurists discussed the matter in September; but the most striking feature of its deliberations was

the great differences on all essential points. A large section favored publicity in the affairs of combinations, but the full Congress refused to commit itself even to so mild a recommendation at this stage of developments; and the

question was referred to a future session. Meanwhile the government has inaugurated an inquiry on the subject by men of theory and practice, and in due time we shall have a voluminous report to conclude the matter.

William C. Dreher.

A WORLD-LEGISLATURE.

At the session of the Massachusetts Legislature of 1902 a petition was presented in favor of a world-legislature. That petition was referred to the Legislature of 1903 in order that the subject might receive further public consideration, and the chairmen of the committee which heard the petitioners said, in each branch respectively, that the proposal was meritorious. According to the report, the petition is pending before the Legislature of 1903, with hundreds of signers, including some of the best citizens. The American Peace Society, by vote of its directors, signed the petition, while it also presented another petition of its own, asking for a movement for a world-conference or congress, with recommendatory powers, to meet at stated intervals, say once in seven years. Thus the proposal of world-organization is formally before the public.

Since the first petition was presented repeated instances have occurred to support the main argument for it, — that business exigencies of the world were becoming so urgent that world-organization, as a necessity, would precede the efforts of pure philanthropy or statesmanship for the same end. Early in the year came the Pan-American Congress. Among its proposals, suited for a world-scale, were these: a Pan-American bank; a custom-house congress, and an international customs commission; a statistical bureau of international scope; an international copyright law;

an international commission to codify international law; international regulations to cover inventions and trademarks; a common treaty of extradition and protection against anarchy; international regulations for the world-wide practice of the liberal professions; an international archaeological commission; an international office as depositary of the archives of international conferences; an international regulation granting equal rights to all foreigners from any of the signatory countries, and some minor plans.

Other world-propositions which developed during the year included (in January) the organization of the International Banking Corporation, with power, under a Connecticut charter, of doing business all over the world; (early in the year) circulation by the Manchester (England) Statistical Society of a pamphlet advocating an international gold coinage; (in July) suggestion by Russia of an international conference to protect the nations against trusts and other private operations of capital; (in July) another plan for an international bank; (in August) meeting of the International Congress on Commerce and Industry; and (in December) the meeting of the International Sanitary Conference in Washington; to which may be added (in January, 1903) the meeting in New York of the International Customs Congress. For one year that is a notable record of progress toward world-organization in matters of busi-

ness, not as matters of theory or of pure philanthropy. These instances illustrate the truth, which many persons still fail to realize, that the world is getting together at a rapid rate, and that, as a matter of self-interest, the nations must soon have a permanent legislative body as a means of establishing regulations for the benefit of all.

Pertinent to the case is the fact that world-legislation has occurred repeatedly, though no world-legislature has been organized. This action has been possible only by special meetings for special purposes. The essence of world-legislation is the consent of the nations to a particular course of action. That is, the will of the world decrees that a certain thing shall be done. When all nations agree, we have absolute world-action. When fewer than all agree, we have action of the same kind, but less in degree. In the case of the International Postal Union, we have absolute world-legislation. All civilized nations of the world are in formal agreement upon the propositions involved in the international transmission of mails. The world-will has taken specific expression, and that will is carried into execution in that field of action.

That is the most conspicuous and most successful illustration of world-legislation, because it embraces organized mankind, and because it is so eminently successful. Provision for stated meetings of the International Postal Congress at Berne every seven years for such action as may be necessary to improve or maintain the system makes the illustration for our purposes complete.

But many other instances have occurred in which more than two nations have been parties to an agreement regarding some particular matter. Largest in world-importance has been the agreement of the principal nations of the world, and some of the smaller ones, in the establishment of the Hague Court of Arbitration. Though legislation is not the object of that court, yet

the act of establishing the court was, in itself, an act of world-legislation (as far as the signatory nations were concerned) of the largest benefit to mankind.

Mention may be made of the International Conference in Washington in 1885, for the establishment of a common prime meridian, at which twenty-six nations were represented. At the International Sanitary Conference in Vienna in 1892, fifteen nations were represented. At the Dresden International Sanitary Conference in 1893, nineteen nations were represented. Our Pan-American conferences, at which groups of nations have been represented, illustrate further what has already been done by way of reaching an expression of international will upon particular matters, though in no case has a proposition for a general international legislative body, for promiscuous business, been presented. But the point is sufficiently established, for the assurance of the conservative, that international or world-legislation has occurred repeatedly. What is proposed now is not a new departure, but the establishment, in permanent form, of a means of expressing the will of the nations, instead of the present imperfect means of calling special meetings with power to consider only special subjects.

Now, as to the urgency of the case. Foremost of the political questions of the times is the great and complex one, What is to be done to regulate or control the vast aggregations of capital which are exercising unscrupulously their enormous powers as monopolies and taking extortionate sums from consumers in return for their products? All the world is now laid under tribute. At present the world lies helpless because it is disorganized. In the United States we have barely made a beginning in the solution of the problem. Most advanced of all the states, and more advanced than the general government, is Massachusetts. President

Roosevelt, in his message to Congress treating of the problem, mentioned the corporation laws of Massachusetts as the most advanced means yet proposed in the form of law. But Massachusetts is only a spot on the surface of the earth. National legislation is in embryo. Publicity as a remedy is the most potent force yet suggested, and the efficacy of that is disputed by the chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Commission in open difference from President Roosevelt.

While legislation halts within state and national limits, the problem is world-wide. Our interstate law is a sorry success, at best. But if it were absolutely successful within our boundaries, yet it would fail in the case of goods shipped direct from Chicago to London, as is done already for the express purpose of evading the interstate commerce law. That reveals the problem. World-transportation can be controlled only by world-legislation. Monopolies which defy national laws because they are world-monopolies can be grappled with successfully only by world-laws. Already the necessity is upon us for world-legislation, because business transactions now extend all over the world, and no national legislation will be adequate to protect the people from world-monopolies.

Now, though the necessity is here, the means of relief is not here. World-legislation can be secured only as the nations are educated both to the necessity of it and to the means of securing it. But governments of most of the nations are to-day controlled by those who have a direct personal interest in the continuance of the present order, rather than by those whose relief from the present order is urgent. Years of effort are necessary, in the first place, to educate the nations to the point of recognizing the need of world-legislation. Following that will come years of struggle by the educated reformers, to win their reform against the en-

trenched opposition of the powerful classes whose interest it is to maintain and perpetuate the monopolies. It is high time, therefore, for the public agitation and education to begin. Sore enough will be the need of reform by the time the peoples of the earth shall be able to secure it.

It is especially for the people of the United States to take the lead in this upward struggle for world-unity. The greatest government by the people is most fit for the leadership. We have the form of government which foreshadows the form of world-government that will exist when all mankind are brought into organic political connection. Theoretically our states are sovereign. All rights are reserved to them which are not formally surrendered, by the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, to the central government. In matters of world-legislation the nations individually would surrender to the nations collectively only such jurisdiction as they voluntarily yielded in passing upon propositions from the world-legislature, for it is not to be supposed that a major part of the physical force of the nations would force upon a minor part such regulations as might be approved by a majority of the representatives sitting in the world-legislature. Settlement of the right of secession would lie far in the future until the rightfulness and scope of the organic law of mankind were determined more exactly than would be possible for a long time after the first session of the world's representatives. The organic unity of the world would develop slowly, under unwritten principles, as the British Constitution has developed. The probable course in the establishment of the world-legislature may be outlined, approximately, as follows:—

First step. The President of the United States, acting under the authority of Congress, would send to the principal nations of the world an invitation

to meet in Washington for the purpose of establishing and setting in motion, as far as practicable, a world-legislature. That invitation might properly contain a statement that the people of the United States believed in the unity of mankind as an organic whole, regardless of any man-made laws or constitutions, and that the people were desirous of a practical, formal recognition of that unity in order that the organic growth, prosperity, and peace of mankind might be promoted. The invitation might further say that the people of the United States recognized that there was a true limit to the nominal sovereignty of so-called sovereign nations, and that they were ready to surrender formally their conceded right to control their own course upon certain matters which might better be placed under the jurisdiction of a world-legislature. The invitation might specify, for the sake of a frank and friendly beginning, to stimulate the coöperation of other nations, such matters as postal regulations, arbitration, customs regulations, world-patents, trademarks and copyrights, world-coinage, weights and measures, sanitary regulations for great ports and lines of travel, the collection of world-statistics, explorations of geography and antiquities, industrial investigations, and regulation of world-monopolies. The invitation might request the invited nations to specify the particulars in which they would consider propositions to waive claims of sovereignty, in case they accepted the fundamental principle upon which the invitation was based.

Second step. The nations receiving the invitations would severally accept or decline. If any declined, then an end of progress for the present would be reached with every such nation. If any accepted, they could, in sending their representatives, either instruct them or omit to instruct them in regard to the claims of sovereignty which they would waive in behalf of the sovereignty

of mankind. They would probably reserve the right to accept or reject the specific legislation proposed.

Third step. Delegates from such nations as accepted — and two or three nations would suffice for a beginning — would organize for action. As each nation, whether small or great, would be on an equal footing of nominal sovereignty with every other, it would doubtless be found expedient or necessary to allow it only one vote, no matter how many delegates it might send. Following organization would come suitably a declaration, agreed to by all the participants in the meeting, in recognition of the sovereignty of mankind, saying that the purpose of the participating nations was to realize their higher unity by means of world-legislation. Then would follow practical world-legislation, such as would be covered by the terms whereby certain claims to absolute sovereignty had been surrendered conditionally by the participating nations, joined with a declaration that it should become operative in the nations severally when accepted by them.

Fourth step. The proposed legislation of the first meeting would be referred to the respective home governments for ratification.

Then regular sessions would follow according to the precedent established, resulting in the development of mankind, as far as included by the nations represented, into an organic whole.

In advancing along this line of progress, the nations would be passing over ground previously untrodden. Precedents would be established only after hesitation, doubt, and experiment. Conservatism and old accepted theories would be perpetual obstacles, and only the genuine unity of mankind, working out for the benefit of the large majority against holders of special privilege, would be strong enough to surmount the objections and the persistent opposition. Gradually the world would realize that the real world-constitution is

not a form of government set up by men, but is the aggregate of the conditions in which mankind is placed by a power superior to itself. All that men can do for their progress and prosperity is to recognize those conditions, and world-law, national-law, state-law, city-ordinance, and town-meeting-vote, from highest to lowest, each within its sphere is but a recognition by men of the conditions placed upon them, and an effort to conform to them.

Hence, in the light of this truth, world-progress is only an adaptation of mankind to conditions. Really there is no such thing as absolute national sovereignty. In the present stage of world-progress nations are recognized as absolute because they declare themselves to be such, and no power is strong enough to disprove their assertion. But they are parts of organic humanity, subject to its laws. From that relation they cannot escape; from those laws they cannot break away.

In rising to the height of world-legislation the nations would be simply recognizing a higher and broader truth in their relations than they had hitherto admitted. They would not create any new relation, except in a limited sense. They would recognize the truth of their close relations one to another and attempt to shape their conduct in harmony with those relations, instead of shutting their eyes to the truth and reaping the evil consequences which inevitably befall all who deny the higher truths in the midst of which they live.

World-organization must inevitably result in unspeakable benefit in the way of world-peace. Since mankind is one, when it is formally organized as a unity its several parts will promote the peace and prosperity of the whole, and the increased health and vigor of the whole will react for the strength of every part. Thus far the parts have been, and still are, using their strength to injure one another, to cripple one another, to prevent the progress of one another, and,

in short, to violate fundamentally the conditions which are essential for the growth and strength of the whole. War by means of the most destructive inventions men can contrive to kill one another (preparations for which almost break the backs of the great European Powers) is supplemented by commercial strife, in which corporate and national energies are taxed to the utmost to destroy rivals, to ruin their industries, to prevent sale of their products, and to prejudice class against class, nation against nation, for the benefit of the few. That absurd condition is eulogistically called modern progress. The one step which evidently will do most to promote the peace, strength, health, and prosperity of the organism known as mankind is to put the parts in their organic relations of harmony and mutual helpfulness, and to prevent their constant warfare upon one another as contending fragments. Hence the thorough reasonableness of the proposition for a world-legislature and the urgency that the movement be promoted by all who love their kindred around the world, or even who love themselves, for the health of the whole means most health and strength to each and every part.

This movement is in the form of a petition for the establishment of a world-legislature. But a world-judiciary would necessarily follow as an immediate step of world-development. The Hague Court of Arbitration is not a general world-court. It is merely a court for the settlement of differences between nations. Its purpose is to prevent war. It is in no sense a court to pass upon world-law. But, after a world-legislature is in operation, then the necessity of a court to interpret and apply its laws would arise as truly as it exists in the case of other courts whose function is to interpret and apply national or state law. Such a line of development inheres in the case by the very conditions amid which mankind exists.

But decrees of world-courts must

have an executive arm for their enforcement. Laws by the world-legislature must be carried into execution. Expenses of world-organizations must be paid. Hence, though for a time the enforcement of world-laws might be left to the several nations within their boundaries, yet it is to be expected that in time a world-president would naturally take his place as the logical official to complete the system, while, before that stage was reached, there might be minor officials of world-rank, such as secretaries, treasurers, and commissioners.

Judging from experience in the practice under the Hague Court of Arbitration, one powerful influence might surely be counted upon to promote the success of the first attempts at world-organization. That would be the high character of the men who would be selected for the service and the extreme sensitiveness of all parties to conduct proceedings with the most scrupulous honor. Each nation would select for its servants in world-organization the very best men it could possibly produce. Petty reasons and local politics would be very insignificant factors in the selection of these men. All the nation, not a faction or a party, would be represented on the world-stage, in sight of all the world and under the criticism of the keenest intellects of the human race. No nation would risk its interests or its reputation by sending any but its worthiest and ablest sons.

While legislation was in progress, the world-legislature, conscious that the world's eyes were fixed upon it, scrutinizing every act and weighing every motive, would be watchful, every member of it, to see that every act was above suspicion. Existing high moral character would be reinforced by a constant earnestness to keep every step of procedure above criticism on moral grounds. A high standard would be set and maintained, which would react upon the nations severally and upon the world collectively, and would promote the effi-

ciency of the organic action and progress of the whole.

Association of the nations, represented by such men, would surely tend to remove misunderstandings and so advance friendliness among the different quarters of the globe. Reasonableness in the positions of different nations would be seen better than is now possible. World-peace, from this added reason, would be promoted, and the material prosperity of each part would advance with the increasing assurance that the rights of each would be preserved, and that each would be safe from interference in its effort to make the most and the best of itself.

Some say that the idea of world-organization is Utopian. Others say that it is a magnificent ideal, but that it is far in the future, and that it is idle to dream, even, of such a measure in the present stage of civilization. Perhaps the best answer to such critics and objectors is that they are behind the times; that they have not opened their eyes to what is in progress all over the world. During the last year positive and manifest progress has been made toward world-organization. Progress has occurred both in gatherings which foreshadow a world-legislature and in the increase of forces which impel mankind to organize on a world-scale. The movement is not undertaken with the expectation of immediate realization. But it is maintained that world-business already demands the attention of the world, and that plenty of work would be brought to a world-legislature if it could be organized this year. And it is further recognized that time must elapse before the common sense of the world is educated to the point of demanding world-organization. Urgency exists, therefore, that this process of education should begin at once.

To say that world-organization is impossible is to affirm that mankind is not of one origin, or is so unreasonable and degraded as to make such organiza-

tion hopeless. But either of these alternatives seems less reasonable than to affirm that mankind is of one blood, and that the nations have sufficient reason

and energy to establish their organic relation through a world-legislature, to embody their united intelligence, and to express their united will.

Raymond L. Bridgman.

THE COUNTESS AT PONDVILLE CENTRE.

"REAL pleasant, considerin'," was the consensus of Pondsville Centre on the Countess Alma von Engelberg, and a somewhat similar verdict had, at the time of her presentation at court, been voiced by the highest circles of Berlin. In Pondsville the "considerin'" bore reference to the misfortune of her foreign birth; in Berlin a shrug of the shoulder, — but who dare affirm what a shrug of the shoulder may or may not imply? Enough, it was the New England village and not the capital of the German Empire that now harbored the lady, and as plain Mrs. Engelberg she had applied for the position of music teacher in the Pondsville Academy.

"You speak real well, considerin'," said Mrs. Sinnet, the milliner, with whom the newcomer was to board.

"A thousand thanks," replied the countess. Her flashing smile bespoke a due gratitude; perhaps also the amused consciousness of using the purest English in the community.

"I guess you'll pick up our ways pretty quick. You Congregational or Methodist? No? Freewill Baptist perhaps?"

"I shall like best to go to whichever church you attend."

Mrs. Sinnet's motherly heart began to warm toward her new boarder, and it was vaguely borne in upon her that, in spite of their ready smile, the dark eyes fastened on hers were the saddest and weariest she had ever seen.

"I presume you'll feel a mite homesick at first, but you'll soon be feelin' to home. If there ain't doctor now,

comin' up the steps to ask after my rheumatiz. Dr. Smith's his name. Widower. Salt o' the earth. Doctor, I want to make you acquainted with my new boarder, Mis' Engelbug."

"Pleased to meet you," said the doctor. He was a squarely built man, middle-aged, with kindly, keen eyes. He held out his hand, and before he had withdrawn it Mrs. Sinnet's quick glance perceived that her boarder had already made a friend in Pondsville.

In the lap of the valley lies the village, the embodiment of white peace. Even the clear brown river, vexed a mile below by dam and mill and its own precipitous bed, steals noiselessly by the quiet town; school, smithy, vane-tipped spire all quiveringly afloat upon its tide. Acre on acre, even halfway up to the knees of the great hills, toss, in midsummer, seas of oats and timothy. Here a line of willows marks the plummy covert of a stream; there a shadowy grove of broad-girthed maples whispers of noonday cud to ruminating kine.

Who would see the village at its best must take the grassy road that winds across the upland pastures. Looking down from here, late one afternoon, as she sat beside the doctor in his buggy, the countess pointed off to roof and gleaming spire among the elms.

"Does she of a truth dwell yonder?" she asked in her clear speech, so good, "considerin'."

"Who?"

"Peace."

"The Centre's got its share of happy homes, if that's what you mean."

"And for the homeless?"

"You don't need to be that a moment longer than you want to."

She had expected this, but not so soon. Involuntarily her eyes sought out, in the village street, the white, rambling elm-shaded cottage she might if she chose call home. Bathed in the luminous haze of a late afternoon the lowly roof had taken on an unfamiliar witchery. All about, hilltop and meadow seemed of the "stuff that dreams are made on," and at the valley's head the cone of Chillion soared cloudlike and amethystine; a veritable mount of transfiguration.

"I want you should be my wife," said the doctor.

"And live there?" She spoke quietly, her eyes on the sleeping village.

"That's my home."

"And never leave it — never?"

"My practice ties me here."

"Ties; yes, that is good, to have ties. If I were tied, then I too, perhaps — day after day, year after year, walled in by these green hills — no voices from the outer world" —

Flinging out her arms with one of those free gestures, so disconcerting to the New England community, she paused abruptly, and turning looked full into the doctor's face, probing, measuring. From the meagreness of his words she had not dreamed his eyes could say so much.

"No, no, my friend," she answered gently.

Sitting massive and outwardly unshaken by her side, the doctor drove on.

"I want you should be my wife," he repeated.

Despite its Doric façade, relic of a bygone prosperity, the Pondville Academy now counted but a handful of pupils. Desertions to more progressive schools had thinned its ranks. Sons and daughters of sturdy yeoman stock, the boys and girls from outlying farms and hamlets helped pay their board by labor in barn and kitchen. Yet small

as was the number of pupils the most important event in the Centre was the day of graduation. And this year an additional ceremony was to take place; the presentation of a picture, "tribute of love and esteem," to a favorite teacher about to leave the school, in order, as the valedictorian expressed it, "to enter upon another sphere, even the bonds of matrimony with one who has for years fought undaunted the dread scourges of disease and death in this our peaceful vale."

Beaming in the reflected glory of one who had for a whole year harbored the heroine of the hour, Mrs. Sinnet joined a knot of matrons on the green.

"It beats all," one of the group was saying, "how much store the young folks set by her. But then, she is real pleasant."

"Too pleasant, I say," insinuated the baker's wife. "Says I to my husband only last night, 'Mark my word, there's something wrong there.' Pleasant! H'm. 'Tain't natural to be so everlasting pleasant."

"No, 'taint, for some," retorted Mrs. Sinnet, up in arms for the honor of her house.

"And that time she swore so right out in class," continued the baker's wife, ignoring the maker of hats. "They tried to hush it up, but my Ma was there, and she said she heard Mis' Engelbug, when Zilpha Field sung false, sputtering under her breath and saying — Well, I'm a church member, and I'm not going to peril my immortal soul repeating what she said."

"She said 'My God!'" interrupted Mrs. Sinnet, flushed but stoutly loyal.

"Good land, Mis' Sinnet, ain't you 'shamed standing here so near the meeting-house and saying sech a dreadful word?"

"I don't deny I was terrible shocked when I heard about it, and I went straight to the minister, and he said folks didn't know no better over to Germany and France, and that very day

I took sick with the grippe, and if she didn't wait on me hand and foot for two weeks solid and keepin' me laughin' all the time," —

"If there ain't doctor's buggy. Who 's sick? Ain't he comin' to the exercises?"

"I never see a man so taken up with any one as doctor is with Mis' Engelbug. Seems kind of disrespectful to his first. I dunno what would happen to him if it would turn out she 'd a husband round somewheres. These pleasant spoken furriners mostly do — or worse."

The last person to ascend the academy steps was a well-groomed stranger. Before entering he turned and glanced between the fluted wooden columns down the dusty street, which, with its white clapboarded shop fronts, showed pitilessly aglare in the blinding midday.

"A year, a whole year!" he exclaimed under his breath in German. "Mein Gott! how ever has she lived through it!"

When flushed and weary, her arms laden with flowers, her mood mingled tears and laughter, the countess reached her own steps, she was told she had a visitor in the parlor.

Though in subsequent conversations Mrs. Sinnet frankly admitted having lingered near enough the closed door to catch the murmur of voices, the fact of the words falling dead on her ear redeemed the eavesdropping from any taint of vulgar curiosity. Rather was it an instinctive watchdog loyalty toward the absent doctor, who, abroad on errands of mercy for his ninety and nine, had left unguarded his own ewe lamb. And that an attack of some kind was being made on the fold was patent even to one as unversed as Mrs. Sinnet in the mysteries of foreign tongues.

What was it all about? And that a human being — let alone a man — could pour out such a torrent of words! Now, it was evident, he entreated, now upbraided, now broke into unmirthful

laughter, now into bitter reproach; now — and this Mrs. Sinnet found herself dreading most — his voice melted into notes of flutelike tenderness.

"Play actin'! sounds for all the world like play actin'!" commented the anxious listener. "Real folks don't never talk like that." Still some instinct told her it was not play acting.

With an uneasy sense of impending disaster she listened and watched the hand of the tall clock toil twice around its face. At last a sturdy tread sounded on the piazza.

Doctor. It must be doctor!

No, only Elmer Tarbox, laden with the presentation picture, Faith clinging to the Cross. Then it was Mrs. Sinnet made a desperate resolve.

"Lean it up by the parlor door, Elmer, I'll take it in myself."

However alarming had been the whirlwind of words, the paces up and down, and the occasional heartrending sound as of a stifled sobbing, the deathlike silence that now reigned behind the closed door was even worse. What had he done to her in there alone? Those foreigners! You never could tell what they would do next. Cressit's hired man, the one that murdered the old couple with an axe, he was a foreigner, a "Portugee," or something. Oh, if doctor would but come! Hoisting as a shield the gold-framed Faith clinging to the Cross, and with horrid visions of the bride-elect lying bathed in gore on the best rag mat, Mrs. Sinnet pushed in.

At this point in her tale the narrator was apt to make an impressive pause, and when she was fortunate enough to have among her auditors one unacquainted with the sequel, it was a moment of delicious horror.

"There 's no denyin' he was a fine-appearin' man, and there was somethin' about the way he held his head, — well, 's soon as I see Mis' Engelbug was still alive, I own I was glad I 'd just put on fresh tidies, and that mother and hus-

band and Aunt Hannah, all photographed life size and in elegant gilt frames, fitted out the parlor so handsome. You could see he'd been used to things pretty nice to home. But when I come really to look at Mis' Engelbug, the cold chills run down my back.

"Mis' Engelbug, she was standin' in the middle of the room, white's a sheet, and buttonin' up her jacket. Sorter simple thing to give you a chill, you say? That's how you look at it. Thinks I, 'They was right, sayin' she'd got a husband somewheres,' and I turned sick picturin' doctor's face when he'd come and find her gone.

"My good woman,' says the stranger in his queer soundin' English, but cool's you please, 'we're goin' to drive to Wetherby and take the evenin' express. Before we sail we shall let you know where to forward the trunks.'

"I looked at Mis' Engelbug, but she stood starin' down at the carpet. You could have knocked me down with a feather, but I never lost my presence of mind. 'Here's the pictur',' says I. 'I presume you'll want it boxed up real careful if you're goin' to cross the ocean.'

"Well, that man, he looked hard at the pictur' for a moment, and then says he, strokin' his mustache, 'By all means, madam, have it packed with the greatest care. We'll hang it in the reception room to the castle,' says he, 'or perhaps among the family portraits in the oak gallery.' It was only when Mis' Engelbug lifted her eyes suddin and looked at him, it come over me, hot and prickly, he was makin' fun of me and the pictur'.

"Well, no one knows the pains the young folks had taken to get somethin' they thought would please Mis' Engelbug. At first they was all for one of them new-fashioned Madonnas, but says I, 'No, she's marryin' into a deacon's family. I guess Faith clingin' to the Cross is new fashion enough for doctor.'

Well, there I stood, kinder limpsy and foolish, and wishin' I could sink through the floor, when Mis' Engelbug giv a little cry and threw her arm round my shoulder.

"'Never mind,' says she. 'It's just that he's a furriner and don't understand.'

"'But you're a furriner,' says I.

"'Yes, but I've learnt your ways,' says she; 'I've learnt 'em, and I like 'em, and that's why I'm goin' to stay.'

"'Stay?' says I, and you'd orter seen the look that man give her.

"'Yes,' says she, strokin' my hand sorter nervous. 'There was a moment I'd thought I'd got to go; seemed 's if wild horses was draggin' me. No one can't tell what your own folks and your own language means to you, after all; and we was friends, this gentleman and I, since we was children.' She looked at him kinder hungry, — she's dretful speakin' eyes, — and held out her hand, but he sorter pushed it away, and just then who should we see fillin' up the doorway but doctor.

"Them furrin languages, if they ain't the scrimpiest! Have to eke 'em out so with dumb show. That Dutchman, he did n't say a word, but all the same with his shoulders and his eyebrows and the palms of his hands he up and asked her if doctor was the man she was goin' to marry, and she did n't do nothin' but narrer her eyelids and flutter her nostrils like a high-steppin' horse, and you could read 's plain 's print she was answerin' back, 'Yes I be, and he's wuth two of you.'

"Well, the Dutchman, he made a low bow — this way, 'Wish you joy,' says he, and he laughed out in doctor's face. When he done that I thought Mis' Engelbug'd fly into fifty pieces.

"'I'll tell you everything,' says she. The Dutchman had slipped out quicker'n a flash, and I presume I'd orter left, but somehow I did n't, and I never see doctor so exasperating. He

jest looked at her stiddy and grave and says he, —

“‘ You ’re all wore out. Wait till after the weddin’,’ says he.

“Mis’ Engelbug, she made a queer little sound, half-laughin’, half-cryin’, and caught doctor’s hand and kissed it. I presume he wished she would n’t do them queer furrin tricks, but he never let on.

“‘ No, now,’ says she.

“Well, seems she ’d ben an opery singer and had lost her voice. Seems she was a countess. Seems her husband before he ’d died had run through with her money and so she ’d gone on the stage. Seems her own folks weren’t no good neither for all they was a very high family, — and when she was a young girl in Berlin, folks would warn their sons against marryin’ into sech a family. Trouble, trouble, all her life, n’ thin’ but trouble; but most of all she seemed to mind losin’ her voice, and when that happened she just wanted to

run away and die. It had come of a suddin, when she was singin’ in the opery. ‘ They hissed,’ says she; she clapped her hands over her ears. ‘ Oh, that hiss! I was beginnin’ to forget, but when the baron come to-day and we got to talkin’ it all come back; all my miseries come back. I ’m so tired of sufferin’,’ says she; ‘ all I ask now is quiet and peace. He wanted to marry me,’ says she, ‘ and take me back to my own country.’

“‘ You want to go?’ says doctor. It did n’t sound like doctor’s voice at all.

“Well, Mis’ Engelbug, she jest kinder give a deep sigh like she was all tuckered out, and dropped her head down on doctor’s shoulder. Doctor he give me one look.

“Where did they hang the pictur’? Why in their own room. Mis’ Engelbug — Mis’ Smith I should say — says she sets more by it than any pictur’ in the house. The baby favors her.”

Esther B. Tiffany.

THE QUESTION OF FRANCHISES.

[The author of this paper is a secretary of the Municipal Voters’ League of Chicago, which has accomplished notable reforms. — THE EDITORS.]

AMERICAN cities are rapidly beginning to realize that the question of franchises is the most important phase of the city government problem; that the public service corporations under present conditions are the most active and potent cause of continuing municipal corruption and misgovernment. While the people were asleep, so to speak, and unmindful of the dangers threatening them, the franchise-seeking and franchise-holding corporations have been allowed in many instances to take virtual control of the machinery of local government, and to exercise that control for their own enrichment. In St. Louis the agents of these corporations have

recently been shown to be guilty of bribery. In other cities the use of improper means to influence legislation is believed to be common, although the direct proof may be lacking. In Philadelphia the control of these corporate interests over the agencies of government is so absolute that public protest is utterly unavailing against any proposition put forth by those interests, no matter how unreasonable it may be, from the public point of view. In practically every community of such size as to render the control of franchise privileges of large value, the public service corporation is a source of unhealthy political activity, — a force constantly,

though in some cases no doubt unconsciously, tending to weaken the government and to lessen its capacity to protect the people from imposition and to serve them efficiently and honestly. It is bad enough that these public service corporations, through their piracy of municipal franchises, should make excessive profits through the maintenance of unreasonably high charges for service that oftentimes is very unsatisfactory. But when, in addition, these corporations presume to subvert the whole mechanism of local government (and sometimes of state government, too) to their own ends, the situation becomes intolerable.

That the residents of American cities are coming more and more to recognize the situation as intolerable is shown in many ways. The most striking manifestation, perhaps, of the prevalent discontent was furnished by the remarkable result of the referendum vote on the question of municipal ownership in Chicago at the April, 1902, election. The vote was:—

Ownership of street railways — for, 142,826; against, 27,998.

Ownership of lighting plants — for, 139,999; against, 21,364.

The vote on these propositions had no legal or binding effect. It was merely an expression of public opinion. But it did indicate intense popular dissatisfaction with the present order of things. The vote shows, too, that the people at large are willing if not anxious to try the experiment of municipalization as a means of getting away from the evils attendant on private management of municipal public service industries.

And why should they not be? Many of the cities of Europe, and especially of Great Britain, manage some or all of their public utilities, with conspicuous benefit to the people. In the United States more than half of the water-works plants are already under public management. There are in this country 460 municipal electric light plants

and fourteen municipal gas plants. The Federal Commissioner of Labor, in his fourteenth annual report, gives the results of a comprehensive investigation of water, gas, and electric light plants, both municipal and private. According to the summary of the tables in that report, the cost of production under municipal management compares very favorably with the cost of production under private management; while wages are usually higher and the price to consumers is almost invariably lower under public than under private management. There has been only one instance of public street railway management in this country. The railway across the Brooklyn Bridge was for many years operated by the Bridge Commissioners, and under such management the road was notable for enormous traffic, efficiency of service, remarkable freedom from accidents, and good treatment of employees. Two of the most conspicuous of recent municipal improvements in this country, the New York and Boston subways, are owned though not operated by the public. The one notable instance of failure of municipal ownership of a public utility in the United States is furnished by the Philadelphia Gas Works. And in explanation of the failure in that instance it may be said that the municipal government of Philadelphia taken as a whole appears to have been a failure, very largely, it is charged, because of the power exercised by the public service corporations, especially those interested in transportation.

It does not seem likely that a further and gradual extension of municipal activity along the lines of municipalization would be followed in the main by other than wholesome results. The danger is that American cities, in their revulsion against the present evils of private management, may attempt to municipalize at too rapid a rate. Especially is there danger that the popular sentiment in favor of municipal ownership may be taken advantage of and

manipulated by entrenched interests to enable them to unload their properties on the public at prices greatly in excess of their real value.

The municipal ownership spirit is in the air. Nothing can be more certain than that a continuation of the present unsatisfactory conditions under private management will bring on the early and rapid municipalization of the so-called public utilities. It is especially incumbent upon those who would check the swelling movement for municipalization, therefore, to give attention to the question of franchises with a view to remedying the conditions productive of such widespread dissatisfaction.

In the first place, cities should be given by the legislature full power to deal with the whole matter of municipal franchises as the interests of the municipality may require. This should include the grant by the legislature of the power to municipalize, in case such a course for any reason should seem wise. The question of municipalization is a question of business expediency, properly to be determined in each case according to the particular exigencies and local conditions that may exist. There is no general rule decisive of the matter in all cases. In some situations, the duty of the governing authorities might manifestly be to undertake public ownership and management, while under a different set of circumstances such a course might be as manifestly impolitic and improper. The decision, in either case, should rest with the community directly affected. Every community ought to have the grant of power from the legislature to do the one thing or the other, as might seem best. Nothing is better calculated to breed insolence in the public service corporations in their negotiations with the public authorities than the knowledge that those authorities cannot do otherwise than grant a franchise to a private agency; that they are powerless to undertake to render the service themselves.

The value to the governing authorities of the power to bring about public management of a plant was well illustrated by the experience of the Federal government with the armor plate makers. In the absence of effective competition the price of armor plate to the government was raised until Congress, some two years ago, was about to authorize the payment of \$545 a ton. The Senate, however, attached to the appropriation bill an amendment authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to erect a government armor plate plant in case he should be unable to secure plate at prices that seemed to him reasonable. In consequence of the action of Congress placing this club in the hands of the Secretary of the Navy, contracts were soon made for armor plate at prices more than \$100 a ton lower than the government otherwise would have had to pay. Now there are many reasons why it should seem to be undesirable for the Federal government to go into the armor plate business. Nevertheless, the action of Congress in sanctioning a government plant, if that should be necessary to protect the government from extortion, was obviously the only wise and business-like course to pursue, considering the circumstances. So it is with the municipal public utilities. The attempt to protect the public by fostering competition in these industries, that are by their nature monopoly industries, is worse than useless. If the cities of America generally possessed the legal power to municipalize, there would not be nearly so much agitation for municipalization as there is, because the mere existence of that power in reserve would do much to put the public service corporations on their good behavior. Progressive city charter-makers all recognize this fact, and favor giving to cities the power to municipalize whether or not they expect the power to be used.

With public service industries in private hands, the important question is, How shall the public exercise effective

control? Practically every one concedes the necessity for public control of industries of this kind; yet scarcely any American community is exercising control that may properly be called effective. One of two things appears to be inevitable: either a system of really effective continuing control over public service corporations must be developed, or those industries are virtually certain to be municipalized sooner or later. The object of control should be to insure facilities and service in keeping with the changing needs of the public, and furthermore to insure that such service shall always be rendered at prices reasonable to the user. It is not enough that the service be adequate to-day and that the charges therefor be reasonable under present conditions. There must likewise be assurance that the service in the future will be adequate to the needs of the future, and that charges at all times shall be the lowest at which the service can properly be furnished, all things considered.

Now the needs of the future cannot be foreseen, at least not with any degree of accuracy. What is good street railway service to-day is likely to be inadequate service in ten years. A charge that is reasonable now may become extortionate in a comparatively short time. It is absolutely impossible, therefore, to formulate for insertion in a franchise to be granted to-day specifications that will satisfy all the requirements of tomorrow. Yet that is precisely what most communities have attempted to do. The fundamental mistake has consisted in treating franchise grants as contracts, unalterable without the consent of both parties, like ordinary contracts concerning property. Governments, like individuals, may properly enough enter into contracts relating to property, and such contracts when made should be respected; but governments ought not by contract to divest themselves of governmental functions, as they do to an extent when they surren-

der partial control of the public streets, by giving to private interests definite-term contractual rights therein. It is very difficult indeed to compel a corporation enjoying definite-term rights in the streets to do what it may desire for reasons of self-interest not to do, even in cases where theoretically large powers of control are reserved to the governing authorities. The only way for a city to be certain of its ability to exercise complete control over its public streets is for it not to surrender beyond recall any rights of use or of occupancy in such streets. The city can control completely only when it is in a position to terminate at any time the right of use claimed by any person or corporation that may choose to defy the will of the city in any respect. In other words, the grant terminable at the will of the governing authorities is the only kind under which the city can be sure of its ability to dominate the situation at all times. And it is precisely in the communities where that form of grant obtains that the best results generally are secured, and it is in such communities that the relations between the corporations and the public are the most satisfactory.

This style of grant is in use in Massachusetts and in the city of Washington.

In Massachusetts it has been the policy since the first introduction of street railways not to make grants running for any definite term, but all grants are subject to revocation at any time at the will of the proper governing authorities. In Washington, where Congress is the franchise-conferring authority, all grants to public service corporations are by their terms subject to alteration, amendment, or repeal at any time. Under this system, which has been aptly termed tenure during good behavior, Washington and Boston have developed street railway systems that may fairly be said to be the best in the world. Except for a short experimental line in New York, Washington was the first city in

the United States to secure the underground trolley or conduit system of propulsion, and that despite the fact that it is a comparatively small city, in which the street railway business is not nearly so profitable as in larger centres of population. And Washington secured the underground electric conduit system, not because the managers were any more willing there than in other cities to install it, but because Congress had the reserved power to require among other things the adoption of the conduit system. Whatever improvements in service the governing authorities in Washington see fit to require, are provided without the parleying and friction common in cities whose powers of control are not so clearly defined. In Massachusetts it is much the same. Boston furnishes the unparalleled spectacle of three systems — surface, elevated, and underground — so correlated that a passenger may make use of all three for a single fare.

Congress, in legislating for the new possessions acquired as a result of the Spanish war, evidently had in mind the franchise policy that has produced such good results in Washington and in Massachusetts. The Porto Rican Civil Government Act, approved April 12, 1900, was almost immediately modified by a joint resolution, approved May 1, 1900, one section of which reads as follows: —

“That all franchises, privileges, or concessions granted under section thirty-two of said act shall provide that the same shall be subject to amendment, alteration, or repeal; shall forbid the issue of stock or bonds, except in exchange for actual cash, or property at a fair valuation, equal in amount to the par value of the stock or bonds issued; shall forbid the declaring of stock or bond dividends; and, in the case of public service corporations, shall provide for the effective regulation of the charges thereof, and for the purchase or taking by the public authorities of their property at a fair and reasonable valuation.”

That section, though so very brief, really embodies the essential features of sound franchise policy. It provides (1) that all grants shall be subject to amendment, alteration, or repeal; (2) that there shall be no over-capitalization; (3) that there shall be a reservation of the right to regulate charges; and (4) that the public authorities shall reserve the right to take over the property of the grantee at a fair and reasonable valuation. If American cities would incorporate similar provisions in all franchises hereafter granted, they would find that the public service corporations would be the source of far less trouble in the future than they have been in the past.

The Philippine Civil Government Act, approved March 2, 1901, although very brief, contains this proviso: —

“That all franchises granted under authority hereof shall contain a reservation of the right to alter, amend, or repeal the same.”

The recent grant of permission to the Commercial Cable Company to lay a cable from the mainland of the United States to the Hawaiian Islands, Guam, and the Philippines, contains these provisions, among others: —

“That the United States shall at all times have the right to purchase the cable lines, property, and effects of the said company at an appraised value, to be ascertained by disinterested persons, two to be selected by the Postmaster-General, two by the company or concern interested, and the fifth by the four previously selected.”

“That the consent hereby granted shall be subject to any future action by Congress, or by the President, affirming, revoking, or modifying, wholly or in part, the said conditions and terms on which this consent is given.”

So far as the writer is aware, there have been in this country but three thorough-going inquiries into the question of the proper duration of franchise grants, and in all three instances the

decision was in favor of the grant without fixed duration, but terminable by the public authorities at any time. One such inquiry was made by a committee, of which Mr. Charles Francis Adams was chairman, created by act of the Massachusetts Legislature; another was made by the Chicago Street Railway Commission, and the third by the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce. Following are excerpts from the report of the Massachusetts committee, dealing with the point at issue:—

“One feature in the franchise granted to the Massachusetts companies immediately attracts notice; from the beginning they were, and still almost invariably are, in terms perpetual, while in reality legally revocable at the discretion of local boards. In this respect they are peculiar, almost anomalous; for, as a rule, both in this country and in Europe concessions have been granted private companies for fixed periods of time only, during which the franchise, or concession, is in the nature of a binding contract. These contracts, especially in European cities, are almost infinite in their variety. They run from periods of fourteen to a hundred years, and, like leases between private parties, are framed so as to provide in advance for every contingency likely to arise. In Massachusetts, on the other hand, the grants of location have, as a rule, been of the simplest possible character, drawn in the most general terms, and with a noticeable absence of technicalities, reservations, and safeguards against contingencies; and yet, while by these locations the local boards apparently granted the corporations rights in perpetuity in the public ways, the law, at the same time, reserved to the boards the power to revoke those rights at discretion.

“In theory, such a franchise is to the last degree illogical. It can be compared only to a lease, terminable at will by the lessor, and without provision for the compensation of the lessee. Such

a system, if suggested, would naturally be pronounced impracticable, if not absurd, and it would be assumed that private capital would never embark in ventures so lacking in the element of permanence and security. Yet in Massachusetts this has not proved to be the case; nor can it be said that the system has, for the half-century it has been in use, worked otherwise than on the whole satisfactorily.

“A more fixed tenure of franchises is, however, by the terms of the act creating the committee, one of the two points it is especially instructed to consider. The substitution for the present indefinite concessions of a specific and binding contract, covering a fixed term of years, setting forth the rights and obligations of the parties thereto and containing a rule of compensation for the purchase of the property in case of failure to renew, at once suggests itself as a measure of reform; and yet, in the course of the protracted hearings before the committee, it was very noticeable that no such change was advocated by the representatives of the municipalities or of the companies, nor, apparently, did the suggestion of such a change commend itself to either. Some amendments in detail of the existing law and partial measures of protection against possible orders of sudden, ill-considered or aggressive revocation were suggested; but it was evident that, while the municipalities wanted to retain as a weapon—a sort of discussion bludgeon—the right of revocation at will, the companies preferred, on the whole, a franchise practically permanent, though never absolutely certain, to a fixed contract tenure for a shorter term, subject to the danger of alteration at every periodic renewal. . . . The term franchise, or concessions for a fixed contract period, is, moreover, open to serious objections. As the members of the committee found wherever they studied it in operation, in this country or in Europe, it is apt to operate practically

as a check on enterprise, and a bar in the way of any development involving the investment of fresh capital or of earnings which might be divided. The inducement is strong to get the largest profit possible out of the time conceded, without increasing the value of a system a renewed lease of which will at some specified time be under negotiation. . . .

"The same thing was noticeable in the American cities visited by the committee. The term franchise here, too, has been productive of dissension, poor service, scandals, and unhealthy political action. There is probably no possible system productive of only good results and in no respects open to criticism; but, in fairness, the committee found itself forced to conclude that the Massachusetts franchise, which might perhaps not improperly be termed a tenure during good behavior, would in its practical results compare favorably with any. . . . The investigations of the committee have not led its members to believe that the public would derive benefit from the substitution of any form of term franchise now in use in place of the prescriptive Massachusetts tenure."

The report of the Massachusetts committee bears date of 1898. The Chicago Street Railway Commission, in its report to the city council in December, 1900, under the heading "Public Control and Duration of Grants" has this to say:—

"In view of the fact that the indefinite term franchise has worked so well in practice, it may be in order to question the statement of the Massachusetts committee that found in favor of this form of grant that 'such a franchise is to the last degree illogical.' Things that are illogical usually do not work well, in the long run at least. The fact that the indefinite term franchise has actually produced such satisfactory results in practice must lead one to inquire if it is not really correct in prin-

ciple, despite its seeming illogical character.

"As the Massachusetts committee very clearly and very correctly points out, the street car, in evolutionary development, is 'nothing more nor less than an improved omnibus, and the tramway a special feature in the pavement of the public way; a feature adapted, it is true, to the car's special use, but not necessarily excluding from general use the portion of the street in which it is laid. This is all the street railway was fifty years ago, when first laid; it is all it is now, — an improved line of omnibuses, running over a special pavement. If this fact be firmly grasped and borne constantly in mind, the discussion, and the principles underlying it, are greatly simplified. The analogy throughout is with the omnibus line, and not with the railroad train; with the public thoroughfare, and not with the private right of way. Upon this distinction, indeed, all the questions now to be discussed, whether of taxation or of franchise privilege and obligation, will be found to turn.'

"Now the omnibus is operated under a license that gives no right as against the authority granting the license that cannot be altered or taken away at any time. All would concede the unwisdom and impolicy of making the license for the omnibus a binding contract for a definite period of time that could not be altered or revoked by the granting authority, no matter how conditions might change, and no matter how arbitrary and overbearing the manager of the omnibus line might be in his dealings with the public. And yet the indefinite term grant or revocable license for the street car, which is only an improved omnibus, is conceived to be illogical. We cannot think that it is so. On the contrary, the indefinite term grant is nearer in accord with the correct principle than is the term grant.

"Because of the great outlay involved in establishing a street railway system,

it is said, the owners of such property ought to have some assurance that their property value will not be destroyed by some hasty act of revocation. And so they ought. But the assurance should be that, if their rights to use the streets be revoked, their property suitable to and used for street railway purposes should be taken off their hands at a fair valuation; not that they should be privileged to remain in undisputed possession of the public streets for a definite period of time, whether they serve the public well or ill.

"The Street Railway Commission believes that the definite term grant, whatever its duration, is open to serious objections. It is of opinion that a grant of indefinite duration, but subject to termination at any time upon certain conditions, one of which should be the taking of the property of the grantee at a fair valuation, would be productive of much better results."

The most important feature of sound municipal policy, in other words, is the retention by the public authorities of the right to terminate the grant at any time, in case the public interests render such action desirable. The grantee is afforded sufficient protection, if given assurance that his property will be taken off his hands at a fair and reasonable valuation, in case of termination of the

grant. This one feature alone, if adhered to, would afford to American communities in future immunity from the worst abuses which some of them are suffering. But there are other features of franchise policy that ought to prove beneficial in practice, though none so important as the one already discussed. For one thing, excessive capitalization should not be allowed, and to accomplish this something more than a legal pronouncement against stock watering is necessary. There must be somebody constituted to pass on all bond and stock issues as they are put forth — for example, like the state railroad and lighting commissions in Massachusetts — to insure that the spirit of the law is not contravened. For another thing, the system of accounts and public reports of corporations operating under franchise grants should be such as to enable the public to detect abuses and to understand whether the rates charged for service are reasonable. In many quarters the referendum has been advocated as a cure for franchise ills. The remedy may be somewhat clumsy, but it seems to be the only effective safeguard where grants running for definite term periods are allowed. Where the grant is — as it ought to be — subject to termination at any time, the referendum would not seem to be necessary.

George C. Sikes.

FALSE GYPSIES.

ONE of the best restaurants in New York, and one of the most exacting for young purses, had once its vogue among discontented youths of irrepressible individuality. There they found, on happier days, some popular tenor, an approachable merchant from Martinique, a talkative *boulevardier*, or some other incarnation of their Mistress France. At least they found one another. When

plain William had failed once more to vend his erotic verse, and the undoubted distinction of Edward's black mane had not yet sufficed to palm off his impressionism, and Herbert had a thing for Town Topics, not quite finished, it was a distinct solace to leave work for condolence in the pose of the Latin Quarter. You sauntered into the café, saluted the very business-like woman at

the counter, found a loose French weekly, and sat beside a marble-topped table at the window. The others would arrive; and together you would drink toward a serener view of life. To have hope rather than faith, to be idle under the guise of research into humanity, to indulge a smattering of French and a taste for spirits, to talk dispassionately of vaudeville, — these made you eligible; this was Bohemian. *Deux maza-grans*, said with quiet assurance, was almost equivalent to conversation. If you expatiated upon symbolism without boggling at the absinthe, you were a Bohemian professed. What have cigarettes and uncooked criticism in a French restaurant to do with Bohemia?

Something, no doubt. Bohemia may be entered by the Pass of Discontent. Revolt from the conventional, as it may happily lead into generous enthusiasm for whatever asserts individuality, may arise from the assertion of one's own individuality. Only, the assertion is not tolerable for long without proof; and merely to put on the manner of Bohemia is a convention, like any other. Alas! for the perpetual youths at the marble-topped table it was the cloak of indolence, sham Bohemia dissipating the alms of Philistia. A murky basement not far away showed franker stuff. The company that met with friendly nods by the long tables had already weighed the price of freedom. Each held his half-success in what he loved and believed, and the fellowship of those that measured life so, worth a hall bedroom, and plain, irregular meals. The cutting away of pretense, instead of bringing a crop of cynicism, left the ground clear for the best of talk, for a criticism of life which, though sometimes thin, was never unreal. They were not artists and poets, nor even journalists, but second-rate illustrators, story-writers, and essayists in the dear leisure of a newspaper day, serious students of ideas, — ideas barren enough, it might chance, but still ideas. So

dinner was an unaffected gayety, — the higher if there had been no luncheon, — asking no stimulus beyond the cheap ordinary wine and the man across the table. The low room clashed with conversation and laughter, reeked with pipe-smoke; but there was no other intemperance. Until the foothold was gained, the mastery won, this for them was life. Brave travelers, they chose Bohemia for their crossing.

And Bohemia repaid the choice. At the long tables one was free to wear his own guise without apology, and sure of the welcome he gave. It was the code that you might not address a novice, however promising he, however talkative you, until he opened the way; but that you might smoke your rat-tail cigar on the back of a friend's chair, or on the table after the apples and cheese. When music came in from the street, harp or guitar and violin tucking themselves between tables against the wall, the whole roomful would sometimes chink the measure on glasses, or sing a chorus from *Trovatore*. On one supreme evening the taciturn Colonel left his spaghetti, flung a coat-tail over each arm, and with a fine decorous abandon danced up and down the midst, precisely nimble. There was a roar of applause at this hyperbole of the spirit of the place; but the Colonel, having had his fling, resumed his fork without word or smile. He had expressed himself.

Withal it would have been hard to find a tavern stricter. The few women that came were reporters, eager sometimes in talk, smoking when they chose, but rarely expansive, and commonly in the sober dignity of middle age; or minor singers with their husbands, a hard-working few, less adept in conversation. Of drinking there was very little. Money was too hard won, and this was distinctly a place to eat in. When an Italian impresario and his presumable patron stumbled in by chance one evening and talked tipsily loud — no more — Teresa was in from the kitchen, order-

ing them from her house in brave Italian and broken English. The company silently approved, and they never came again.

For its little while, the time of passage, this was a solace in discipline. To be free, to be worthy of your neighbor's keen question, to give and take the ease of simple gayety that you might the better work for yourself, it is a colored life. But not for long. Rather, "Woe is me that I have my habitation among the tents of Kedar." They that dwell in Bohemia because they have unlearned the way forth suffer dreary and repulsive decline. An old gypsy is tolerable only if he be a real gypsy, not in choice or lapse of will, but in the blood. This is the race whose journey has no end, for whom life and all the world is Bohemia, only a space for travel. Moving always on the highway, stopping always short of the city, these are no shiftless tramps in wagons, but a race doomed to make no progress except in physical distance, and to make

that always, to kill time. For any but the blood to spend a lifetime on the road is as unnatural as for this blood to keep house. The real gypsies are happy, doubtless, as the nomads of the world's childhood. Perpetual youth is perpetual limitation; once the limitation is seen, intolerable to any zeal for manhood.

To us others, not of the blood, even to the least conventional of an elaborate civilization, Bohemia must be a country of inns, — inns for the poor adventurous young, responsive to the freedom in others which they must have in themselves. Like the actual Switzerland, it is only for our summer. A careless while to have no home is to some men, fewer women, an exhilaration. To let slip the hope of home is a cowardice or a curse. Clap pack on back, then, or ship as stowaways for the seacoast of Bohemia. But be ready for random fare and a truss of hay; be ready also to go on, or else to return, even to Philistia, not ungrateful for memories.

Charles Sears Baldwin.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

A REVIEWER who has fallen into the habit of classifying his material according to some more or less fanciful method must have now and then a bad moment in realizing his delinquencies. It is too likely that in his eagerness to expound a gospel according to himself he may have got to neglecting the other part of his business, which is to tell people something about particular books. He may have failed to give his actual impression of the whole value of a book because he has been thinking about its pertinence to his theme; or he may have said nothing at all about certain new books which he has read with great pleasure, but which have not had

if he is not too slow about it, do something toward making up for the latter fault, at least. Some day in the middle of his uneasiness, before "the good minute goes," he may turn to resolutely and cull these inconveniently remembered volumes from the odd corners in which he will have shiftily tucked them; and permit himself to remember for what uncategorical reasons he enjoyed reading them.

His enjoyment must of course have varied in degree as well as in kind. There, for example, was Marion Crawford's *Cecilia*,¹ which yields whatever satisfaction may be had from a book

in with any of his little plans. He can,

¹ *Cecilia*. By F. MARION CRAWFORD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

which is good enough to make one wish it better. It is the sort of book to be expected from a process of improvisation that can produce a semi-annual novel for a series of years; though Scott did that for fourteen years with results which are still considered satisfactory. The underlying theme of this novel is of interest, taking us into the realm of dreams without exposing us either to the modern "spiritual" prurience or to the modern "psychical" terminology. The narrative possesses the familiar Crawfordian fluency, and there is some powerful writing in the early scenes. The theme is developed by a situation rather than by a plot, and the situation as the story proceeds is handled so tamely, even perfunctorily, that one is forced to think that the writer's own interest in it must have flagged long before the inevitable solution is permitted to emerge. It is a pity that Mr. Crawford should not be able to reckon among his endowments the "infinite capacity for taking pains," which, whatever its relation to genius, is essential to success, especially in the sustained forms of art. The book, if it had been written by some beginner, might have been called a work of promise. This would hardly be said of *The Two Vanrevels*,¹ unless one stopped reading after the first three of its twenty chapters. Mr. Tarkington produced in *Monsieur Beaucaire* a singularly delicate example of an ordinary type of fiction. It was a sort of historical romance, reduced from the heroic size then in vogue to the gauge and tint of the miniature. Its success was a good success of its artificial kind. The Gentleman from Indiana was a romance reduced to modern terms, and not without glory braved the realist upon one of his favorite stamping-grounds, the middle West. The plot of *The Two Vanrevels*, on the other hand, is of so frankly, one had almost said so insolently,

impossible a character, that in spite of the charming opening chapters it is difficult for the reader to withhold some feeling of irritation. That a young girl should live in a small town and be wooed for some time by two men without getting their names straight is improbable enough; and that five young men should stand upon the roof of a burning building and pleasantly wait for death until the heroine takes it into her head to rescue them is even preposterous. This kind of thing, however, is easily managed by readers who have a stomach for romance. It is the flimsiness, rather than the impossibility, of this story with which one has a right to be impatient. What are the conditions which can draw forth from a writer of such promise so careless an exhibition of his powers? To answer the question would probably entail a resort to that ancient moaning of all critics about the perils of a sudden popularity.

The author has (since the Flood) been able to retort that critics are not, as a rule, subjected to that particular peril; and it must be admitted that popularity is not, in itself, an unmixed evil. It is even compatible with careful workmanship, and now and then the seal of its approbation takes some form of beauty which adds a new dignity to this despised quality of marketableness. One of the comeliest sets of books which have been recently published in America is the collected edition of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's works.² These ten volumes, many of them illustrated by the author himself, are of so elegant and substantial a make-up that they ought to satisfy even a writer who is also a painter and a builder of lighthouses. Mr. Smith's versatility is shown by the pretty even division of this edition into novels, short stories, and sketches of travel. It is in his travel sketches that he has made his most important contribution to con-

¹ *The Two Vanrevels*. By BOOTH TARKINGTON. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

² *The Works of F. Hopkinson Smith*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

temporary literature. It is a pity that this once popular sort of writing should be now almost out of vogue. The "special article" retailing information about strange places appears to have supplanted it in public esteem much as the article founded upon reason and intended to instruct has supplanted the creative essay. That old-fashioned sketch of travel was a delicate mode of art, a record of impression and temperament rather than of stolid fact. There is hardly a literary form in which Americans have more strikingly succeeded, from the appearance of Irving's *Alhambra* papers to the *Castilian Days* of Mr. John Hay, and the delightful books of Mr. Howells and Mr. Aldrich. Among somewhat younger writers Mr. Henry van Dyke and Mr. Hopkinson Smith are perhaps worthiest of rank in this good company.

It would be hardly too much to say that most great writers of English prose have done something notable in this vein. An interesting item, and one which will be unfamiliar to many readers, in the new pocket edition of Fielding,¹ is the *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*, a travel sketch of a remarkable sort. The circumstances of this journey are as unpromising as need be, the flight for life of a man well on in years and stricken with a painful and incurable disease. Signs of his condition do appear in the particularity with which he enumerates his symptoms; but he displays an equal accuracy and enthusiasm in recording his bill of fare. He complains only of the avoidable delays and vexations which the voyage seemed fated to encounter; and on every page is written the humor, the candor, the unfeigned enjoyment and unlabored understanding of human nature which throughout his work mark Henry Fielding as one of the keenest eyes and one of the warmest hearts the world has known. Other valuable material is included in *The*

Miscellanies which contain the *Voyage to Lisbon*: notably Fielding's best plays, and some examples of his journalistic work. Mr. Saintsbury also takes satisfaction in including among the novels *The History of the Life of the Late Jonathan Wild the Great*. Mr. Saintsbury has a great enthusiasm for the book. "Fielding has written no greater book," he says. "It is his *Tale of a Tub* . . . compact of almost pure irony. And nothing can be more certain than that pure irony is relished with a genuine and unaffected relish only by a very small number of persons. To those who do relish it, there is nothing quite so delicious. Not only does the special taste of it never pall, but, unlike other special tastes, it communicates to the whole of life a flavor, now of consolation, now of heightening. To the most poignant individual enjoyments of sense or intellect, to the most genuine admiration of beauty or sublimity, in the persons, the actions, the works of others, it contributes that reflex sense of the other side, of the drawback, of the end, which is required to save passion from fatuity and rapture from cloying. Disappointment, ill-success, sorrow in personal experience, disgust, contempt, indignation in regarding the works and the ways, public and private, of others, it consoles and sweetens with the other sense of compensation, of comprehension, of the *revanche*. But it is an unusual, and it may be an unhappy, temperament that can always adjust itself to the ironic view. For that view necessitates on one side a certain mystical faith; on another, a readiness to laugh at oneself, the acutest if not the wholesomest of pleasures; on yet another, an extreme tolerance; on another still, an immense pessimism. No one who has not said to himself, when he has just indulged in an expansion of heart or pen, 'You idiot!' no one who, when he has met with a disappointment or an injustice, has not said to himself, 'The fools were right after all;' no one who does

¹ *The Temple Fielding*. Edited by GEORGE SAINTSBURY. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1902.

not feel that if he ever swayed an audience as speaker or actor, obtained a striking success with a book, or in other ways obtained greatness, his first reflection would be '*O sancta simplicitas!*' can thoroughly enjoy Jonathan Wild."

All this did not intend to be quoted here, but it is so excellent an example of the pregnant discursus with which it is Mr. Saintsbury's somewhat prodigal habit to enliven his discussion of all manner of themes, and so valuable an observation in itself, that one wishes to pass it on. One may not be sure that this character of irony is especially applicable to the Jonathan of Fielding, who indeed seems the creation of an irony somewhat obvious, certainly less restrained and subtle than that of Thackeray's experiment in the same sort, Barry Lyndon. Whatever exception the reader may take to such idiosyncrasies of interpretation, he cannot fail to enjoy the urbanity and profit by the suggestiveness of Mr. Saintsbury's introductory matter in the present edition, one of the most companionable and cheapest editions of Fielding ever published.

Another interesting reprint is the new collected edition of Lover.¹ I do not know whether the younger generation still reads Handy Andy and Rory O'More with an added filip of joy due to the conviction that it would be more virtuous to be reading *Ivanhoe* or *The House of the Seven Gables*. Possibly the cheap historical novel and the works of one Henty are now perused in that spirit — not so profitably, it is fair to assume. One of these guilty readers, at least, has been not a little surprised on re-reading these and other stories by Samuel Lover to learn how little reason there was for those youthful qualms. Not that the merry Irishman comes anywhere near Scott or Hawthorne or the other great masters of fiction, but beside the farcical activity for which the boy values, or once valued him, there is

¹ *The Works of Samuel Lover*. New Library Edition. With Introduction by JAMES JEF-

a deal of sound literary stuff in his work. His limitations are well stated in the excellent Introduction to the present edition by James Jeffrey Roche: "He developed no deep plots, made no subtle analyses of character, solved no social 'problems,' and, indeed, pictured life mostly as it was to be seen on the surface. His characters and their accessories hint of the stage, elemental, largely drawn, devoid, for the most part, of mingled or conflicting passions. Yet they are fixed in the reader's mind, and each has an individuality not to be ignored or forgotten." These novels contain, moreover, a deal of keen satire and hearty philosophy, as well as some of the best dialogue in English: —

"'Don't say popery,' cried the cook; 'it's a dirty word! Say Roman Catholic when you spake of the faith.'

"'Do you think I would undhervalue the faith?' said Larry, casting up his eyes. 'Oh, Missis Milligan, you know little of me; d' you think I would undhervalue what is my hope, past, present, and to come? — *what* makes our hearts light when our lot is heavy? — *what* makes us love our neighbors as ourselves?'

"'Indeed, Misther Hogan,' broke in the cook, 'I never knew any one fonder of calling in on a neighbor than yourself, particularly about dinner time' —

"'What makes us,' said Larry, who would *not* let the cook interrupt his outpouring of pious eloquence — 'what makes us fierce in prosperity to our friends, and meek in adversity to our inimies?'

"'O Misther Hogan!' said the cook, blessing herself.

"'What puts the leg undher you when you are in throuble? why, your faith: what makes you below deceit, and above reproach, and on neither side of nothin?'" Larry slapped the table like a prime minister, and there was no opposition."

FREY ROCHE. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1902.

Apart from the novels, Lover, like Fielding, wrote plays, and, unlike him, produced some good songs. He was, indeed, in his own day considered no mean rival of Moore, whom he knew very well. In the volume of miscellaneous verse contained in the present edition there is much which is simply the commonplace of that feminine "keepsake" era, dripping sentiment breathed forth in bland butter-womanly metres, a product which pretty ladies have ceased to take seriously as poetry, but still find serviceable as song. There is something in music which makes one willing to be merely "Wafted back to that fairy isle Where the skies are ever blue, Where faithful ever is friendship's smile, And hearts are ne'er untrue," as Lover puts it on one occasion. Fortunately he does not always write for parlor music; here is a poem to Mary, full of wooing zephyrs, murmuring streamlets, and tiny feet; and on the opposite page this jolly stave, among others:—

"But other O'Mayleys soon gather'd,
And, rattling down swiftly, the cudgels came
clustering,
With blustering,
And oaths that McCarthy forever be
smather'd!
And in mutual defacing 'God's image,'
Both clans had a darlin' fine scrimmage!"

The final couplet is a touch beyond Thomas Moore. On the whole, it is fair to suggest that, without possessing anything like Fielding's richness and body of flavor, Lover's work deserves to be read still for its lusty and kindly humor by a generation which is inclined to be sharp and over-particular in its taste, so far as it exercises taste at all.

The other books upon which this department has been especially wishing to comment are of a very different sort. They are not "mere literature;" they

are the product of study or observation and written for a practical end. They belong in fact to the class of book which commonly makes its little contribution to contemporary knowledge or speculation, and is forgotten. The force of such work may be transmitted, and continue to exist, but such a book can live, as a book, only when it has been written by a man who is, among other things, a creator. Such a book might, I think, be written by Robert A. Woods, who published some years ago a valuable study of the South End of Boston, which is now followed by a companion-volume upon the North and West Ends.¹ As the work of six or eight different persons now at settlement work in those districts, the quality of the narrative is remarkably even, except for the four chapters written by the editor himself, which are noteworthy pieces of prose: a striking example, one would say, of the development of a vigorous and polished style by the application of a cultivated mind to a serious and absorbing practical theme. The volume is, in substance, a careful account of the make-up of the North and West Ends of Boston, the history of their topography, of their continually shifting social and racial components, and an analysis of their present conditions. The work will be particularly valuable to Bostonians, but contains much material of general interest.

Mr. Hapgood's recent book² is undertaken in a somewhat different spirit. "I was led," he says in his preface, "to spend much time in certain poor resorts of Yiddish New York, not through motives either philanthropic or sociological, but simply by virtue of the charm I felt in men and things there. East Canal Street and the Bowery have interested me more than Broadway and Fifth Avenue." Occasional visitors to

¹ *The City Wilderness*. Edited by ROBERT A. WOODS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1898.

Americans in Process. Edited by ROBERT

A. WOODS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

² *The Spirit of the Ghetto*. By HUTCHINS HAPGOOD. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1902.

New York who are impressed, or depressed, by the prevalence of the Hebrew type on Fifth Avenue and Broadway will be interested to learn from Mr. Hapgood that the German Jews, the prosperous class, many of whom were born in this country, and the Russian or Polish Jews of the Ghetto "hate each other like poison." The writer's description of the general customs of the Ghetto is sketchy, as it may well afford to be in the presence of the voluminous commentary of contemporary sociological writing. A large part of the volume, however, occupies itself with a comparatively little known element in that life, "the intellectuals," the extreme modern Russian Jews of literary and social tendency, whose life is of the café rather than of the sweat-shop. It can hardly be said that Mr. Hapgood succeeds in investing his theme with charm. His method is a little dry; and it would have to be extraordinarily sympathetic to offset the effect of the repulsive cover and of the illustrations with which, for some inscrutable reason, the text is embarrassed.

These two books are the fruit of observation. The *New Empire*¹ and *Anticipations*² are the product of speculation based upon study of the past and the present. Mr. Adams attempts by a brilliant if somewhat vague method (whose vagueness is half concealed by an external definiteness and concreteness of statement) to adjust to a single economic postulate all manner of historical, geographical, and philosophical data. Mr. Adams does not fear to rush in upon ground which, it may be, is accustomed to a somewhat less confident tread. A sort of inspired assurance has always served as one of the most useful means of approaching truth, if not as the most certain means of attaining it. At the very least it is powerful in arous-

ing interest and piquing conjecture in other minds. Whatever may be the absolute value of Mr. Adams's conclusions (and the present writer ventures in all ignorance and humility to suggest the grain of salt), his speculations will probably succeed in prodding many lay minds into at least a momentary concern with various themes which it is ordinarily inclined to think merely dull.

Mr. Wells's surmises take a somewhat more particular direction; they deal less with the vast interests of commerce and politics than with social and civic conditions. There are, however, few aspects of human life during the coming century concerning which he does not hazard some conjectures. His imagination is extraordinarily active in following out clues which he discovers in present conditions. Unfortunately it is hard for the reader of less daring mind to follow quite seriously Mr. Wells's rapid progress from recognized facts to results so extreme and subversive of a civilization that has hitherto developed pretty slowly, and may be trusted, if it is going to the dogs, to take its own time for the journey. These books would, it seems, gain much in power from greater temperance of mood and method. They strike one, in the case of the second especially, as being neither quite sane nor quite fantastic; and the reader is likely to lay them down with the somewhat bewildered feeling of one who has strayed into a hall where some sort of entertainment is in progress and cannot quite make out at the end whether he has been listening to a profound lecturer on hygiene, or to a brilliant hawker of patent medicines.

H. W. Boynton.

To read the first volume of this noteworthy work³ is to be led through a long gallery whose walls are covered with paintings of

¹ *The New Empire*. By BROOKS ADAMS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

² *Anticipations*. By H. G. WELLS. New York and London: Harper & Bros. 1902.

³ *Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties*. By M. OSTROGORSKI. Translated by FREDERICK CLARK. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

historical subject and interest and of philosophical import, interspersed with striking portraits and sketches of British statesmen of the last century; is to be delightfully and informingly led through here, out into the great hall of a tumultuous party convention or the closely packed, dimly lighted, smoky room of a ward caucus. The approach gives to these scenes the only dignity they possess, and alone allows the hope that somehow these selfish, sordid, unpicturesque struggles of Democracy in the present may find themselves expressed on the morrow in something better than a "painted sign on a coarse board." But the author of this work does not give us much hope.

The first chapters, the gallery in which these pictures of the past hang, show how the individual through the ideology of the poet, philosopher, and philanthropist, through the preaching of a new faith, and by the practical works of the inventor, came to his own in England; how Demos, free from the old social, religious, economic, and political bonds, started for the goal of the philosopher's dreaming, of Wesley's preaching, of the spinning jenny's and steam engine's whirring and thundering, and of his own vague longing; and how he got the electoral franchise which he expected would somehow make straight all crooked ways and open all gates to the delectable world. The succeeding chapters show this same Demos, in the body, feeding upon the husks of his own hopes and the philosopher's delusions. He has received the portion which has fallen to him and has spent it foolishly if not riotously.

This prodigality of sovereignty Mr. Ostrogorski attributes not to Democracy's own innate depravity, nor chiefly to its indifference to its fate, but to the seductions and selfish machinations of extra-legal and extra-parliamentary party organizations. These are gathered for purposes of convenience of examination and condemnation under the term "caucus," a word borrowed from America

and used by Disraeli in stigmatizing the activities of the Birmingham School (whose leader is now coördinating two civilizations in South Africa). The caucus, according to conclusions of this diligent and unsparing Gallicized Russian critic who has for fifteen years been studying Anglo-Saxon political ways, is the servant of English politics. Organized to persuade Democracy to make fullest and most intelligent use of its new prerogative, its franchise, — to eat of all the trees of the garden, — it has become responsible for the fall of Democracy, or at any rate for many of its sins of shortcoming. The sovereignty of Demos has become a shadow; his individuality has been erased; government is a monopoly which has passed from his hands; the mechanical has succeeded to the functions of the personal. He no longer holds his head erect; he "skulks along;" he has let his conscience, his intellect, and so his sovereignty, under indefinite lease, to Caucus, who is a motley, cowardly soul made up of innumerable pettinesses. "The more he [Demos] advances, the nearer he appears to draw to the starting point," to the time when he was completely bound by the old and more kindly tyrannies.

If Mr. Ostrogorski were allowed to speak in his own accurate words, instead of through these similes of mine, he would say that the caucus which aimed at hastening the democratic process in English political society "had succeeded in only a superficial, purely apparent fashion;" that the popular form of party organization merely enables it "to penetrate deeper into the masses for the purpose of capturing them more easily and not for giving them independence." And as to its influence on Parliament itself, with which the voter is no longer personally in touch (the caucus having put up intrenchments without, which the people must now storm and capture first, if they are to get Parliament to do their will), its springs have been

weakened, it has been lowered in the public estimate, and its efficacy has deteriorated. So, not only has the voter lost his prided sovereignty, but Parliament has also been put under the suzerainty of party. Democracy is not excused of all blame for such a state of affairs, but the caucus is accused of having systematized and crystallized the elements which have resulted in the "long degradation of democratic government," of incorporating into pernicious efficiency all the evil tendencies of politics, and of preying upon the known weaknesses of the individuals who compose the state. All the problems which Democracy had to face in its innocence, "party formalism" (which is to the author the political devil in the abstract) has "solved in the wrong way," or has "increased the gradient of the incline down which these difficulties were pushing Democracy." So much for the caucus in England.

When the scene changes and we find ourselves presented as pouring the poison into the ear of Democracy, to whom we have perhaps too much protested our devotion, as the Queen in Hamlet's play, we cannot sit in such complacency. But to "give o'er the play" were to confess to more than we are guilty of. Mr. Bryce, through whose hands his words (the most intelligent and informing in this field since his own American Commonwealth) have come to American readers, prepares those who read the preface first — and strengthens those who read it last — against an impression more unfavorable than the realities in English politics warrant. And while we must, on this side, admit (so far at any rate as my information goes) the accuracy of the concrete sordidness and political wantonness and official sinfulness which are here detailed and preserved against the days of our judgment; while we have been guilty of "voting for a yellow dog" for the sake of "regularity," and have let our civic courage shrivel into inward protestations while

we outwardly "conform," — while all this may be and doubtless is true, in the particular items of its statement, yet it is not entirely clear that our human weaknesses and selfish desires are not deserving of a rather greater share of the blame than they get, and the machinery of their expression less, than Mr. Ostrogorski gives. But even if all these unselfish items be charged against party formalism, this at least is to be said, that adequate credit is not given for the corrective influences, which, if not sufficient in amount to show our parties solvent, may at least reveal that there is not a hopeless balance against them. One is half conscious, all through the reading of his conclusions, of a questioning as to what Democracy would have achieved without parties, without permanently organized and disciplined armies, which both subdue indifference and ignorance in the field and garrison a principle or policy once it has been achieved. Mr. Ostrogorski concedes the need of organization, but holds and urges by illustration that it is the permanence of the organization that is harmful. "By discarding the use of permanent parties with power as their end, and in restoring to party its essential character of a combination of citizens formed especially for a particular political issue," we shall be on the way to the solution of the problem which very seriously perplexes and menaces Democracy, namely, that of getting its will expressed and enacted. It is through ephemeral leagues and associations which will compete each with the others at the preliminary polls for the submission of its favorite principle or fad to the final public vote, that he sees the individual come back to his real sovereignty again, — these, and a responsible ministry (but responsible individually and not collectively).

We must all see that the moral remedy is not to be efficacious if it does not also reach the machinery through which the citizen acts; but the machinery is after all only the language and not the

thought. The thought will in some way eventually get its accurate expression, and will break or alter the machinery to reach it. Thought, so far as it touches government, may have to use temporary leagues and associations, new words, but it is not likely to discard its old accumulated etymology. "Ephemeral parties," John Fiske says, "rise and fall over special questions of temporary importance, but this grand division (Tory and Liberal in their generic characteristics) endureth forever."

Mr. Ostrogorski's contribution, especially in its analysis and exposition of political phenomena, is a great one. His work is a thesaurus of fact and philosophy that should come into the hands of every serious student of politics in these two democracies where have been set up the stupendous mechanisms which convert raw opinion into votes that often so inaccurately and wastefully represent it, which transmutes votes into legislation that so seldom satisfies the voter, and which finally enacts the legislation into life that seems to mock the very purpose that gave it being.

J. H. F.

NOBODY is likely to turn to The Memoirs of Paul Kruger¹ in search of an impartial review of the causes and events of the South African war. The aged President of the South African Republic took no part in the actual fighting, and his account of the steps that led to it, while evidently sincere enough, is colored by a natural prejudice and suspicion. In his eyes Cecil Rhodes was "capital incarnate," "the curse of South Africa;" and he is firmly convinced that the British government wished the peace negotiations of 1899 to fail. Of such questions "Oom Paul," while an uncommonly interesting witness, is disqualified to serve as the historian. His book will not change the opinion of many people with regard to

the exact distribution of blame to both Boer and Briton for the lamentable struggle in the Transvaal.

But the story of his life does afford a perspective by means of which the final act in the drama of the republics can be more perfectly comprehended. In his adventurous earlier years, filled as they were with lion shooting, rhinoceros hunting, and Kaffir fighting, the "great Trek" taught him hatred of England. This farmer, who could outrun any Kaffir, and bear starvation and mutilation with stolid fortitude, soon developed that sheer contempt for his antagonists which has accounted for so much of the reckless hardihood of the campaigning Boers. Sometimes it breaks out in these Memoirs into passages of Plutarchan brevity and pith. Here, for instance, is Kruger's dialogue with General Sir Evelyn Wood, after the close of the war of independence in 1881:—

"He [Wood] asked among other things:—

"What were the two hundred men for, whom you were sending to the Biggarsberg?"

"We heard that you were marching there with twelve thousand."

"And you sent your two hundred?"

"Yes, we had no more to send; but I have seen that they would have been enough."

Nothing could be better in its way than this, unless it be the apologetic remark in De Wet's book about the Boers' lack of ammunition in the last stages of the late war: "Although the ammunition had for a long time been scarce, nevertheless, after every fight, there had been enough to begin the next with."

The essential shrewdness of the frontiersman, and his seasoned distrust of the methods of civilized diplomacy, is well illustrated in Kruger's reply to an urgent invitation extended to Joubert and himself to pay a visit to Sir Bartle Frere at Cape Town. "We refused;

¹ *The Memoirs of Paul Kruger*. Told by Himself. New York: The Century Co. 1902.

but when the invitation was repeated, and it was added that Sir Bartle wished to speak to us privately, I said: 'I will come, if you can tell me which Sir Bartle Frere it is that wishes to see us; for I know four of them. The first came to us at Kleinfontein, and assured us that he had not come with the sword, but as a messenger of peace. But, later on, I read in an English Blue Book that, on the same day, a Sir Bartle Frere, the second, therefore, had written to the British government, "If only I had had enough guns and men, I would soon have dispersed the rebels." I made the acquaintance of the third Sir Bartle Frere through his answer to our petition for the repeal of the annexation: he then said that he had informed the British government that he had met some five thousand of the best Boers at Kleinfontein, and that he recommended their petition to the government's earnest consideration. Afterwards, I saw in the English Blue Book that, on the same day, a Sir Bartle Frere, obviously a fourth, had informed the British government that he had met only a handful of rebels. Now these four cannot possibly be one and the same man; if, therefore, you can tell me which of the four Sir Bartles wishes to see us, we will think about it.'

Not the least interesting portion of the Memoirs is the appendix, containing speeches and proclamations, particularly the exhaustive speech on the issues leading to the war, which was delivered by President Kruger at his fourth inauguration in May, 1898. The book contains two portraits: a rare one taken about 1865, when Kruger was forty, and showing a face where a cer-

It is a portrait, likewise, which first arrests the attention of the reader of De Wet's *Three Years' War*.¹ Sargent's drawing of the brilliant Free State leader is a masterpiece of interpretative portraiture. Self-control, coolness, humor, modesty are in those eyes and lips, unless Sargent's brush is for once evasive. For opening a council of war with prayer, or dashing through the line of forts at Springhaansnek at the head of eight thousand burghers without losing one of them, here is the man! "I am no book-writer," he declares in his preface, but Grant, whose Memoirs possess some of the highest literary excellencies, thought himself no book-writer either. De Wet's story does not display the American general's ability to reject or subordinate masses of intrusive detail. Yet it is a straightforward, soldier-like narrative, beginning with the equipment of the volunteer private in September, 1899, and closing with the acceptance of the British terms of peace on May 31, 1902.

The book gives a clear impression of the imperfect discipline against which De Wet had to struggle from first to last. The burghers were often an unmalleable aggregation of stubborn units. They mastered their larger military problems slowly, if at all; held obstinately by their ox-wagons long after it was manifest that their only chance of success lay in swiftness of movement; and could never be depended upon to carry out with precision a preconceived plan. Occasionally they bolted under fire like the veriest raw recruits. De Wet was terribly tried by all this, but rarely ventures upon criticism of his comrades. He does speak plainly of

Cronje's fatal obduracy in refusing to abandon his laager at Paardeburg. Yet the tone of his comment is chivalric: "If I presume to criticise his conduct on this occasion, it is only because I believe that he ought to have sacrificed his own ideas for the good of the nation, and that he should not have been cour-

tain sweetness, as of the religious, is mingled with the obstinate strength; the other, the photograph of recent date, with fe heavy, drooping, leonine.

¹ *Three Years' War*. By CHRISTIAN DOLF DE WET. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

ageous at the expense of his country's independence, to which he was as fiercely attached as I."

Throughout De Wet's memoirs, as well as Kruger's, there is the constant evidence of unassumed piety and iron faith. "If the reader is eager to know how it was that I kept out of the enemy's hands until the end of the war, I can only answer, although I may not be understood, that I ascribed it to nothing else than this: it was not God's will that I should fall into their hands." Moralizing upon the outcome of the struggle, he exclaims: "We have done our best, and to ask any one to do more is unreasonable. May it be the cry of every one, 'God willed it so—his name be praised!'" Paul Kruger's closing paragraph is keyed to this same note of simple resignation. One wonders how far that note will indeed be understood in our modern Western world. Perhaps more widely than De Wet would think.

But at least there can be no doubt of the world-wide sympathy for the gallant "reconstructed" spirit of De Wet's dedication: "To my fellow-subjects of the British Empire." Those words give good omen for the future of South Africa. There is no better proof of the temper in which patriotic men of both races can together face and master a difficult situation than may be found in the appendix to Three Years' War. In the verbatim reports of the long conferences between the Boer generals and Lords Milner and Kitchener concerning the terms of peace, all the better qualities of the victorious combatants are manifest. Tact, patience, firm holding to essentials, a willingness to yield the smaller matters in controversy, make a pleasant picture as one closes the book. In the tragic conflict of which General De Wet has written, most of the glory went to the burghers and all of the territory to the British, but it is encour-

aging to note that, in the reconstruction of South Africa, Boer and Briton are working side by side for the common good. B. P.

At last we have a volume¹ on this most interesting field of study which should prove not only adequate for the wants of the intelligent general reader, but which is full of interest for the special student. The general reader will welcome the admirably selected illustrations and the clearly indicated characteristics by means of which he may distinguish the works of the three principal exponents of the school, Luca, Andrea, and Giovanni della Robbia. The products of this school, at the close of the fifteenth and early part of the sixteenth centuries, were so numerous that not merely the traveler in Italy but the visitor to such museums as the Bargello at Florence, the Berlin Museum, the Louvre, and the South Kensington is easily lost without a competent guide. Even the labels in our museums do not yet exhibit the benefits of rigorous modern criticism.

There are only two general treatises on the works of the Robbia school with which this volume may well be compared. One was written in 1884 by Cavallucci and Molinier, the other, in 1897 by Marcel Reymond. In addition to these, the writings of Dr. Bode of the Berlin Museum are of most value. Cavallucci's volume was of importance for its publication of documents and its long list of the Robbia works. But Professor Cavallucci once confessed to the writer of this review that he felt at sea in the attribution of Robbia monuments, unless confronted with documentary evidence. Miss Crutwell not only enlarges his series of documents, but uses them with greater discrimination. Documents are not always a valuable guide to the actual handiwork of

¹ *Luca and Andrea della Robbia and their Successors*. By MAUD CRUTWELL. Illustrated.

London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.

a monument, especially in the later history of the Robbia work when many hands were employed, although only the head of the *bottega* may have received the order or the remuneration.

Dr. Bode's wide acquaintance with Italian art and his predilection for Robbia monuments have been the means not only of enriching the Berlin Museum, but in stimulating and guiding critical study. He has done much to supply the deficiency of Cavallucci's work, and to render the observation of the monuments of essential importance. Dr. Bode's interests, however, have centred chiefly on Luca della Robbia. The works of Andrea and of Giovanni did not appeal to him so strongly. Marcel Reymond's charming little volume did much to bring Andrea della Robbia into clearer light, but Giovanni seems to be in his eyes a category under which may be classed all Robbia works not produced by Luca or Andrea. Miss Crutwell has done much to extricate Giovanni, and properly relegates to the atelier a host of works for which it is not yet possible to make more definite attributions. We see therefore the whole school more clearly analyzed than ever before.

Even in a brief review like this, we may be permitted to refer to some particular results reached in this volume. One of the most interesting of Luca della Robbia's works in terra-cotta is the Tabernacle of the Holy Cross in the Collegiate church at Impruneta. Miss Crutwell has perfected our knowledge of this monument by the discovery that a crucifixion relief, in a side chapel of the same church, once formed part of this Tabernacle. The discovery has important bearings in judging of Luca's style, since the relief has hitherto been assigned to a date several decades earlier. Her treatment of Luca's Madonnas, viewed as an attempt to extricate Luca's own personal handiwork, is certainly a praiseworthy effort, and ought to check the ascription of inferior work

to this master. Nevertheless, when, as in the frieze of one of the Impruneta Tabernacles, we find two Madonnas of essentially the same type, though differing in quality, is she justified in ascribing the inferior Madonna to Andrea? The question has a wide bearing, since there are a number of Madonnas which stand in similar relation to Luca's own handiwork.

For Andrea della Robbia she has discovered a new document which shows that he made for the cathedral a wooden crucifix now unfortunately lost. In general, her appreciations of Andrea seem to us well founded, although occasionally we cannot follow her attributions. For example, the medallion of the Silk Weavers on the south side of Or San Michele we still believe to be by Luca, and the baptismal font at Santa Fiora we cannot relegate to Giovanni.

In regard to Giovanni della Robbia, she has certainly drawn attention to some stylistic peculiarities of value. But even after reading her admirable sketch, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that Giovanni was as variable a character as is here depicted. Striking as is the contrast between the Lavabo of Santa Maria Novella, in which he was certainly dominated by the influence of Andrea, and the Tabernacle of the Via Nazionale, where his own individuality is best exhibited, we may still recognize the same psychological and the same technical characteristics. But in the frieze representing the Seven Acts of Mercy, which decorates the loggia of the Ceppo Hospital at Pistoia, we fail to see the touch of the same hand. It is hardly to be expected that agreement will be reached on Robbia attributions, except in a limited number of important cases. Miss Crutwell's attributions, however, deserve careful consideration, and she may be congratulated on having produced the best general treatise on the Robbia school of sculpture.

Allan Marquand.

IN that entertaining blend of *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, which most readers of the Atlantic have already examined with a kind of amused wonder, Dr. Hale informs us that he was "cradled in the sheets of a newspaper." Doubtless it was there that he learned a little of everything except dullness. His narrative of his long life and its extraordinarily many-sided activity will be prized by all but the pedants, and not even they will venture to call it unreadable. That early cradling in the sheets of a newspaper has given Dr. Hale his diurnal freshness of observation, his off-hand, "latest edition" fashion of inserting material and spiritual values in the same column, and his fine disregard of sequence. "History through a key-hole" is his own description of his method. If his peeps at fact sometimes lack the narrow accuracy of the key-hole method, he more than

atoncs for it by the variety of rooms into which he bids us gaze. Cavilers may question the literal truth of such statements as, for instance, that Andrew Jackson visited Boston in 1830, that Webster was Secretary of State in 1844, that Lowell edited the Atlantic and the North American Review at the same time, and that only three living men, beside Dr. Hale, now read Defoe's Colonel Jack. But in weightier matters of the law Dr. Hale is impeccable. He declares that the United States "is" and not "are," and that it governs itself in spite of the politicians. This is wholesome doctrine, and his book is salted with it. His key-hole history has now the breezy intimacy of Pepys, and now the genial truistic unction of Polonius; but it breathes throughout a wholesome Americanism, and reflects the radiant optimism of one of the most youthful, vital spirits of our time. *B. P.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

UNDOUBTEDLY the object of every citizen of a republic is to be distinguished and exclusive, the member of some limited body, the bearer of some showy title, which shall mark him off from the common herd. In monarchies and aristocracies ranks and classes are the basis of social order, and go by tradition. Every son of the Austrian Kaiser is born an archduke, and every son of the Czar a grand duke. The nobility in either land is a *noblesse*, a titled caste; a count's or baron's descendants are counts and barons to all time. Every *Von* is the progenitor of numberless *Vons*, who are all "born." The bulk of the nation recognizes this, and does not expect to be

A New
Badge of
Distinction.

ennobled. It is content with furnishing to the national host undistinguished privates, who never look to wear epaulettes, or even chevrons.

But in republics it is different. Equality is one watchword of the French Republic; titles have been repeatedly abolished in France, hence every Frenchman's object is to be "decorated," to sport a little bit of scarlet in his coat. The thirst for titles in England has advanced at an appalling rate since the country has become more democratic. It is asserted that King Edward in his two years' reign has distributed more titles than his mother did in the twelve years preceding her death; a contrast from the days when Elizabeth was practically absolute, and the order of dukes was for fifty years extinct in England.

In the United States, we hold this

¹ *Memories of a Hundred Years.* By EDWARD EVERETT HALE. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

truth to be self-evident, that all men are created equal. Hence every American devotes himself with a single eye to being as good as every other American and a little better — to be distinguished — unequal. Real military and naval rank is quite lost in the sea of titles acquired in the militia, bestowed by secret and fraternal orders, by colleges and universities, or derived from some political station. So many men have so many handles that if we meet an untitled friend we feel as Talleyrand did when he saw the English Ambassador at the Congress of Vienna, the only diplomat not wearing an order in the crowd of bestarred and beribboned continentals, and remarked, “*Ma foi, c’est très distingué!*”

We are bad enough in the Northern States: our New England towns dub many an apothecary “Doctor,” many an attorney “Judge,” and — absurdity of absurdities — many a schoolmaster “Professor;” but in others, such honorary titles are a mere civility, meaning no more than “Mr.” on an envelope. Every decent citizen is there addressed as “Cap’n;” every keen, alert, well-to-do civilian is “Jedge;” a black suit, a grave look, and a white cravat at once procure the degree of “Dr.” If the memorable plan of 1861 had been carried out, whereby a certain commonwealth was to be independent, or at least neutral, between the Union and the Confederacy, her new bill of rights might have claimed it as a self-evident truth that all native Kentuckians were Colonels.

There is however one place, or rather one large group of places, where equality reigns among Americans to the annihilation not merely of ranks or titles, but of all evidences of personality. A European born under whatever government can hardly understand the stern repressiveness of an American barber’s shop. There the meek visitor enters and sits down, contemplates in silence his tortured predecessors, and submits to be nothing. Europeans know that

they run the risk of having their throats cut by a malignant barber, or the brush thrust into their mouths by a playful one, if he would assert his autocracy; but they expect to stay themselves. Not so the American; he is nothing, he is nobody; he has no name, not even a number, like Edmond Dantès in the *Château d’If*, or his own hat in a cloak-room. He waits and sees one victim after another pass from under the scythe and harrow, and hears a harsh and mysterious cry summon one after another to go to be choked; till at length all who entered before him have suffered in turn, and as the tuneless call rises through the air, he rises too, and owns himself for “Next!”

“Next!” That is all! No name, no number, no title; no recognition of honor or rank, of citizenship or humanity, or even of independent and self-poised existence — merely “Next,” the one who follows another, as he followed an even earlier subject. Surely the iron rule of democracy prevails in the tonorial parlor, if not elsewhere.

And here comes *l’envoy*, as Don Adriano says. I have a friend who is no longer “Next.” He is a man, as Americans go, of some little distinction; like Dr. Holmes’s Bill, he bears tacked to his name “H. O. N. and LL. D. in big brave letters, fair to see.” He even is given a seat on many a dais or platform. But all these glories, if glories they be, were for years as nothing in the capillary saloons; when one day, as he sat pondering in how many minutes he should be “Next” to be shorn in the flock of patient sheep, a courteous gaze met his own, and he heard the words, “Ready for you, Doctor,” and an impression, which he hardly dares retain in his mind, arose that a previous comer still sat unsummoned. From that hour, when he visits the wonted shambles, and yields him to the well-known steel, he is himself; he is recognized; he is identified; he has burst the shell of “Next,” and soared to the ether of being.

We have the highest authority for believing that the rank of "Next" especially belonged to the lost spirits. When Satan awakes from his nine days' fall and stupor, and throws round his baleful eyes

"There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
He soon discerns, and, weltering by his side,
One next himself in power, and next in crime."

But my friend is now raised

"Above his fellows, in monarchal pride . . .
High on a throne of royal state, whose arms
Shower on its kings *barberic* pearl and gold."

His crown will be kept in place by firmer hands than any archbishop's; he will be anointed with unstinted copiousness. A peaceful glow of distinction has taken possession of his soul. He may be defeated for a city council; he may be left out from reunions in marble palaces; Elks and Red Men may bar their conclaves against him; he may be incompetent to count as a Cincinnatus or a Colonial Dame; stars shall not blaze on his breast, nor garters compress his leg; but a lofty and narrow portal has opened for him, — a close and massive door has shut behind him; he breathes the free existence of personality; he is no longer "Next!"

I HAVE always doubted the proposition that "misery likes company," and have believed that such a statement was first put forth by some arch-hypocrite whose misery was but a pretense, and who was beckoning some other sham sufferer into a quiet corner where they could both be jovial on the sly.

However slight my knowledge of universal misery may be, I can attest from personal experience that my own misery claims solitude, and slips away all by itself, and turns the key upon the curious world, asking nothing so much as to be "let alone." I do not care to weep in company, nor would it cheer me to have a chorus of other weepers to sob in unison with me. Rather would I remain in unmolested wretchedness until

my tears had vanished and my eyes and nose assumed normal appearance.

'Tis mirth, then, and not misery which pines for company. Fun cannot thrive alone, and flourishes only among congenial spirits. Our laughter must be shared, our smiles responded to, and every glance of merriment needs recognition to make it worth the while.

Sorrow may bring us nearer to a devoted few, but mirth is after all the test and touchstone of genuine companionship. The great majority of any audience will weep at a pathetic point, but only sympathetic souls will laugh together at the keen stroke of satire. It is our pet enjoyment, our special definition of fun and entertainment, that best reveals our point of view. One bright responsive glance at the right moment outweighs much thundering applause at a conventional conclusion. Smiles are the flowers of human growth, and laughter "makes the world go round" more rapidly than love.

It is philosophy, not egotism, which causes us to choose for friends those who can see our jokes. We dread unnecessary translation of our thoughts; that process must go on to some extent even with those nearest to us. Direct transference of thought must be reserved for an angelic state. Indeed our pleasure in all human intercourse depends largely upon the greater or less amount of translation which must be done. It is not merely foreigners whom we find it difficult to understand; our next-door neighbors may be as much in need of an interpreter as one of alien nationality.

Yet, as a rule, our next-door neighbors will not require the aid of the interpreter to any great extent. There is a national point of view which they possess in common with ourselves. This we can take for granted. There is a certain response which we are sure of calling forth, an understanding upon which we may safely count. We feel the lack of this in our relations with every other nation. Our English cousins, though

only "once removed," must ever be outside the family circle; the music of their laughter is never quite upon our key, though they may think it better, and so perhaps it is, if he laughs best who laughs last!

We have a distinct national sense of humor which is the product of all the various influences that have made up our national life. It is perhaps the most distinctive of all our national traits, and one for which we should be duly grateful. It lightens the burdens of the shy New England farmer, lessens the hardships of the Gloucester fisherman, and equalizes the temper of the Western ranchman. The California fruits and flowers grow larger by its aid, and Southern indolence smiles at its touch, despite the memory of fallen grandeur.

This sense is so predominant that one may question the possibility of over-development, and may suggest a hidden danger in a perpetual smile and in a never-ceasing search for the amusing in everything. This carried to excess must mean the sacrifice of serious consideration of life and duty, would do away with reverential thought, and replace fervency with flippancy.

There is a national tendency to overdo the funny side, to make a joke at any cost. Every joke has its price, and some are too expensive. Their payment means a lessening of respect for sacred institutions, a lowering of the standard of morality, a dulling of the sensibility to coarseness and vulgarity. A laugh, like charity, is made to cover a multitude of sins.

A proper sense of humor should be "an exact medium between too little and too much," and nice discrimination is needed to set the boundary line. The fact that it is "but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous" does not oblige one always to take the step.

If France was designated "a monarchy modified by songs," we may perhaps be dubbed "a free republic fettered by jokes."

Men who fear nothing else, shrink from a joke upon themselves. Soldiers who do not flinch before opposing guns dread to be made ridiculous. This keen dislike of being laughed at, which is as old as the history of the world, has reached a very high point of development with us, quite in proportion to the almost exaggerated sense of humor which we have fostered. Woe to the national hero who makes one trifling mistake which may subject him to clever caricature! His meritorious career is henceforth shadowed by one colored illustration. A comic paper will tip the scales of Justice, snatch the victor's prize from his extended palm, and rob the orator of choicest laurels. A brilliant satire will mar the fortunes of the greatest statesman; a laugh will turn the tide of a political convention.

Indeed the joke is fast becoming mightier than the pen. The orator has learned its value, and even the clergyman resorts to it when he desires to stir the flagging interest of his flock. It furnishes sufficient excuse for the impertinence of children, and in its name the daily papers deride the highest national dignitaries.

What is the meaning of its steady growth in power? And what results may we predict from its humorous tyranny?

Is there a chance that our keen relish for fun may finally produce a kind of humorous dyspepsia resulting from over-indulgence, unless with epicurean discrimination we demand quality not quantity, and stubbornly refuse to swallow other than that which should appease a wholesome, nay cultivated, appetite in jokes?